THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS*, THE SON of *ULYSSES*.

Written by the

Archbiſhop and Duke of *CAMBRAY*.

WITH A

POEM on a RURAL RETREAT, written by the ſame Author, when a young ABBOT, among the Mountains of *Auvergne* in *France*; and likewiſe, by another Hand, the ADVENTURES of *ARISTONOUS*.

Tranſlated into *Engliſh* from the beſt *Paris* and other EDITIONS,

By Mr. *OZELL*.

To which are added, many Large and Explanatory NOTES, taken from the ſeveral EDITIONS of this WORK.

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

LONDON:

Printed for W. INNYS and R. MANBY, at the Weſt-End of St. *Paul's*; S. BIRT, in *Ave-Mary-Lane*; D. BROWNE, and C. WARD and R. CHANDLER, without *Temple-Bar*.

M, DCC. XL.

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus *relates to* Mentor *his Confidence in* Proteſilaus, *and the Artifices of that Favourite, in Combination with* Timocrates, *to deſtroy* Philocles, *and to betray* Him: *He confeſſes, that being wrought up by thoſe two Men, againſt* Philocles, *he had given* Timocrates *Orders to aſſaſſinate him in an Expedition in which he commanded the Fleet: That the latter having miſs'd his Blow,* Philocles *had ſpar'd his Life, and was retir'd to the Iſle of* Samos, *after having reſign'd the Command of the Fleet to* Polimenes, *whom he* (Idomeneus) *had nam'd in his*

Order for that Purpoſe: That, notwithſtanding the Treachery of Proteſilaus, *he had not yet been able to bring himſelf to ſhake him off.*

ALREADY the Reputation of the gentle and happy Government of *Idomeneus* begins to draw People from all Parts, who come to be incorporated with his, and ſeek their Happineſs under ſo deſirable a Maſter.

And now the Fields, which had for ſo long Time been over-run with Brambles and Thorns, begin to promiſe plentiful Harveſts, and Fruits till then unknown. The Earth opens her Boſom to the Plough-ſhare, and prepares her Riches to recompenſe the toiling Husbandman. Hope ſhines again on every Side. You might ſee in the Vallies and on the Hills numerous Flocks of Sheep skipping on the Graſs, and great Droves of horned Cattle making the high Mountains reſound with their Lowings: Theſe Flocks and theſe Droves ſerve to fatten the Fields. It was *Mentor* that had found Means to procure all theſe Flocks and Droves. For he had adviſ'd *Idomeneus* to make an Exchange with the *Peucetes*, (a neighbouring People) of all the ſuperfluous Things that were in *Salentum*, for thoſe Sheep, Cows, and Oxen, which the *Salentines* had not of their own.

At the ſame Time both the City and Villages round about were filled with ſprightly Youth, who long had languiſh'd in Miſery, and durſt not marry for fear of increaſing their Poverty. When they ſaw that *Idomeneus* began to aſſume Sentiments of Humanity, and was willing to become their Father, they were no more in Dread of Hunger, or the other Plagues which Heaven afflicts the Earth with. Nothing now was heard but Shouts of Joy, and the Songs of Shepherds and Husbandmen celebrating their Nuptial Ties. One would have thought that the God *Pan* was there with his Satyrs and Fawns, mingled with the Nymphs, dancing to the Flute's mellow Sound, beneath the ſpreading Boughs. All was peace-

peaceful and ſmiling; not that the Joy was at all immoderate. Thoſe Pleaſures ſerv'd only to eaſe their diurnal Labours; ſo that every one became more freſh and lively for the Toils of the ſucceeding Day (*a*).

The old Men, amaz'd to ſee what they durſt not ſo much as hope for ſo long as they liv'd, wept thro' an Exceſs of Joy mix'd with Tenderneſs, and lifting up their trembling Hands to Heaven; O Great *Jupiter*, ſaid they, bleſs the King who reſembles thee, and is the greateſt Bleſſing thou ever beſtowedſt on us! He is born for the Good of Mankind; return him all the Good which we receive from him! Our Children's Children, ſprung from thoſe happy Marriages which he favours, ſhall be indebted to him even for their very Birth, and he will be truly the Father of all his Subjects. The young Men and Maidens, in conjugal Couples, joyfully ſhouted the Praiſes of him to whom they ow'd that pleaſing Joy. All Mouths, nay more, all Hearts, were inceſſantly fill'd with his Praiſes. The Sight of him was accounted a great Happineſs, and his Abſence was the only Thing they fear'd: The loſing of him had been a fatal Blow to every Family, and to all Conditions of Men.

And now *Idomeneus* confeſs'd to *Mentor*, that he never felt ſo affecting a Pleaſure as that of being belov'd, and making ſo many People happy. I could never have believ'd it, ſaid he: I thought all the Greatneſs of Princes conſiſted in making themſelves be fear'd; that the reſt of Mankind were only made for them, (*b*) and all that

(*a*) Let a Prince make his Subjects ever ſo happy; yet oftentimes they have not a due Senſe of the Pains he takes to procure them that Felicity. The Emperor *Antoninus*, after he had ſettled Peace and Plenty throughout all the Provinces, would frequently fetch deep Sighs at hearing that ſtale Complaint ſo injurious to a good Prince; *Hard Times!*

(*b*) A Man muſt have a fine Senſation that feels the delicate Pleaſure there is in doing Good to others: A Man muſt have Wit to find an agreeable Relaxation in Literature. Vulgar Souls are debarr'd theſe Pleaſures, and they cannot look upon 'em in any other Light but that of fine Chimera's.

I had heard concerning thoſe Kings who were the Darlings and Delights of their People, I counted a mere Fable: But now I find the Truth of it. Pray let me relate to you how, from my very Infancy, I was poiſon'd with Notions about the Kingly Condition, which was the Occaſion of all the Misfortunes of my Life. Hereupon *Idomeneus* began the following Narration.

Proteſilaus, who is ſomewhat older than myſelf, was of all other young Men him whom I moſt lov'd: His lively puſhing Temper was what ſuited my Genius; he enter'd into my Pleaſures; he lull'd my Paſſions, and inſtill'd into me a Diffidence and Jealouſy for another young Man, whom I lov'd alſo, and whoſe Name was *Philocles*. This latter rever'd the Gods, and had a great but well-govern'd Spirit; he plac'd Greatneſs not in raiſing but in conquering himſelf, and in doing nothing that was mean and unhandſome. He talk'd to me freely of my Faults, and even when he durſt not ſpeak to me, his Silence, and the Uneaſineſs of his Countenance, gave me ſufficiently to underſtand that he did not approve my Conduct.

At firſt this Sincerity pleas'd me, and I often proteſted to him that I would ever hear him with Confidence to ſecure me againſt Flatterers. He often told me what Meaſures I ought to take, to tread in the Steps of my Grandfather *Minos*, and make my Subjects happy. His Wiſdom was leſs profound than Yours, O *Mentor*; but his Maxims were ſound and good, as I now perceive more and more every Day. The Subtilties (*c*) of *Proteſilaus*, who was jealous and ambitious to the higheſt Degree, were ſo prevailing, as to give me a Diſguſt to *Philocles*, who being no forward Man, let the other get the Aſcendant, and contented himſelf with telling me the Truth,

(*c*) By the Uſe which a Courtier makes of his Maſter's Favour, it is eaſy to perceive whether he owes it to his Merit or his Intrigues. *Agrippa* never did an ill Office to any one; whereas *Sejanus* made it his whole Buſineſs to feed and nouriſh the Suſpicions which every Moment ſprung up in the reſtleſs Soul of *Tiberius*.

when-

whenever I had a Mind to hear it; for it was my Good, and not his own Fortune that he ſought.

Proteſilaus inſenſibly perſuaded me to believe that *Philocles* was a dark moroſe Man, and a proud Cenſurer of all my Actions, and that he ask'd no Favour of me, becauſe he was too haughty to bear the Thoughts of being obliged to me; and that he ambitiouſly aſpir'd to be thought ſuperior to all the Honours I was able to beſtow; adding, that That young Man ſpoke (*d*) of my Faults to every Body elſe with the ſame Freedom as to myſelf, that he had given ſufficient Reaſon to believe he had no great Eſteem for me, and that by leſſening and detracting from my Reputation, and by making Show of an auſtere Virtue, he meant to open himſelf a Way to the Throne.

At firſt I could not tell how to believe that *Philocles* had any ſuch Deſign; for there is a certain Candour and Ingenuity in true Virtue impoſſible to be counterfeited, and which cannot be miſtaken if attentively conſider'd: Yet *Philocles* continuing obſtinately bent to condemn my Follies, I began to grow weary of him. The Complaiſance of *Proteſilaus*, and his endleſs Contrivances to find out new Diverſions for me, made the other's Auſterity more and more intolerable to me.

In the mean while *Proteſilaus*, being vex'd that I did not believe all he told me againſt his Rival, reſolv'd to ſpeak no more to me about him, but to uſe ſomething ſtronger than Words to prevail on me. He impos'd on me in the following Manner: He adviſ'd me to ſend *Philocles* to command the Ships which were going to at-

(*d*) *Apelles* was accuſed by a Painter, jealous of his Glory, of being concern'd in a Plot againſt King *Ptolemy*. After *Apelles* had made his Innocence appear, he took no other Method to revenge the Calumny than that of his Pencil, which he made the Inſtrument of his Revenge. He repreſented Slander in the Shape of a Woman, preceded by Ignorance and Suſpiciouſneſs, and leaning upon Envy: She directs her Speech to a Man whoſe Ears might match with thoſe of *Midas*. You may ſee in *Lucian* all the emblematical Strokes of this Picture, which afford us a juſt Notion of that great Painter's Invention.

tack thoſe of *Carpathus*; and to induce me to it, You know (ſaid he) that my Commendations of him cannot be ſuſpected of Partiality: I own he has Courage and a Genius for War; he will ſerve you better than any Man, and I prefer the Intereſt of your Service to all my Reſentments againſt him.

I was exceedingly pleas'd to find ſuch Equity and Uprightneſs in the Heart of *Proteſilaus*, whom I had intruſted with the Adminiſtration of my moſt important Affairs. I embrac'd him, and was overjoy'd that I had repos'd all my Confidence in a Man who ſeem'd to be ſo much above all Paſſion and Self-intereſt. But alas! how much are Princes to be pity'd! This Man knew me better than I knew myſelf; he knew that Kings are generally diſtruſtful and indolent; diſtruſtful, by having continually about them ſuch Men whoſe artful Inſinuations they are too often expos'd to; indolent, becauſe Pleaſure gets the Dominion of them, and they are us'd to have others think for them, without being at the Trouble of it themſelves. Therefore *Proteſilaus* was ſenſible it would be no hard Matter to make me jealous of a Man who would not fail to perform great Actions, and eſpecially ſince his Abſence gave him a full Opportunity to undermine him.

Philocles, when he departed, foreſaw what was likely to befal him: Remember, ſaid he to me, that I ſhall no longer be able to defend myſelf; that my Enemy alone will have your Ear, and that while I expoſe my Life in your Service, I run the Hazard of having no other Recompence but your Diſpleaſure. You are deceiv'd, ſaid I to him; *Proteſilaus* ſpeaks not of you as you do of him; nay, he praiſes you, he eſteems you highly; he thinks you worthy of the moſt important Employments: If once he opens his Mouth againſt you, he from that Moment loſes my Confidence: Therefore fear him not, but go and mind nothing but how to ſerve me well. He went, and left me in a ſtrange Diſorder.

I muſt

I muſt now confeſs to you, *Mentor*, that I ſaw plainly how neceſſary it was for me to have ſeveral Perſons to conſult with, and that nothing was more detrimental, either to my Reputation or the Succeſs of my Affairs, than the leaving all to one ſingle Man. I found that the wiſe Counſels of *Philocles* had kept me from many dangerous Miſcarriages, which the Pride and Arrogance of *Proteſilaus* would have made me guilty of. I was ſenſible that *Philocles*' Mind was fill'd with equitable and honeſt Principles; but I found nothing like it in *Proteſilaus*. However, I had ſuffer'd him to aſſume ſo peremptory a Way with me, and to carry Things with ſo high a Hand, that it was hardly now any longer in my Power to contradict him. I was tir'd out with being continually between two Men whom I could not reconcile: And in this Irkſomeneſs, I choſe rather, thro' mere Weakneſs, to hazard ſomething at the Expence of my Affairs, than not enjoy a little Liberty. I durſt not even whiſper to myſelf the ſhameful Reaſon of the Courſe I had taken; but that ſame ſhameful Reaſon, which I was afraid to diſcover, did however work ſecretly at the Bottom of my Heart, and was the true Motive of all my Actions.

Philocles ſurprized the Enemy, won a complete Victory, and was haſtening home, in order to prevent the ill Offices he fear'd from his Rival; but *Proteſilaus*, who as yet had not had an Opportunity to deceive me, wrote to him that 'twas my Pleaſure he ſhould purſue his Victory, and make a Deſcent upon the Iſland of *Carpathus*, which Iſland indeed he had perſuaded me might eaſily be maſter'd; but he manag'd it ſo, that *Philocles* wanted many neceſſary Things for his Undertaking, and ty'd (*e*) him

(*e*) To tie up a General's Hands, and to limit his Authority by Orders that take away his diſcretionary Power, is to hinder him taking Advantage of the Enemies Overſights, and from ſeiſing thoſe favourable, but unforeſeen, Moments which Fortune preſents to him; is expoſing him to the Hazard of loſing the Truſt and Confidence of his Soldiers, who aſcribe That to Cowardice which is pure Obedience. The *Romans* were of Opinion, that a General's Authority ought no more to be bounded than his Genius or Capacity.

up to ſuch Orders, as occaſion'd many Diſappointments in the Execution of it.

In the mean while, he made uſe of a very corrupt Servant of mine, whom I always had about me, and who took notice of every Thing I did, to give an Account of it, tho' to outward Appearance they were always at Variance with each other.

This Servant, *Timocrates* by Name, came to me one Day, and told me as a great Secret, that he had diſcover'd a very dangerous Buſineſs. *Philocles*, ſaid he to me, intends to make uſe of your naval Forces to get the Iſland of *Carpathus* for himſelf, and to ſet himſelf up King of it: The Captains of thoſe Troops are his Creatures; all the Soldiers he has debauch'd by his large Donatives, and yet more by the pernicious Licentiouſneſs which he allows them in. His Victory has puffed him up, as you may ſee by a Letter (here it is) which he writ to one of his Frinds, about his Project of making himſelf King, which 'tis impoſſible to doubt of after ſo evident a Proof.

I perus'd the Letter, and it ſeem'd to me to be *Philocles*'s Hand, ſo exactly had he and *Timocrates* forg'd it between themſelves. This Letter put me into a great Surprize; I read it again and again, and could not tell how to think it was wrote by *Philocles*, when I recall'd to my diſorder'd Mind all the ſenſible and affecting Demonſtrations that he had given me of his Diſintereſtedneſs and Integrity: And yet, what could I do? What could I ſay againſt a Letter which I could not but believe was written by *Philocles*?

When *Timocrates* perceiv'd that I gave way to his Artifice, he puſh'd it on farther: Give me leave, ſaid he, faltering in his Speech, to point out to you one particular Paſſage in this Letter? *Philocles* tells his Friend, that he may ſpeak in Confidence to *Proteſilaus*, concerning a certain Thing, which he only marks by Cypher. Certainly *Proteſilaus* muſt be privy to this Deſign of *Philocles*, and they are reconcil'd at your Expence. You know it was *Proteſilaus* who preſſed you to ſend *Philocles* againſt

againſt the *Carpathians.* Of late he has forbore to ſpeak to you againſt him, as he us'd frequently to do formerly; on the contrary, he cries him up, and excuſes him upon all Occaſions. They have lately viſited each other with great Civility. Doubtleſs *Proteſilaus* has concerted Meaſures with *Philocles*, in order to divide between them the Iſland of *Carpathus:* You ſee yourſelf that he has put you upon this Enterprize againſt all prudential Rules, and cares not if he ruins all your Naval Forces, to gratify his own Ambition. Do you think that he would thus aſſiſt *Philocles*'s ſoaring Aims, if they were ſtill at Variance? No, no, 'tis no longer to be doubted that they are reconcil'd, in order to aſcend the Throne of *Carpathus* conjointly, and perhaps to overturn that whereon you ſit. I know that by ſpeaking thus freely to you, I make myſelf obnoxious to their Reſentment, if, notwithſtanding what I have ſaid, you continue them in Power. But I value it not, ſince I have diſcharg'd my Conſcience in declaring the Truth.

Theſe laſt Words of *Timocrates* made a deep Impreſſion upon me: I no longer doubted the Treachery of *Philocles*, and grew jealous of *Proteſilans*, as one that was his Friend. Mean while *Timocrates* was continually beſieging me: If you ſtay, ſays he, till *Philocles* has made himſelf Maſter of *Carpathus*, it will then be too late to put a Stop to his Deſigns; therefore haſten to ſecure him whilſt you may. I ſhook with Horror at the deep Diſſimulation of Men, nor did I any longer know whom to truſt: For after I had found *Philocles* falſe, I did not know one Man upon the Face of the Earth, whoſe Virtue was able to cure me of my Jealouſy, and make me eaſy. I reſolv'd to deſtroy that perfidious Wretch forthwith; but I fear'd *Proteſilaus*, and was at a loſs how to act with reſpect to him: I dreaded to find him guilty, and yet no leſs dreaded to truſt him.

At laſt, in my Diſorder, I could not forbear telling him that I was grown jealous of *Philocles.* He look'd with an Air of Surprize at it, repreſented to me how upright and regular his Conduct had been, magnify'd

his Services; in ſhort, he did all he could, in order to make me believe that there was a Correſpondence between them. On the other Side, *Timocrates* let no Opportunity ſlip to make me ſenſible of their good Underſtanding, and to induce me to deſtroy *Philocles*, whilſt it was yet in my Power to ſecure him. You ſee, dear *Mentor*, how unhappy Princes are, and how they are expos'd to be the Tools of other Men, even when thoſe Men ſeem to lie trembling at their Foot-ſtool.

I thought I ſhould act like a very deep Politician, and break *Proteſilaus*'s Meaſures, by ſending *Timocrates* privately to the Fleet, with Orders to diſpatch *Philocles* out of the Way. *Proteſilaus* carry'd on his Diſſimulation to the laſt, and deceiv'd me ſo much the more effectually, in that he look'd like one who ſuffers himſelf to be deceiv'd. *Timocrates* put to Sea, and found *Philocles* under very great Difficulties in making the Deſcent: He was in want of every Thing; for *Proteſilaus* not knowing whether the forged Letter was ſufficient to ruin his Enemy, was willing at the ſame Time to have another Plea againſt him; namely, the Miſcarriage of an Enterprize which he had ſo cry'd up, and which would not fail to incenſe me againſt *Philocles*, who had ſo difficult (*f*) a War to maintain by his own Courage, by his Genius, and the Affection the Soldiers had for him. Tho' all the Army was ſenſible that this Deſcent was raſhly undertaken, and would prove fatal to the *Cretans*, yet all endeavour'd to bring it to a happy Iſſue, as if their Lives and Welfare depended on the Succeſs of it; and every one was contented to venture his Life every Moment, under ſo wiſe a General, and one who always ſtudy'd to make himſelf belov'd.

(*f*) Thus the great Captain *Gonſalvo de Corduba*, being beſieg'd in *Barlette* by the *French* Army, but much harder preſs'd by Plague and Famine, found, in himſelf, Remedies ſuperior to all theſe Difficulties, and convey'd into the Hearts of the Soldiers thoſe high Sentiments, which none but his own Breaſt was thought to be capable of.

Timocrates

Timocrates expos'd himſelf to very imminent Dangers, by attempting to deſtroy that Chieftain, amidſt an Army which ſo fondly lov'd him; but mad Ambition is blind: *Timocrates* thought nothing difficult to gratify *Proteſilaus*, with whom he expected to ſhare the abſolute Management of Affairs after the Death of *Philocles*. *Proteſilaus* could not endure a good Man, whoſe very Sight ſecretly reproach'd him with his Crimes, and who might, by opening my Eyes, overthrow his ambitious Projects.

Timocrates ſeduc'd to his Side two Captains, who were continually near *Philocles*'s Perſon, and promis'd them great Rewards from me. Afterwards he told *Philocles* he was come by my Order to deliver a ſecret Meſſage to him, which was not to be imparted but in the Preſence of thoſe two Captains. *Philocles* having lock'd himſelf in with them and *Timocrates*, the latter pull'd out a Dagger and ſtabb'd him; but it happening to ſlant aſide, and not to go deep into his Body, *Philocles* reſolutely wrung the Dagger out of his Hand, and us'd it againſt him and the other two: At the ſame Time he cry'd out for Help; thoſe without ran to the Door, and having broke it open, they diſengag'd *Philocles* from the Hands of thoſe three Men, who, being in Diſorder, had attack'd him but faintly. They were diſarm'd, and would have been torn in Pieces upon the Spot by the enrag'd Army, if *Philocles* had not ſtept between. Afterwards he took *Timocrates* aſide, and mildly ask'd him who had put him upon committing ſo black a Deed. *Timocrates*, frighted with the Apprehenſions of Death, preſently ſhew'd him the Order I had given him in Writing, to diſpatch *Philocles*; and as all Traitors are Cowards, he reſolv'd to ſave his Life, by revealing to *Philocles* the whole Story of *Proteſilaus*'s Treachery.

Philocles, amaz'd to find ſo much Wickedneſs in Men, took a Courſe that was full of Moderation: He declar'd to the Army that *Timocrates* was innocent, and having ſecured him from their Violence, he ſent him back to *Crete*. He then reſign'd the Command of the Army to *Polimenes*, whom by my written Order I had appointed General

neral after *Philocles* was kill'd: Laſt of all, he exhorted the Troops to continue faithful, and true in their Duty to me, and in the Night-time went in a ſmall Bark to the Iſland of *Samos*, where he lives calmly in a peaceful Poverty and Solitude, making Statues and Images for a Livelihood, being reſolv'd to have nothing more to do with unjuſt and treacherous Men, but eſpecially Princes, who of all Mortals he thinks to be the blindeſt and moſt unhappy.

Here *Mentor* ſtopping *Idomeneus*, Well, ſaid he, was it long before you diſcover'd the Truth? No, reply'd *Idomeneus*, I by Degrees found out the Villany of *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates*: They quarrel'd with each other; for wicked Men are ſeldom long united. Their Falling-out diſcover'd to me the frightful Gulph into which they had thrown me. Well, ſaid *Mentor*, and did you not reſolve to get rid of them? Alas, anſwer'd *Idomeneus*, are you ignorant how weak and how perplex'd the Condition of Princes is? When once they have ſurrender'd their Power up to corrupt and forward Men, who have the Art of making themſelves neceſſary, they can no longer hope for any Liberty. Thoſe they in their Hearts deſpiſe moſt, are thoſe whom they uſe beſt, and on whom they beſtow all their Favours: I abhorr'd *Proteſilaus*, and yet I left all my Authority in his Hands. Strange Illuſion! 'Twas a kind of Satisfaction to me that I knew him; but I had not the Reſolution to reſume the Authority I had given up to him. Beſides, I found him eaſy, complaiſant, ſtudious to gratify my Paſſions, zealous for my Service; in ſhort, I found Reaſons to excuſe my Weakneſs to myſelf, becauſe I was unacquainted with true Virtue, for want of chuſing good Miniſters to manage my Affairs: I believed there was no ſuch Thing as a good Man upon Earth, and that Honeſty was but a gaudy Phantom. Why, ſaid I to myſelf, ſhould I be at the Pains to deliver myſelf from the Hands of one corrupt Man, to fall into thoſe of another full as bad?

In the mean while, the Fleet commanded by *Polimenes* return'd home; I laid aſide the Thoughts of conquering

quering the Iſland of *Carpathus*, and *Proteſilaus* could not play the Hypocrite ſo well, but that I plainly ſaw how much he was vex'd to hear that *Philocles* was ſafe in the Iſland of *Samos*.

Mentor again interrupted *Idomeneus*, to ask him whether after ſo black a Treachery, he continued to truſt *Proteſilaus* with his Affairs. I was (anſwer'd *Idomeneus*) too great an Enemy to Buſineſs, and too indolent to be able to get out of his Hands. I muſt have diſturb'd the Method I had eſtabliſh'd for my own Eaſe, and have been at the Pains of inſtructing a new Man. This is what I had not Reſolution enough to undertake, and ſo I willingly ſhut my Eyes to the Artifices of *Proteſilaus*: Only I comforted myſelf with letting ſome of my intimate Friends know that I was no Stranger to his Treachery. Thus I fanſied myſelf cheated but by Halves, as long as I knew I was cheated: Nay, I now and then made *Proteſilaus* ſenſible of my being uneaſy under his Yoke. I often took Delight to (*g*) contradict him, by blaming publickly ſomething he had done, and by deciding Matters contrary to his Opinion; but as he full well knew my Supineneſs and Sloth, he was not at all uneaſy at my Diſguſts. He purſued his Point obſtinately, rally'd again reſolutely, uſing ſometimes a very preſſing Peremptorineſs, and ſometimes ſupple and fawning Inſinuations; and eſpecially when he perceiv'd that I was offended with him, he doubled his Diligence to find me out new Amuſements to mollify me, or embark me in ſome Affair, wherein he might be neceſſary, and make appear his Zeal for my Reputation.

Though I ſtood upon my Guard againſt him, yet this Way of flattering my Paſſions always prevail'd: He knew all my Secrets; he eaſed me in my Troubles; he made the whole Nation tremble by Means of my Authority: In fine, I could not tell how to go about to ſhake

(*g*) Juſt in the ſame Manner did *Philip* the IVth of *Spain* act towards the *Conde* Duke *d'Olivarez*, after the Loſs of the Kingdom of *Portugal*. That Prince knew not either how to live with that Miniſter, or to ſhake him off.

him

him off. But by maintaining him in his Poſt, I put all honeſt Men out of a Capacity of repreſenting to me my true Intereſt. And now from this Moment no Man ſpoke his Mind freely when I conſulted him. Truth fled far from me; Error, which is the Fore-runner of the Fall of Princes, began to ſtare me in the Face, and I ſaw how very much I was to blame for ſacrificing *Philocles* to the cruel Ambition of *Proteſilaus*. Thoſe very Men, who were moſt zealous for my Government and Perſon, thought themſelves excuſable in not undeceiving me, after ſo terrible an Example. I myſelf, dear *Mentor*, was afraid leſt Truth ſhould break thro' the Cloud, and reach me in ſpite of all my Flatterers: For not having Fortitude to follow it, its Light became troubleſome to me; and I was aware that it would have rais'd bitter Compunction in my Mind, without being able to reſcue me from ſo fatal an Engagement. My Want of Spirit, and the Dominion which *Proteſilaus* had gain'd over me, threw me into a ſort of Deſpair of ever recovering my Liberty: I was ſhy either of viewing my wretched State, or letting others ſee it. You know, dear *Mentor*, the vain Pride, and falſe Glory wherein Princes are brought up: They will never be perſuaded that they are in the Wrong. To cover one Fault they commit a hundred. Rather than own they have been deceiv'd, and give themſelves the Trouble of amending their Error, they will ſuffer themſelves to be cheated all their Lives long. Such is the State of weak, indolent, and inadvertent Princes, and it was exactly my own, when I was oblig'd to ſet out for the Siege of *Troy*.

I left *Proteſilaus* ſole Regent, at my Departure. In my Abſence, he govern'd my People with Haughtineſs and Inhumanity: The whole Kingdom of *Crete* groan'd beneath his Tyranny. But no Body durſt ſend me Information how the People were oppreſs'd. They knew that I was afraid to be told the Truth, and that I gave up to the Cruelty of *Proteſilaus* all thoſe who preſum'd to ſpeak againſt him. But the more Evil was ſmother'd, the more violent it grew. He afterwards oblig'd me to turn out the valiant *Merion*, who

had

had ſo generouſly follow'd me to the Seige of *Troy*. After my Return he grew jealous of him, as likewiſe of all thoſe whom I lov'd, and who ſhewed any Signs of Virtue.

You muſt know, my dear *Mentor*, that from thence all my Misfortunes took Root. 'Twas not ſo much my Son's Death that occaſion'd the *Cretans* to revolt, as the Vengeance of the Gods, provok'd againſt me for my Follies, and the Hatred of the People, which *Proteſilaus* had brought upon me. When I ſpilt the Blood of my Son, the *Cretans*, now tir'd out with a deſpotick Government, had loſt all Patience; and the Horror of that laſt Action ſerv'd only to give Birth to what had long lain hid in the Bottom of their Hearts.

Timocrates follow'd me to the Siege of *Troy*, and ſecretly, by Letters, gave *Proteſilaus* an Account of every Thing he could come to the Knowledge of. I plainly perceiv'd that I was in Slavery; but I endeavour'd not to think of it, deſpairing to remedy it. When the *Cretans*, at my Arrival, revolted, *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates* were the firſt that run away. They had undoubtedly deſerted me, if I had not been forc'd to fly, almoſt as ſoon as they. Be aſſur'd, my dear *Mentor*, that Men who are inſolent in Proſperity, are always weak and faint-hearted in Adverſity; their Heads turn as ſoon as they are diveſted of their abſolute *(h)* Authority; they are then as Spiritleſs as they were Proud before, and in a Moment's Time they paſs from one Extreme to another.

How comes it then, ſaid *Mentor* to *Idomeneus*, that knowing theſe two wicked Men ſo thoroughly, you ſhould ſtill keep them near you, as I ſee you do? I am not ſurpriz'd they follow'd you, becauſe nothing could have been more for their own Intereſt: And I am not unſenſible that you have done a generous Action in affording them Refuge in your new Settlement. But

(*h*) None but great Spirits know how to bear Diſgrace, and to heighten their Glory, by a well-ſupported Adverſity. *Tully* was puſillanimous in his Exile; whereas *Scipio*, in his Solitude, gave a Demonſtration that his Felicity did not in the leaſt depend upon the Capriciouſneſs of the People.

why

why will you again ſurrender yourſelf up to them, after ſo many fatal Trials which you have made of them?

You don't know, ſaid *Idomeneus*, how unprofitable all Experiments are to eaſy inconſiderate Princes: Every Thing makes them diſcontented, and yet they have not Courage to redreſs any Thing. The Habitude of ſo many Years was like ſo many Iron Chains that bound me to thoſe two Men, and they beſieg'd me every Hour: Since I have been here, *(i)* they have put me upon all theſe exorbitant Charges that you ſee. They have impoveriſh'd this infant State; they drew this War upon me, which had like to have ruined me. Had it not been for you, I ſhould have ſoon found at *Salentum* the ſame Misfortunes I felt at *Crete*; but you have at laſt opened my Eyes, and inſpired me with the Courage which I wanted, to ſet my ſelf at Liberty. I don't know how it is; but ſince you have been here, I find my ſelf quite another Man.

Mentor then ask'd *Idomeneus* how *Proteſilaus* had behaved himſelf in this Change of Affairs? Nothing, ſays *Idomeneus*, was ever more artful than his Conduct ſince your Arrival here: He at firſt omitted not the leaſt Opportunity to make me jealous of you; 'tis true he has ſaid nothing directly againſt you, but ſeveral others have dinn'd my Ears, that thoſe two Strangers ought to be narrowly watch'd. One, ſaid they, is the Son of the Trickſter *Ulyſſes*, and t'other is a conceal'd ſharp Man; they are uſed to wander about from Kingdom to Kingdom, and who knows but they have hatch'd ſome Deſign againſt This? Theſe Adventurers ſay themſelves, that they have occaſion'd great Troubles in all the Countries they paſs'd thro': Ours is but a feeble State, by reaſon of its Newneſs, ſo that the leaſt Commotion may overturn it.

(*i*) Self-intereſted Miniſters will inſpire Prodigality into their Maſter; whereas thoſe who are above the ſordid Views of enriching themſelves, will diſſuade him from laviſhing away his People's Subſtance. And thus was *Louis* the XIIth a much better Husband than *Francis* the Iſt.

Pro-

Proteſilaus ſaid nothing, but endeavour'd to make me ſenſible of the Danger and Extravagance of all thoſe Reformations which you put me upon. He took me by the Handle of my own proper Intereſt: If, ſaid he, you bring your People to flow in Plenty, they will work no more, but grow proud, indocile, and daily more apt to revolt: 'Tis only Weakneſs and Miſery that makes them humble, and that hinders them from reſiſting Authority. He has often endeavour'd to re-aſſume his former Aſcendant over me, covering it with a Pretence of Zeal to my Service. By endeavouring to eaſe the People, ſaid he, you derogate from the regal Power, and thereby do an irreparable Damage to the People themſelves; for there is a Neceſſity that they ſhould be always kept low for their own Quiet and Safety. To which I anſwered, That I knew how to keep the People in their Duty to me, by making myſelf beloved by them; by not remitting any Thing of my Authority, tho' I eas'd them; by reſolutely puniſhing all Offenders; in a word, by giving to Children good Education, and keeping all the People to an exact Diſcipline, in a plain, ſober, and laborious Courſe of Life. For, ſaid I, are not the People to be kept in Subjection, without Starving them to Death? O Inhumanity! O brutiſh Policy! How many People do we ſee govern'd by a gentle Hand, and yet loyal to their Princes? That which occaſions Rebellions, is the Ambition and Reſtleſſneſs of the Grandees of the State, when they have been allowed too great a Liberty, and been ſuffered to extend their Paſſions beyond due Bounds: 'Tis the Multitude of the Great and Little, who live at Eaſe in Luxury and Lazineſs: 'Tis the Over-Increaſe of military Men, who have neglected all ſuch Employments as are uſeful in Time of Peace: In ſhort, 'tis the Deſperation of a mal-treated People; 'tis the Severity and Haughtineſs of Princes, and their pampering themſelves, together with their Slothfulneſs, that makes them uncapable of overſeeing all the Members of the State, to prevent any Trouble. This is what gives Birth to Revolts,

volts, (*k*) and not the Bread which the Labourer is ſuffered to eat in Peace, after he has got it by the Sweat of his Brow.

When *Proteſilaus* ſaw that I ſtuck immoveable to theſe Maxims, he took a Courſe quite contrary to his former, and began to follow thoſe Maxims he could not deſtroy: He ſeemed to reliſh them, to be convinced by them, and to own himſelf obliged to me for having made him ſo wiſe: He outſtrips even all my Wiſhes to eaſe the Poor; he is the firſt to repreſent their Grievances to me, and to cry out againſt extravagant Expences. You know, yourſelf, that he commends you, that he ſeems to have great Confidence in you, and omits nothing to pleaſe you. As for *Timocrates*, he begins not to be any longer in the good Graces of *Proteſilaus*, and caſts about how to make himſelf independant: *Proteſilaus* is jealous of him, and it is partly through their Differences that I have diſcovered their Perfidiouſneſs.

Said *Mentor* to *Idomeneus*, ſmiling; Have you been ſo weak as to ſuffer yourſelf to be tyrannized over for ſo many Years by two Traitors, whoſe Villanies you were all the while acquainted with? Alas! replied *Idomeneus*, you do not know how far Men of Artifice can work upon a weak indolent King, who ſuffers himſelf implicitly to be guided by them in all his Affairs: Beſides, I told you before, that *Proteſilaus* now approves of all your Schemes for the publick Good.

Mentor hereupon reſumed the Diſcourſe, and, with an Air of Gravity, ſaid, I ſee but too well how prevalent the Wicked are above the Good, eſpecially in the Courts of Kings, of which you are a ſad Example. But you ſay I have opened your Eyes as to *Proteſilaus*, and yet they are ſo far ſhut, that you leave the Conduct of your Affairs to this Man, who is unworthy to breathe vital

(*k*) It is to ſuch Cauſes which thoſe who have written of the Decay and Fall of Kingdoms and States muſt aſcribe ſuch Events. A great Empire never falls but by itſelf; foreign Arms never enſlave it till it has enſlaved itſelf by Luxury and Lazineſs, or is torn in Pieces by Faction and Diviſions.

Air.

Air. Know that the Wicked are ſometimes capable of doing Good: 'Tis equally the ſame Thing to them as to do Ill, when they can ſerve their Ambition: To do ill ſtands them in no Pains, becauſe they are not reſtrained by any Sentiment of Goodneſs or Principle of Virtue: And juſt ſo it is that they do well; becauſe their natural Depravity leads them to it, that they may be thought good Men, and ſo deceive the reſt of their Fellow-Creatures. Strictly ſpeaking, they are not capable of Virtue, tho' they ſeem to practiſe it; but they are capable of adding to all their other Vices the moſt horrible of Vices, namely, Hypocriſy. So long as you inflexibly reſolve to do good, *Proteſilaus* will be ready to do it with you, in order to preſerve his Authority; but if he perceives in you the leaſt Tendency to a Relaxation, he will omit nothing to make you relapſe into your Errors, and to reſume the free Uſe of his natural Deceit and Inſolence. Can you live in Honour and Repoſe while you are beſet Day and Night by ſuch a Man, and know all the while that the wiſe and faithful *Philocles* lives a poor diſhonour'd Life in the Iſle of *Samos?*

You acknowledge, O *Idomeneus*, that bold and inſinuating Men, when preſent, predominate over weak Princes; but you ought to add, that Princes have likewiſe another Unhappineſs, no whit inferior; and that is, eaſily to forget Virtue, and the Services of an abſent Man. The Multitude of them who ſurround Princes, is the Occaſion no one among them can make a deep Impreſſion upon them; they are not touch'd but by what is preſent and flatters them; all the reſt ſoon wears off; Virtue, eſpecially, is what they are little affected by; becauſe, inſtead of flattering them, it contradicts them, and condemns them for their Follies. Is it any Wonder then that they are not beloved, when themſelves love nothing but their own Grandeur and Pleaſure?

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XIV.

The ARGUMENT.

Mentor *prevails upon* Idomeneus *to ſend* Proteſilaus *and* Timocrates *to the Iſle of* Samos, *and to recal* Philocles, *in order to replace him in Honour about his Perſon.* Hegeſippus, *who is charged with this Commiſſion, executes it joyfully; he arrives with thoſe two Men at* Samos, *where he ſees again his Friend* Philocles, *contented with a poor and ſolitary Life. This latter is not eaſily prevailed on to return to his Countrymen; but finding that the Gods would have it ſo, he embarks with* Hegeſippus, *and arrives at* Salentum, *where* Idomeneus, *now quite another Man, receives him with great Marks of Friendſhip, and conſults him about the Adminiſtration of his Government.*

AFTER

AFTER this, *Mentor* perſuaded *Idomeneus* to diſcard *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates*, and recal *Philocles*. The only Difficulty which ſtuck with the King, was, his fearing the Severity of *Philocles*. I muſt own, ſaid he, I can't help being ſomewhat afraid of his Return, tho' I love him and eſteem him. I have ever, ſince my Infancy, been accuſtomed to be commended, to be courted, to be uſed complaiſantly, which I muſt not expect from this Man. Whenever I did any thing that he diſliked, his chagrin Countenance gave me ſufficiently to underſtand that he condemn'd me. When he was in private with me, his Manners were full of Reſpect and Moderation, but harſh and unpleaſant.

Do you not ſee, ſaid *Mentor*, that Princes who are ſpoiled by Flattery, think every thing harſh and auſtere that is free and ingenuous? They even go ſo far as to imagine that a Man wants Zeal for their Service, and does not like their Authority, when he is not ſlaviſh, and forward to flatter them in the unjuſt Exerciſe of their Power. All generous and free Expreſſions ſeem to them haughty, cenſorious, and ſeditious. They grow ſo nice, that every Thing that is not Flattery offends and provokes them. But let us go yet a little farther. Suppoſing that *Philocles* is really harſh and auſtere, is not that better than the deſtructive Flattery of your Councillors? Where will you find a Man without Faults, and ought not you to fear (*a*) leaſt of all the Fault of one who tells you the Truth a little too freely? Nay, is not this a Fault neceſſary to the correcting of your own Faults, and the conquering that Averſion to Truth which Flattery has begot in you? You ought to have a Man about you who loves nothing but Truth and you, and who loves you better than you

(*a*) Truth is almoſt always altered, weakened, diſguiſed by Palliatives, Fears, and Reſerves, which are uſed by thoſe who relate it. It never comes with its full Force out of any Mouth but that of an Enemy. And therefore *Plutarch* has proved to a Demonſtration, that an Enemy, to one who knows how to make a right Uſe of him, is as ſerviceable as a Friend.

know

know how to love yourself; who will tell you the Truth in ſpite of you; who will break through all your Intrenchments; and this neceſſary Man is *Philocles*. Remember that a Prince is abundantly happy, when but ſo much as one Man, of ſuch Greatneſs of Mind, is born in his Reign, and who is by far the moſt valuable Treaſure in his Kingdom; and that the greateſt Puniſhment he ought to fear from the Gods, is to be deprived of ſuch a Man, if he renders himſelf unworthy of him, by not knowing his true Value, and how to make uſe of him. As to any Faults or Overſights of good Men, you ought not to be blind to them; but, however, you ſhould make uſe of their Service. Set them right, but be not implicitly governed by their indiſcreet Zeal; give them a favourable Ear, honour their Virtue, let the Publick ſee that you know how to diſtinguiſh it; and, more eſpecially, take care not to be any longer as you have hitherto been. Princes who are ſpoiled as you are, contenting themſelves with only deſpiſing corrupt Men, do however employ them, confide in them, and heap Favours on them. On the other hand, they pretend to know and value themſelves upon knowing virtuous Men, yet give them nothing but empty Praiſes; not daring to truſt them in any Employment, nor to admit them into their familiar Converſation, nor to beſtow any Kindneſſes on them.

Then *Idomeneus* ſaid, that he was aſhamed he had ſo long delayed the Deliverance of oppreſſed Innocence, and the Puniſhment of thoſe who had abuſed him. And, indeed, *Mentor* had no Trouble at all to perſuade the King to part with his Favourite; for as ſoon as ever a Favourite is rendered ſuſpicious and odious to his Maſter, the Prince, now grown weary and uneaſy at his Preſence, is impatient till he is rid of him: His Friendſhip vaniſhes; all Services are forgotten; and the Fall of his Favourite is no Manner of Trouble to him, provided he ſees (*a*) him

(*b*) Such is the Character of a weak Prince: Thoſe about him become the real Maſters of his Perſon, by making themſelves Maſters of the Avenues to the Throne; for a Favourite

him no more. Hereupon the King inſtantly gave private Orders to *Hegeſippus*, who was one of the chief Officers of his Houſhold, to arreſt *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates*, and to carry them under a Guard to the Iſle of *Samos*, there to leave them, and to bring back *Philocles* from that Place of Exile. *Hegeſippus*, ſurpriz'd at theſe Orders, could not forbear weeping for Joy: Now, ſaid he to the King, you are going to charm all your Subjects; for theſe two Men have been the Source of all your Misfortunes, as well as of thoſe of your People. For theſe twenty Years have they caus'd all good Men to groan, and it was even dangerous to be heard to groan, ſo cruel was their Tyranny; they are ſure to ruin all thoſe who attempt to come at you by any other Way but by them.

Then *Hegeſippus* diſcover'd to the King a great many perfidious and inhuman Actions committed by thoſe two Men, which the King had never heard the leaſt Syllable of before, becauſe no Body durſt accuſe them: He likewiſe gave him an Account of a ſecret Plot which he had diſcover'd, and which was laid againſt *Mentor*'s Life. The King ſhiver'd with Horror at the Relation.

Hegeſippus in the mean while haſten'd to go and ſeize *Proteſilaus* in his Houſe: It was not ſo large, but it was more convenient and pleaſanter than the King's, and the Architecture was of a better Model: *Proteſilaus* had embelliſh'd it at great Expences, drawn from the Blood of thoſe whom he had made miſerable. *Proteſilaus* was at that Time in a Salon of Marble near his Baths, lying careleſly on a Couch of Purple embroider'd with Gold. He ſeem'd weary and ſpent with his Labours; his Eyes and Eye-brows diſcover'd a Sort of Diſorder and ſullen Wildneſs. The Prime Men of the Kingdom ſat round him on Carpets, compoſing their Looks to thoſe of *Proteſilaus*, which they obſerv'd even to the leaſt Glance of his Eye. Scarce had he open'd his Mouth, ere all

rite to be ever ſo little abſent from ſuch a Prince, is certain Ruin and Deſtruction to his Intereſt: [It is catching ſuch a Cold at his Back, as is ſure to be fatal to Him.]

of

of them broke out into Accents of Admiration at what he was going to ſay. One of the Principal of the Company repeated to him, with ridiculous Exaggerations, what *Proteſilaus* himſelf had done for the King: Another told him that *Jupiter*, having cheated his Mother, had been the Author of his Life, and that he was Son to the Father of the Gods. Amongſt the reſt, a Poet ſung Verſes to him, wherein he recited that *Proteſilaus*, being inſtructed by the Muſes, had equall'd *Apollo* in all the Varieties of Wit. Another Poet, more mercenary and impudent, call'd him in his Verſes, the Inventor of the liberal Arts, and the Father of the People whom he had made happy, deſcribing him with the *Cornucopia* (or Horn of Plenty) in his Hand.

Proteſilaus hearken'd to theſe Praiſes, with an Air of Moroſeneſs and Diſdain, like one who knows well enough that he deſerves even far greater, and who thinks he ſhews great Condeſcenſion when he ſuffers you to praiſe him. There was another Flatterer, who took the Liberty to whiſper him in the Ear ſome merry Obſervations touching *Mentor*'s new Polity; at which *Proteſilaus* ſmil'd, and preſently the whole Aſſembly burſt into a loud Laugh, tho' the greateſt Part of them knew not the leaſt Tittle of what had been ſaid: But *Proteſilaus* ſoon recovering a ſevere haughty Air, every one put on their former ſolemn Look, and became ſilent. Many of theſe Nobles were watching the happy Opportunity when *Proteſilaus* would turn towards them, and deign to give them a Hearing; they falter'd, and were diſorder'd, becauſe they had ſome Favours to beg of him; their (*c*) ſuppliant Poſtures ſpoke for them, and they appear'd as ſubmiſſive as a Mother at the Foot of an Altar, when ſhe begs of the Gods to reſtore her only Son to his Health. Every one ſeem'd pleas'd with, and full of Tenderneſs

(*c*) 'Tis no eaſy Task to beg a Favour, without ſome Appearance of Sneakingneſs. *Prayers are lame*, ſays *Homer*, who doubtleſs had experienc'd that thoſe who are in bad Circumſtances are forc'd to humble themſelves, and do Things that look mean.

and

and Admiration for *Proteſilaus*, tho' in their Hearts they all mortally hated him.

At this very Moment enters *Hegeſippus*, ſeizes *Proteſilaus*'s Sword, and tells him, from the King, that he is come to carry him to the Iſle of *Samos*. At theſe Words, all the Arrogance of that Favourite fell down, like a Rock that breaks off from the Top of a ſteep Mountain: Now he throws himſelf at the Feet of *Hegeſippus*, he weeps, he falters, he ſtammers, he quakes, he embraces the Knees of that Man whom, not an Hour before, he would not vouchſafe to honour with a Look. All thoſe who had but juſt now been paying their Adorations to him, ſeeing him loſt beyond Recovery, chang'd their Flatteries into mercileſs Invectives.

Hegeſippus would not allow him ſo much Time as either to take his laſt Farewel of his Family, or to fetch certain private Writings: All was ſeiz'd and carry'd to the King. *Timocrates* was arreſted at the ſame Time, to his no ſmall Amazement; for, being fallen out with *Proteſilaus*, he thought he could not be involv'd in his Ruin. They are both clapt on board a Veſſel that was prepar'd for that Purpoſe: They arrive at *Samos*, where *Hegeſippus* leaves the two miſerable Wretches; and, to complete their Misfortunes, leaves them together. There they with the greateſt Rage reproach each other with the Crimes they had committed, and which now occaſion'd their Fall. They are now paſt Hope of ever ſeeing *Salentum* again, condemn'd to live far from their Wives and Children; I don't ſay far *(e)* from their Friends, for they had none. They are now in an unknown Land, where they have no Means of living but by their Labour: They who had paſs'd ſo many Years in Pleaſure and Pride, were now like two wild Beaſts, ready to tear one another in Pieces every Moment.

(e) True, diſintereſted Friendſhip is a Commerce or Reciprocation of Senſibility. To ſay that great Men can't have a Friend, is to accuſe them of loving No-body.

Mean while *Hegeſippus* enquires in what Part of the Iſland *Philocles* dwelt. They told him that he liv'd a great Way from the Town, in a Grotto or Cave, inſtead of a Houſe, and that this Cave was upon the Top of a Mountain. Every Body mention'd this Stranger's Name with great Admiration. All the Time he has been in the Iſland, ſaid they, he has not ſo much as once given the leaſt Offence to any Body. Every Man wonders at his Patience, his Application to Work, and his Peace of Mind. He ſeems always contented, tho' he has nothing; and tho' he be here far from Buſineſs, without Wealth, and without Authority, yet he is inceſſantly obliging to thoſe who deſerve it, and has a thouſand Contrivances to do all his Neighbours ſome Service or other.

Hegeſippus continues his Way towards the Grotto, which he finds empty and open; for the Poverty and and Simplicity of *Philocles*'s Manners never oblig'd him to ſhut his Door when he went out: A plain Mat of Ruſhes ſerv'd him for a Bed: He rarely kindled a Fire, becauſe he never ate any Thing dreſs'd: All the Summer he liv'd upon new-gather'd Fruits, and in Winter upon Dates and dry'd Figs. He uſed to quench his Thirſt at a cryſtalline Spring of Water, which fell in Sheets from a high Rock. He had nothing in his Grotto but carving Tools, and ſome few Books, which he read at certain Hours, not to embelliſh his Mind, or to gratify his Curioſity, but to teach him to be good, and avoid Idleneſs, at the ſame Time that it eas'd his Labours. As for Sculpture, he apply'd himſelf that Way purely to exerciſe his Body, and gain a Livelihood, without being oblig'd to any Body.

As *Hegeſippus* enter'd the Grotto, he was ſurpriz'd to ſee the Works which were begun: There was a *Jupiter*, (*e*) whoſe ſerene Countenance was too full of Majeſty not

(*e*) The ſame Objects frequently re-occur in this Poem, but always under different Colours. This Fruitfulneſs of Ideas is the Soul of Poetry; it keeps the Reader in a State of Inchantment, by continually preſenting to him the Treaſures and

not to be eaſily known to be the Father of the Gods and Men: In another Place he obſerv'd a *Mars*, with a rugged threatning Fierceneſs: But what was moſt affecting, was a *Minerva*, who gave Life to the Arts; her Aſpect was noble and yet ſoft, her Shape free and lofty; ſhe was in ſo lively a Poſture that one would have thought ſhe would immediately walk. *Hegeſippus* having regaled himſelf with the Sight of theſe Statues, went out of the Grotto, and at ſome Diſtance from it, under a large Tree, ſpy'd *Philocles* reading a Book on the Graſs: He goes directly towards him; and *Philocles*, who perceiv'd him, knew not what to think. Is not that *Hegeſippus*, ſaid he to himſelf, with whom I liv'd ſo long in *Crete?* But 'tis not likely that he ſhould come into ſo remote an Iſland: Perhaps 'tis his Ghoſt come to Earth from the *Stygian* Banks after his Death.

Whilſt he was thus doubting, *Hegeſippus* came ſo near him, that he could not chuſe but know him again and embrace him: And is it you yourſelf, my dear old Friend, ſaid he? What Danger, what Storm has thrown you on this Shore? Why have you left the Iſland of *Crete?* Has ſome Diſgrace, like mine, forced you from your Country?

Hegeſippus anſwer'd; 'Tis no Diſgrace has brought me hither, but on the contrary, the Favour of the Gods. Then inſtantly he recounted to him (*f*) the long continu'd Tyranny of *Proteſilaus*, his Intrigues with *Timocrates*, the Misfortunes they had plung'd *Idomeneus* into, that Prince's Fall, his Flight to the *Heſperian* Coaſts, the founding of *Salentum*, the Arrival of *Mentor* and *Telemachus*, the wiſe Maxims with which *Mentor* had imbued the King's Mind, and the Downfal of both the Traitors.

and Riches of a lively Fancy, which do not in the leaſt reſemble each other.

(*f*) In this Manner it is that our Author avoids thoſe Repetitions which are ſo much condemn'd in the Iliad. All that can be ſaid in their Juſtification is, that they render the Action more dramatic. *Virgil*, who made himſelf ſo perfect a Maſter of all the Beauties of his Model (*Homer*) has ſhewn what he thought of ſuch Repetitions, by avoiding them in the Æneid.

He added, that he had brought them to *Samos*, there to ſuffer the like Baniſhment which they had caus'd *Philocles* to ſuffer; and he finiſh'd his Diſcourſe with telling him, that he had it in Command to bring him home to *Salentum*, where the King, who fully knew his Innocence, was reſolv'd to commit the Management of Affairs to him, and to heap Riches on him.

Obſerve ye this Cave, reply'd *Philocles* to him: Is it not fitter to hide wild Beaſts than to be inhabited by Men? Yet here have I taſted for theſe many Years more Sweetneſs, more Repoſe than ever I did in the gilded Palaces of the Iſland of *Crete*. Men no longer deceive me, for I no longer ſee them; I no longer hear their flattering and poiſoning Diſcourſes; I have no longer any need of them: My Hands, innur'd to Labour, eaſily afford me a plain Nouriſhment, and ſuch as is neceſſary for the Suſtenance of Life. You ſee this ſlight Stuff is ſufficient to cover me, and I want nothing farther: I enjoy a calm undiſturb'd Reſt and a ſweet Freedom, which my Books teach me how to make good Uſe of. What then have I farther to look for among jealous, tricking, inconſtant Men? No, no, my dear *Hegeſippus*, envy not my good Fortune: *Proteſilaus* betray'd himſelf, in going about to betray the King and deſtroy me: But he has done me no Manner of Hurt; on the contrary, he has done me the greateſt Kindneſs: He has deliver'd me from the tumultuous Rattle and Servitude of Buſineſs. To him I am beholden for my precious Solitude, and all the innocent Pleaſures I here enjoy. Return, *Hegeſippus*, return to the King; aſſiſt him to ſupport the Miſeries of Greatneſs, and be that to him which you would have me be. Since his Eyes, ſo long ſhut againſt the Truth, have at laſt been open'd by that wiſe Man you call *Mentor*, let the King retain him near his Perſon, and make uſe of his Counſels. As for me, I ought not, after Shipwreck, to quit the Haven where the Storm has happily thrown me, to commit myſelf again to the Mercy of the Winds. O how much, how very much are Kings to be pity'd! O how worthy of Compaſſion are thoſe who ſerve them!

If

If they are wicked, how much doth Mankind ſuffer by them, and what Torments are prepar'd for them in the darkeſt *Tartarus!* If they are good, what Difficulties have they not to encounter and to overcome, how many Snares to avoid, how many Evils to ſuffer! Once more, my dear *Hegeſippus*, leave me in my happy Poverty.

Whilſt *Philocles* was thus delivering himſelf with great Earneſtneſs, *Hegeſippus* look'd on him with Aſtoniſhment. He remember'd, when he had ſeen him formerly at *Crete*, during the Time he adminiſter'd the greateſt Affairs of State, he was lean, bare-bon'd, and almoſt ſpent; the Ardency and Severity of his Mind conſum'd his Body, thro' Care and Application to Buſineſs; he could not, without Indignation, behold Vice unpuniſh'd; he requir'd in the Management of Affairs ſuch an Exactneſs as is hardly ever to be met with; and thus his Employments deſtroy'd his delicate Conſtitution: But at *Samos Hegeſippus* found him plump and vigorous; for all his Age, a florid blooming Youth ſeem'd to be renew'd in his Face; a ſober, quiet, and laborious Life had, as it were, given him another Conſtitution.

You wonder, ſaid *Philocles* to him ſmiling, to ſee me ſo chang'd: This Freſhneſs and this perfect Health is owing to my Solitude. My Enemies have given me what I ſhou'd never have found in the Height of my Fortune, and would you have me part with true Happineſs, to purſue a falſe one, and to plunge myſelf again into my former Miſeries? I beg you would not be more cruel than *Proteſilaus*; at leaſt, envy me not the Happineſs which I am indebted to him for.

Then *Hegeſippus* urg'd to him, but in vain, all that he thought might move him. Are you then, ſaid he to him, inſenſible of the Pleaſure of ſeeing your Friends and Relations, who ſigh for your Return, and whom the ſole Hope of embracing you overwhelms with Joy? Do you, who fear the Gods and love to do your Duty, reckon as nothing the Service of your King, and the aſſiſting him in all the Good he deſigns in making ſo many People happy? Is it allowable for a Man to aban-

don himſelf to a wild and ſavage (*g*) Philoſophy, to prefer his ſingle ſelf to all the reſt of Mankind, and to be fonder of his own Quiet than the Happineſs of his Fellow Citizens? Beſides all this, it will be thought that it is out of Reſentment you refuſe to ſee the King. If he deſigned any Ill to you, it was becauſe he did not then know you: It was not the true, the honeſt, the juſt *Philocles*, whom he went about to deſtroy; no, it was quite another Man; but now that he knows you, and miſtakes you not for another, he feels all his former Friendſhip revive in his Heart. He waits for you, he already holds forth his Arms to embrace you, he impatiently counts the Days, the Hours, till you come; and can you be obdurate, can you be inexorable to your King, and to all your deareſt Friends?

Philocles, who at firſt melted away at the Sight of *Hegeſippus*, re-aſſumed his grave auſtere Look at this Diſcourſe: Like a Rock which the Winds and Billows in vain attack, ſo remained he immoveable; nor Prayers, nor Reaſons could find the leaſt Acceſs to his Heart: But in the Moment when *Hegeſippus* began to deſpair of prevailing over him, *Philocles*, having conſulted the Gods, found by the Flight of Birds, (*h*) the Entrails of Victims, and ſundry other Tokens, that he muſt follow *Hegeſippus*.

Then he no longer reſiſted, but prepared to go; yet not without Regret, and wiſhing ſtill for the Deſarts where he had paſſed ſo many Years. Alas! ſaid he, muſt

(*g*) Philoſophy does not tend to exclude us from Society. The true Sage is he that knows how to make Wiſdom reliſhable. Such were the firſt Philoſophers, and their Way of Living gave ev'n a fuller Idea of their Science and Learning, than their Leſſons did. The Sopiſts imitated them but by Halves: They acted like Men, and talked like Philoſophers.

(*h*) The grave Augurs could not forbear laughing in one another's Faces when they chanced to meet, ſays *Tully*; but Politicians made their Advantage of theſe whimſical Ceremonies. The Prieſts were moſt commonly bribed by the Generals to make the Victims propitious whenever they had a Mind to it, for the greater Encouragement of the Soldiers by theſe Aſſurances of the Protection of the Gods.

I then

I then quit thee, O my lovely Grotto, where peaceful Slumber came every Night to eaſe the Labours of the Day! Here in the midſt of Poverty did the Deſtinies ſpin my vital Thread with Gold and Silk! Then weeping, he proſtrated himſelf to adore the *Naiad*, who had ſo long ſlak'd his Thirſt with her clear Flood, and the Nymphs likewiſe that inhabited the neighbouring Mountains. Eccho heard his Lamentations, and with a mournful Voice repeated them to all the rural Deities.

Afterwards *Philocles* went to the Town with *Hegeſippus* to take Shipping, not believing that the miſerable *Proteſilaus* would have the Face to ſee him; but he was miſtaken, for ill Men have no Shame, and can never take check at the moſt ſcandalous Compliances. *Philocles* modeſtly avoided being ſeen by that miſerable Wretch; fearing indeed to heighten his Misfortune by ſhewing him the Proſperity of an Enemy, who was going to be raiſed on his Ruins: But *Proteſilaus* was very eager and earneſt to find out *Philocles*. He deſired that he would take pity on him, and beg the King to let him return to *Salentum*. *Philocles* was too ſincere to promiſe to ſollicit his Return, for he knew better than any Man how pernicious ſuch a Thing would be to the Publick. But he ſpoke very courteouſly to him, teſtified a great Compaſſion of his Misfortunes, endeavoured to comfort him, admoniſhed him to pacify the Gods by a pious Life and an exemplary Patience under his Affliction: And having underſtood that the King had ſtripped him of all his ill-gotten Riches, he promiſed two Things, which he afterwards faithfully performed. One was to take care of his Wife and Children, who were left at *Salentum*, in a wretched poor Condition, expoſed to the Indignation of the Populace: And the other was to ſend him ſome little Supply of Money, to alleviate his Misfortunes.

And now a favourable Wind fills the ſwelling Sails. *Hegeſippus* grows impatient for *Philocles*'s Departure. *Proteſilaus* ſees them embark; he remains fixed and immoveable on the Shore. His Eyes follow the Veſſel which cuts the Waves, and which the Wind ſtill carries farther

and farther; and when at laſt he could ſee them no more, he again paints the Image of them in his Mind. Then grown diſtracted, furious, and abandoned to his Deſpair, he tears his Locks, he rolls about upon the Strand, he accuſes the Gods of Severity, he in vain calls cruel Death to his Aid: She, deaf to his Prayers, deigns not to deliver him from his Miſeries, nor has he the (*i*) Courage to releaſe himſelf from the Load of Life.

Mean while, the Ship, favoured by *Neptune* and the Winds, ſoon arrives at *Salentum:* The King was preſently told that they were landing: He ran with *Mentor* towards *Philocles*; he affectionately embraced him, expreſſing a deep Concern for having ſo unjuſtly perſecuted him.

This Reception, inſtead of looking like a Weakneſs in a Prince, was deemed by all the *Salentines* as the Act of a great Soul, which raiſes itſelf above paſt Miſcarriages in freely owning them, in order to redreſs them. Every one wept for Joy to ſee again this honeſt Man, who loved the People, and to hear the King ſpeak with ſo much Diſcretion and Humanity.

Philocles, in a reſpectful modeſt Manner, received the King's Careſſes, and was very impatient to get out of the Acclamations of the People. He followed the King to the Palace, where *Mentor* and he were preſently grown as familiar as if they had paſſed their whole Life together, tho' they had never ſeen one another before; for the Gods, who have denied Eyes to the Wicked to diſcern good Men, have given Eyes to good Men whereby to know one another. Thoſe who have any Reliſh of Virtue, cannot be long together without contracting a Friendſhip. Not long after *Philocles* begged of the King that he might retire to ſome private Place near *Salentum*,

(*i*) *Perſens* being taken Priſoner by *Paulus Emilius*, begged that he would not tie him to his triumphal Chariot. Upon which the Conqueror asked him why he begged of him not to do that which was in his own Power to prevent, thereby reproaching him with his Meanneſs of Spirit to outlive his Defeat.

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where he might continue to live in the ſame Manner he did at *Samos*. The King and *Mentor* uſed to go and ſee him every Day in his Solitude; and there they conſulted the proper Means of ſtrengthening the Laws, and to draw ſolid Schemes of Government for the publick Good.

The two principal Things which they went upon, were the Education of Children, and the Way of living in Peace. Children, ſaid *Mentor*, belong leſs to their Parents than to the Publick; they are the Children of the People; they are the Hope and Strength of the Body Politick: 'Tis too late to correct them when they are ſpoiled; 'tis inſignificant to exclude them Employments, when they have made themſelves unworthy of them; 'tis much better to prevent the Miſchief than to be forced to puniſh it. A King, (*k*) added he, who is Father of all his People, is yet more particularly the Father of all the Youth, who are the Bloſſom of a Nation; and it is in the Bloſſom that Fruits are prepared. Let not the King therefore diſdain to watch over them himſelf, and to cauſe others to do the like in the educating of them: Let him ſee that the Laws of *Minos* be ſtrictly obſerved, which ordain that Children be bred up to deſpiſe Pain and Death; that Honour be placed in a Neglect of Pleaſures and Riches; that Injuſtice, Lying, Ingratitude, and Slothfulneſs be accounted infamous; that from their tendereſt Infancy they be taught to ſing the Praiſes of the Heroes, who were beloved of the Gods, who have done great Things for their Country, and who have diſtinguiſhed their Courage in Battle; let the Charm of Muſick ſeize their Soul, to make their Manners gentle and purified; let them learn to be tender of their Friends, faithful to their Allies, equitable to all Men, even to their

(*k*) The Education of Children was not arbitrary at *Lacedæmon*. It was committed to the Magiſtrates, who thought themſelves honoured by the Truſt and Confidence which the Public teſtified towards them, by putting into their Hands what they held moſt dear. Even the Children of Kings were ſubject to the ſame Exerciſe as the other *Lacedæmonian* Youth. And thus Valour and Probity were no more than common Virtues at *Lacedæmon*.

moſt cruel Enemies; let them learn to be more afraid of the Stings of Conſcience, than of Death itſelf, and all Manner of Torments. If Children early imbibe theſe noble Maxims, and if they are inſtilled into them by the Charms of Muſick, there will be but few who ſhall not be inflamed with the Love of Glory and Virtue.

Mentor added, that it was of the greateſt Importance to inſtitute publick Schools, to accuſtom the Youth to manly Exerciſes of the Body, that they might not grow tender and lazy, which ſpoils the beſt Diſpoſitions. He farther adviſed to have a great Variety of (*l*) Games and Shows to animate the People, but more eſpecially to excerciſe their Bodies, to render them active, ſupple and vigorous, with Rewards and Prizes to ſtir up a noble Emulation: But what he moſt deſired for the Encouragement of good Manners, was, that young People ſhould marry betimes, and that their Parents, without any ſordid lucrative Views, ſhould leave them to chuſe their Wives themſelves, ſuch as were moſt agreeable both in Mind and Body, with whom they might live continually happy.

But while they were thus contriving to keep the Youth chaſte, innocent, laborious, tractable, and fond of Glory, *Philocles*, who delighted in War, ſaid to *Mentor*: In vain do you employ Youth in all thoſe Exerciſes, if you ſuffer them to ruſt in a continual Peace, without any Experience in War, or Occaſion to exert their Valour: By this you will inſenſibly weaken the Nation; Men's Spirits will grow blunt, Pleaſure will corrupt their Manners, and they will become an eaſy Conqueſt to other warlike Nations; and thus, by endeavouring to ſhun the Evils of War, they will fall into a miſerable Servitude.

Mentor replied, The Evils of War are ſtill more dreadful than you imagine. War drains a Nation, and puts it always

(*l*) Such was the Fruit which the *Grecians* reaped from their Feſtivals; which were conſecrated to ſuch Exerciſes as rendered the Body ſupple and vigorous. The Hymns that were ſung in them were in Honour of thoſe who had vanquiſhed barbarous Nations. And thus did Policy turn a ſuperſtitious Worſhip into a Sort of Military School.

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in Danger of being ruined, even while it is moſt victorious: How advantageouſly ſoever you may begin a War, you are never ſure of ending it without being expoſed to the moſt tragical Reverſes of Fortune; whatever Superiority of Forces you bring with you into the Field, the ſmalleſt Miſtake, a panick Fear, a Nothing, ſnatches the Victory out of your Hands, and transfers it to the Enemy: Nay, though you ſhould hold Victory chained, as it were, in your Camp, you deſtroy yourſelf in deſtroying your Enemy; you unpeople your Country, leave the Ground almoſt uncultivated, interrupt Commerce; nay, what is worſe, you weaken the beſt Laws, and tolerate the Corruption of Manners: The young Men no longer apply themſelves to Literature; imperious Neceſſity makes you connive at pernicious Licentiouſneſs among your Troops; Juſtice, Order, every thing ſuffers in this Confuſion. A King who ſheds the Blood of ſo many Men, and cauſes ſo many Miſchiefs for the Sake of a little Glory, or to extend the Limits of his Kingdom, does not deſerve to attain the Glory he is in Purſuit of, but rather deſerves to loſe what he poſſeſſes, for uſurping that which does not belong to him.

But I will tell you in what Manner you ſhould exerciſe the Courage of a Nation in Time of Peace. We have already diſcourſed of the Exerciſes of the Body, and ſtirring up Emulation by publick Rewards; as likewiſe by filling Children's Minds, almoſt from their Cradle, with Principles of Glory and Virtue; by celebrating to (*m*) Muſick the greateſt Actions of Heroes; add to this a ſober and laborious Life. But this is not all; as ſoon as any one of your Allies ſhall be engaged in a War, you muſt ſend thither the Flower of your Youth, eſpecially thoſe who diſcover a Genius for War, and who are moſt likely to improve by Experience. Hereby you will maintain a high Reputation among your Allies; your Friendſhip will be courted, and they will be afraid to loſe

(*m*) Such were *Homer*'s Poems, which being ſung to Muſick, formed all the Heroes of *Greece*, ſays *Iſocrates*.

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it; and thus without having a War upon your own Hands, you will always be ſtored with a ſeaſoned and intrepid Body of Youth. Although you enjoy Peace at Home, yet fail not to treat honourably thoſe who have a Talent for War; for the true Way to avoid War, and preſerve a laſting Peace, is to cultivate Arms, to honour Men that are excellent that Way, always to have ſome of your Subjects Abroad trained up in that Profeſſion, that they may be acquainted with the Strength, Diſcipline, and Manner of Fighting in the neighbouring Countries: In ſhort, the true Way to avoid War, is to be equally remote from beginning one out of Ambition, and from being afraid of it through Effeminacy. Thus being always in a Readineſs to go into it when Neceſſity urges, you will arrive to that State as to be almoſt ever able to prevent it. As for your Allies, when they are breaking out into a War with each other, it will be your Part to be a Mediator; and thereby you will acquire a Glory more ſolid and more laſting than that of Conquerors; you will gain the Love and Eſteem of Strangers; they will all of them ſtand in need of you; you will reign over them by the Confidence they repoſe in you, as you reign over your own Subjects by your Authority: You will become the Truſtee, or, as it were, the Confidant of all Secrets, the Arbiter of Treaties, the Maſter of all their Hearts; your Fame will fly through the moſt diſtant Countries, and your Name will be like a delicious Perfume, that ſpreads itſelf on every Side. In ſuch Circumſtances, if a neighbouring State attacks you unjuſtly, they will always find you prepared to receive them; but, what is ſtill more advantageous for you, they will find you beloved and befriended; all your Neighbours will chearfully arm themſelves to aſſiſt you, being perſuaded that on your Preſervation depends the common Welfare. This is a Bulwark more ſecure than the ſtrongeſt Walls and the moſt regular Fortifications: This is true Glory. But how few Kings are there that know how to purſue it; nay, rather how few are there that do not purſue the contrary? They run after a beguiling Shadow,

and

and leave behind them true Honour, for want of knowing it.

After *Mentor* had ſpoke thus, *Philocles* looked upon him with Aſtoniſhment, and then caſt his Eyes on the King: He was perfectly charmed to ſee how greedily *Idomeneus* gathered up every Word which flowed like a Stream of Wiſdom from the Mouth of that Stranger.

Minerva, in the Shape of *Mentor*, did thus eſtabliſh in *Salentum* the moſt wholeſome Laws, and the moſt uſeful Maxims of Government; not ſo much to make the Kingdom of *Idomeneus* proſperous and flouriſhing, as to ſhew *Telemachus*, at his Return, a plain Example, how far a wiſe Adminiſtration contributes to render a People happy, and to procure to a good King a ſolid permanent Reputation.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XV.

The ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, *in the Camp of the Allies, wins the Affection of* Philoctetes, *who at first had a Diſlike to him upon Account of his Father* Ulyſſes. Philoctetes *relates to him his Misfortunes, wherein he inſerts many Particulars concerning the Death of* Hercules, *by the poiſon'd Tunic which the Centaur* Neſſus *had given to* Deianira; *he informs him how he obtained of that Hero his fatal Arrows, without which the City of* Troy *could never be taken; how he was puniſh'd for revealing his Secret, by the great Miſeries he ſuffer'd in the Iſle of* Lemnos; *and how* Ulyſſes *made uſe of* Neoptolemus, *to engage him to return to the Siege of* Troy, *where he was cured of his Wounds by the Sons of* Eſculapius.

TELE-

TELEMACHUS, mean while, ſignaliz'd his Courage in the Dangers of the War. When he departed from *Salentum*, he made it his chief Study to gain the Affection of the old Captains, whoſe Reputation and Experience were at the Height. *Neſtor*, who had before ſeen him at *Pylos*, and who had always loved *Ulyſſes*, treated him as his own Son: He gave him Inſtructions, which he confirmed by divers notable Examples; he related to him all the Adventures of his Youth, and the moſt remarkable Things he had ſeen perform'd by the Heroes of the laſt Age. This ſage old Man's Memory (he having number'd three Ages) was, like a Hiſtory of antient Times, engrav'd on Marble or Braſs.

Philoctetes at firſt had not the ſame Kindneſs for *Telemachus*, as *Neſtor* had. The Hatred he had ſo long harboured againſt *Ulyſſes*, gave him a Coldneſs towards his Son, and he could not ſee, without Uneaſineſs, what Glories the Gods ſeemed to be preparing for this Youth, to make him equal to thoſe Heroes, who had laid *Troy* in Aſhes. But at length the winning Deportment of *Telemachus*, overcame all the Reſentmentss of *Philoctetes*, and he could no longer forbear loving a Virtue ſo modeſt and ſweet. He would often take *Telemachus*, and ſay to him, My Son, (for I no longer ſcruple to call you ſo) I own that your Father and myſelf did for a long Time entertain a Hatred againſt each other; I own too, that after we had raz'd *Troy*'s proud Walls, my Reſentments were not cur'd, and when I ſaw you, I felt in my Breaſt the ſtrongeſt Averſion to love even Virtue in the Perſon of *Ulyſſes*'s Son; for which I often condemned myſelf; but Virtue, when it is gentle, ſimple, ingenuous, and modeſt, is not to be reſiſted by any Thing. Then *Philoctetes* inſenſibly engaged himſelf to relate to him what it was that had kindled in his Heart ſo much Hatred againſt *Ulyſſes*.

To

To trace, ſaid he, my Hiſtory a little farther up, I accompany'd in all his Travels (*a*) the great *Hercules*, who deliver'd the Earth from ſo many Monſters, and, in Compariſon of whom, all other Heroes were but as a feeble Bulruſh to a lofty Oak, or the little Birds to an Eagle. That Hero's Misfortunes, and mine too, took riſe from a Paſſion which occaſions the moſt terrible Diſaſters, namely, Love. *Hercules*, who had overcome ſo many Monſters, was a Slave to that ſhameful Paſſion, and became the Laughing-ſtock of that cruel Boy, *Cupid*: He could not without bluſhing call to mind, that he had once ſo far forgot his Glory, as to work at the Spinning-Wheel with *Omphale*, Queen of *Lydia*, like the moſt abject and moſt effeminate of all Men; ſo great a Command over him had a blind inconſiderate Love. A hundred Times has he confeſs'd to me, that this Paſſage of his Life had tarniſh'd his Virtue, and almoſt defac'd the Glory of all his Labours. Yet, O Gods! ſuch is the Weakneſs and Inconſtancy of Men, they flatter themſelves they can do any Thing, and yet can withſtand nothing. Alas! the great *Hercules* again fell into the Snares of Love, which he had ſo often deteſted: If he had

(*a*) This Narration of *Philoctetes*'s Miſadventures is little more than a Tranſlation of one of *Sophocles*'s Tragedies, which is intituled by the Name of that Hero. It has loſt nothing in the Hands of our Author, who has had the Skill to turn one of the moſt beautiful Remains of Antiquity into one of the moſt beautiful Ornaments of his Poem. This Subject, as great and noble as it is, has never dared to produce itſelf on our [the *French*] Stage; and it muſt be own'd, it would be a difficult Matter to adapt it to the Taſte of our [*French*] Nation. *Philoctetes* continually appears labouring under the Pain of his Wound; he is Night and Day groaning, ſwooning away; black and corrupted Gore iſſuing from him, makes the *Greek* Soldiers ſhiver at the very Sight of Him, and think him every Moment to be dying: Theſe are Circumſtances which would never fit a *French* Taſte. Beſides, how would ſuch a Subject admit of a Love-Intrigue, without which an Author, who is a Slave to the Pit, and ty'd down to the reigning Taſte of Gallantry, will never be convinced that it is poſſible to write a Tragedy?

been

been conſtant to *Deianira* his Wife, happy, exceeding happy had he been; but too ſoon the blooming Youth of *Iole*, on whoſe Face the Graces were imprinted, ſtole away his Heart. *Deianira*, burning with Jealouſy, bethought her of the fatal Garment that the Centaur *Neſſus* had left her at his Death, as an infallible Way to awaken again the Love of *Hercules*, whenever he ſeem'd to neglect her for another. But alas! this Garment, full of the venomous Blood of the Centaur, contain'd the Poiſon of the Darts with which that Monſter had been pierced; for you know that the Arrows, with which *Hercules* kill'd this perfidious Centaur, had been dipp'd in the Blood of the *Lernæan* Hydra, which had tinctur'd them with ſo ſtrong a Poiſon, that whatever they wounded was incurable.

Hercules, having put on this Garment, ſoon felt the devouring Fire, which inſinuated itſelf even into the very Marrow of his Bones: Mount *Oeta* was amaz'd at his horrible Outcries, and the deepeſt Vallies reſounded; the Sea itſelf ſeem'd troubled at his Groans, which far ſurpaſs'd the Bellowing of fierce Bulls, in their Combats. The unhappy *Lychas*, who had brought him the Garment from *Deianira*, preſuming to approach him, *Hercules* in the Height of his Pain ſeiz'd him, and whirl'd him round as a Slinger does a Stone, which he is going to throw at a great Diſtance from him. Thus *Lychas* being hurl'd from the Top of the Mountain by the ſtrong Arm of *Hercules*, tumbled amidſt the Waves of the Sea, where he was preſently changed into a Rock, which ſtill preſerves its human Shape, and which, being inceſſantly beaten by the angry Billows, frightens from afar the wary Pilot.

After the Misfortune of *Lychas*, I judged it no longer ſafe to truſt myſelf to *Hercules*: I began now to think of hiding myſelf in the deepeſt Caverns of the Earth. I obſerv'd how eaſily he with one Hand pluck'd up by the Roots the lofty Firs and aged Oaks, which for many Centuries had defy'd the roaring Winds, and moſt impetuous Storms; and with the other he endeavoured,

but

but in vain, to tear from his Back the fatal Garment; it was glu'd to his Skin, and as it were incorporated to his Limbs, and, as he rent it, he tore off his Skin and Fleſh: His Blood, in flowing Streams, moiſten'd the Earth. At length, his Virtue ſurmounting his Pain, he cry'd out, Thou ſeeſt, my dear *Philoctetes*, the Evils which the Gods make me ſuffer; they are juſtly inflicted; I have offended them, I have violated my conjugal Love. After having overcome ſo many Enemies, I have baſely ſuffer'd myſelf to be vanquiſh'd by the Love of a beautiful Stranger. I periſh, and am content to periſh, to appeaſe the Wrath of the Gods. But alas! my dear Friend, whether flieſt thou? 'Tis true, the Exceſs of my Pain made me commit upon the unhappy *Lychas* an Act of Cruelty, which I upbraid myſelf for: He was ignorant of the Poiſon he brought me; he did not deſerve the Treatment I gave him: But doſt thou believe that I can forget the Friendſhip I owe thee, or that I would take away thy Life? No ſure, I ſhall never ceaſe to love *Philoctetes:* He ſhall receive into his Boſom my Soul that is now upon the Wing, and he ſhall gather up my Aſhes. Where art thou then, my dear *Philoctetes*, *Philoctetes*, the only Hope that is left me here below? At theſe Words I ran towards him; he holds out his Arms to embrace me, but preſently drew them back, for fear he ſhould kindle in my Breaſt the ſame devouring Fire with which himſelf was burnt up. Alas! ſays he, I dare not embrace thee; even that Conſolation is no longer allow'd me! With that he gathers all the Trees he had plucked up, and erected them into a Funeral Pile, upon the Top of a Mountain: He calmly aſcends the Pile, ſpreads the Skin of the *Nemæan* Lion with which he ſo long had wrapt his Shoulders as a Mantle, whilſt he travell'd from one Corner of the Earth to the other, to deſtroy Monſters and reſcue the Unfortunate: He leans upon his Club, and deſires me to ſet Fire to the Pile.

My trembling and abhorrent Hands could not refuſe him this cruel Office; for his Life was now no longer to be reckon'd a Gift of the Gods, ſo irkſome was it to him:

Nay

Nay I fear'd leſt the Extremity of his Pain ſhould tranſport him to do ſome Action unworthy of that Virtue which had amaz'd the World. As ſoon as he ſaw the Flame begin to catch; Now, ſays he, my dear *Philoctetes*, I am convinc'd of the Sincerity of thy Friendſhip; for thou loveſt my Honour more than my Life, and may the Gods reward thee for it. I bequeath thee what I have moſt valuable on Earth, namely, theſe Arrows, that were dipt in the Blood of the *Lernæan* Hydra. Thou knoweſt that the Wounds they give are incurable; by them thou ſhalt be invincible as I have been, nor ſhall any Mortal dare to attack you. Remember I die thy faithful Friend, and may'ſt thou never forget how dear thou haſt been to me. But if thou art really affected by my Misfortunes, it is in thy Power to give me one Conſolation, tho' it be the laſt; by promiſing never to diſcover to any Mortal, either my Death, or the Place where thou hideſt my Aſhes. I promis'd him, alas! nay, I ſwore it; and at the ſame Time bedew'd his Funeral Pile with my Tears! A Flaſh of Joy darted from his Eyes, but on a ſudden a tow'ring Flame involv'd him round, ſtifled his Voice, and robb'd me almoſt of the Sight of him: But yet I could ſee him a little thro' the Flames, with a Countenance as ſerene, as if he had been ſitting with his Friends at a delicious Banquet, crown'd with Garlands, and cover'd with Perfumes. The Fire quickly conſumed his earthly and mortal Part, and ſoon there remain'd nothing of what he had receiv'd at his Birth from his Mother *Alcmena*: But, by the Decree of *Jupiter*, he ſtill retain'd untouch'd that ſubtile and immortal Subſtance, that celeſtial Spark, which is the true Principle of Life, and which he had receiv'd from the Father of the Gods, to whom he went, beneath the gilded Arches of the glittering *Olympus*; there he quaffs Nectar, and there the Gods gave him to Wife the lovely *Hebe*, who is the Goddeſs of Youth, and whoſe Office was to fill Nectar to *Jupiter*, before *Ganymede* was promoted to that Honour.

To

To return to what concerns myſelf: The Arrows which he left me with a Deſign to raiſe me above all Heroes, have been an inexhauſtible Fountain of Sorrow to me; for now the confederate Kings had undertaken to revenge *Menelaus* upon the infamouſly famous *Paris* for the Rape of *Helena*, and to overturn the Empire of *Priam*. The Oracle of *Apollo* gave them to underſtand, that they were not to expect a happy Iſſue of the War, unleſs they could get the Arrows of *Hercules*. Your Father *Ulyſſes*, who was always the moſt penetrating and the moſt active in all the Councils, took upon him to perſuade me to go with them to the Siege of *Troy*, and to bring along with me thoſe Arrows, which he believ'd were in my Poſſeſſion. It was now a long Time ſince *Hercules* had diſappear'd, nor was there any Mention of any new Exploit of that Hero: Monſters and Villains began again now to ſhew their Heads with Impunity: The *Greeks* knew not what to think of him: Some ſaid he was dead; others affirm'd that he was gone under the frozen Bear, to ſubdue the *Scythians*; but *Ulyſſes* averr'd that he was dead, and undertook to make me own it. He found me out and came to me, when, as yet, I was diſconſolate for the Loſs of the great *Alcides*; he found it a hard Matter to accoſt me, for the Sight of Mankind was become intolerable to me: I would not yield to be taken from the Deſarts of Mount *Oeta*, where I had beheld the Exit of my dear Friend; my only Study was to re-imprint in my Breaſt the Image of that Hero, and I minded nothing but to weep at the Sight of that melancholy Place: But ſoft and powerful Perſwaſion flow'd from your Father's Lips; he ſeem'd almoſt as much afflicted as myſelf; he ſhed Tears; he knew how to get Acceſs inſenſibly to my Heart, and to engage me to confide in him: He begat in me a Concern for the *Grecian* Kings, who were going to fight in a juſt Cauſe, and who could not proſper without me. Yet could he not extort from me the Secret of *Hercules*'s Death, which I had ſworn never to mention; But he no longer doubting of his Death, preſs'd me to reveal the Place where I had hid his Aſhes.

Alas!

Alas! I was ſeiz'd with Horror at the Thought of revealing a Secret which I had promiſed to the Gods never to diſcloſe; but not daring to violate my Oath, I was ſo weak as to elude it, for which the Gods have puniſhed me. I ſtampt with my Foot upon the Place where I had hid the Aſhes of *Hercules*. Afterwards I went and join'd the confederate Kings, who receiv'd me with the ſame Joy as they would have done *Hercules* himſelf. As I paſs'd thro' the Iſle of *Lemnos*, I had a Mind to ſhew the *Greeks* the Efficacy of my Arrows, and preparing to let fly at a Doe that was ſcouring along the Wood, I heedleſly dropt the Arrow, which lighting on my Foot, gave me a Wound which ſtill pains me. I preſently felt the ſame Torments *Hercules* had ſuffer'd: I Night and Day fill'd the Iſland with my Groans; black and corrupted Gore iſſuing from my Wound, infected the very Air, and ſpread thro' the *Grecian* Camp a Stench that was capable of ſuffocating the moſt healthy Men. All the Soldiers ſhiver'd at the Sight of me; each taking it for granted that it was a Curſe ſent down upon me by the righteous Gods. *Ulyſſes*, who had drawn me to the War, was the firſt that forſook me: I afterwards underſtood, that he did ſo, becauſe he preferred the common Intereſt of *Greece*, and the Victory they had ſo much at Heart, to all the Arguments of Friendſhip or private Concerns. It was now grown impoſſible to ſacrifice in the Camp; ſo much did the Horror and Infection of my Wound, and the Violence of my Groans, diſturb the whole Army. But when I perceived myſelf abandon'd by all the *Greeks* thro' the Advice of *Ulyſſes*, that Politician's Action ſeem'd to me to be full of the moſt barbarous Cruelty and blackeſt Treachery. Alas! I was blinded, and did not ſee that I had juſtly incurr'd the Diſpleaſure of all wiſe and good Men, as well as of the Gods whom I had offended!

I continu'd, during almoſt the whole Siege of *Troy*, all alone, deſtitute of Succour, without Hope, without Help to eaſe my Pain; exceſſively tormented in that deſart and ſavage Iſland, where nothing was to be heard but the roaring

roaring Billows daſhing againſt the Rocks. In this ſolitary Place I found a Cave within a Rock, which lifted to the Sky two high Points like two Heads: From this Rock iſſued a chryſtal Spring: The Cave was the uſual Retreat of wild Beaſts, to whoſe Fury I was Night and Day expos'd; my Bed conſiſted of what Leaves I could pick up; all my Furniture was a wooden Box coarſely wrought, and ſome tatter'd Clothes, with which I bound up my Wound to ſtop the Blood, and with which I likewiſe uſed to clean it. Here, abandon'd by Mankind, and deliver'd over to the Anger of the Gods, I ſpent my Time in piercing with my Arrows the Pigeons and other Birds which flew about the Rock. When I kill'd any Bird to ſatisfy my Hunger, I was forc'd to crawl along the Ground in a painful Manner, to take up my Prey: Thus with my own Hands I prepar'd my own Proviſion. The *Greeks* did, indeed, leave me ſome Proviſions, but they laſted not long. I us'd to light me a Fire with ſome Flints. This Life, as dreadful as it was, would have ſeem'd pleaſant, in that it was remote from ungrateful and deceitful Men, had I not been quite overcome with the Extremity of the Pain, and the continual Ruminating upon my ſad Diſaſter. How! ſaid I; to entice a Man from his own Country, as the only Perſon that was capable to revenge the Quarrel of *Greece*, and then to leave him in this deſart Iſland while he was aſleep! for ſo they did. You may judge of my Surprize when I wak'd. O! how bitterly I wept when I ſaw the Fleet ſailing away. Alas! wherever I caſt my Eyes in that ſavage and horrible Place, I met with nothing but Sorrow. That horrid Iſland has neither Harbour, Commerce, nor Hoſpitality; nor did ever Man voluntarily land upon it: None are ſeen there but what are driven by Storms, and no other Company is to be expected but what is forc'd thither by Shipwreck; nor even did ſuch dare to carry me away along with them, being afraid both of the Anger of the Gods, and of the *Greeks*. Thus ten long Years I ſuffer'd Shame, Pain, and Hunger: I nouriſh'd a Wound that devour'd me: Even Hope itſelf was quite ex-

extinguiſh'd in my Breaſt. One Day, returning from ſeeking ſome medicinal Plants for my Wound, I was ſurpriz'd to ſee in my Cave a young Man of a handſome and graceful Mien, but withal ſtately, and of an heroic Aſpect: He ſeem'd to me to be *Achilles* by his Features, Look, and Gait, had there not been too great a Difference between them in Point of Age. His Eyes expreſs'd both Compaſſion and Confuſion: He was mov'd with Pity at ſeeing me crawl along in that miſerable Condition; the piercing Cries, and doleful Shrieks, with which I made the echoing Shores reverberate, melted his very Heart.

Being at ſome Diſtance from him: O Stranger, ſaid I, What Misfortune has brought thee into this uninhabited Iſland? I know that *Greek* Habit, that Habit ſtill ſo dear to me. O! how I long to hear thy Voice, and to find upon thy Lips that Language which I learnt in my Childhood, and which I, for ſo long a Time, have been debarr'd from talking myſelf to any Body, in this Solitude. Be not affrighted to ſee ſo wretched a Creature, ſince thou oughteſt rather to pity him.

Scarce had *Neoptolemus* ſaid that he was a *Greek*, when I cry'd out: O delicious Word, after ſo many Years of Silence and comfortleſs Pain? O my Son, what Diſaſter, what Tempeſt, or rather what propitious Wind has brought thee hither to put an End to my Miſery? He anſwer'd; I am of the Iſland of *Scyros*, thither I am returning; 'tis ſaid, I am the Son of *Achilles*; thou know'ſt that beſt.

Such ſhort Expreſſions left my Curioſity ungratify'd; I ſaid to him, O Son of a Father whom I ſo much lov'd! The dear Charge of *Lycomedes*, how cam'ſt thou hither? and from whence cam'ſt thou? He anſwer'd me, that he came from the Siege of *Troy*. Thou wert not, ſaid I, in the firſt Expedition. Then, ſaid he, Wert thou there at that Time? I anſwer'd him; I ſee thou art a Stranger both to the Name and Misfortunes of *Philoctetes*. Alas! How unhappy am I? My Perſecutors inſult over me in my Affliction! *Greece* is ignorant of what I ſuffer, which heightens my Grief: The *Atrides* have

have brought me to this; may the Gods repay them! Then I gave him an Account how the *Greeks* had forſaken me. As ſoon as he had heard the Relation of my Misfortunes, he began his own. After the Death of *Achilles*, ſaid he.—— Here I interrupted him! What! *Achilles* dead! Pardon me, my Son, if I interrupt your Relation with the Tears I owe your Father. *Neoptolemus* anſwer'd me, 'Tis a Comfort to me that you interrupt me. O how agreeable it is to me to ſee *Philoctetes* bewail my Father!

Neoptolemus reſuming his Diſcourſe, ſaid: After the Death of *Achilles*, *Ulyſſes* and *Phœnix* ſought me out, affirming that the City of *Troy* could not be overthrown without me. I needed no great Perſuaſion to go along with them, for my Grief for the Death of *Achilles*, and a Deſire to inherit his Glory in that renown'd War, was Inducement enough to follow them. I arrive at *Sigeum*; the Army gathers round about me; every one ſwore they ſaw *Achilles* again, but alas! he was no more. Young and unexperienc'd as I was, I thought I might promiſe myſelf any Thing from thoſe who prais'd me ſo highly. Immediately I demanded of the *Atrides* my Father's Armour, to which they made me this barbarous Reply; Thou ſhalt have every Thing elſe that belong'd to thy Father; but as for his Armour, it is deſtin'd for *Ulyſſes*. With this I was mightily diſturb'd; I wept, I grew paſſionate; but *Ulyſſes*, without any Concern, ſaid to me, Young Man, thou haſt had no Share with us in the Perils of this long Siege; thou haſt not therefore merited ſuch Armour: You begin too ſoon to talk ſo big; you never ſhall have the Amour. Thus being unjuſtly robb'd by *Ulyſſes*, I am now returning into the Iſland *Scyros*, not ſo much incens'd againſt *Ulyſſes* as againſt the *Atrides*. O *Philoctetes*, I have done, but may the Gods always befriend their Enemies!

Then I ask'd *Neoptolemus*, why *Telamonian Ajax* did not hinder ſuch a Piece of Injuſtice. He is dead, anſwer'd he. Dead! cry'd I; and is *Ulyſſes* alive? Yes, and proſperous in the Army, ſaid he. Then I ask'd him

him News of *Antilochus*, the wiſe *Neſtor*'s Son, and *Patroclus*, the Favourite of *Achilles*. They are dead too ſaid he. Then I cry'd out again: What, dead! Alas! What doſt thou tell me? How cruel a Thing is War, to mow down the Good and ſpare the Wicked. *Ulyſſes* ſtill lives, and ſo does likewiſe *Therſites* no doubt! Theſe are the Doings of the Gods; and yet we continue to praiſe them!

Whilſt I was in this Rage againſt your Father, *Neoptolemus* continu'd to deceive me, and added theſe melancholy Words: I am going to live contented in the ſavage Iſle of *Scyros*, far from the *Grecian* Army, where Evil prevails above Good. Adieu, I am gone; may the Gods reſtore you to your Health! With that, ſaid I to him, O my Son, I conjure thee by the Manes of thy Father, by thy Mother, by all that is dear and precious to thee in the World, leave me not alone in this Extremity of Pain and Sorrow. Well I know how burthenſome I ſhall be to you; but it were a diſhonourable Thing to forſake me: Take me into your Ship, and let me lie at the Stem, at the Stern, nay, in the very Sink, any where, where I may the leaſt incommode you. None but great Souls reliſh the Pleaſure of doing Good: Do not leave me in a Deſart where there is not the leaſt Footſtep of a Man: Carry me into your own Country, or into *Eubœa*, which is not far from Mount *Oeta*, nor from *Trachin*, or the agreeable Banks of the River *Sperchius* Send me back to my Father: Alas! I fear he is dead: I ſent to him to deſire that he would diſpatch a Ship to me; either he is dead, or thoſe who promis'd to tell him my Miſery, have not done it. O my Son, thou art the only Refuge I have! Remember the Mutability of human Affairs. He that is in Proſperity, ought to be afraid of abuſing it, and ſhould never turn away his Face from the Unfortunate.

This was what the Exceſs of my Grief made me ſay to *Neoptolemus*; and he promis'd to carry me along with him. Then I burſt into Exclamations again: O bleſſed Day! O lovely *Neoptolemus*, worthy of thy Father's

Glory! Dear Companions of this Voyage, allow me to bid Adieu to this melancholy Abode. See where I have liv'd, conſider what I have ſuffer'd; no other could have endur'd it; but Neceſſity has inſtructed me; Neceſſity, that teaches Mankind what they would never learn without her. Thoſe that have never ſuffer'd Diſtreſs, know nothing; they cannot diſtinguiſh between Good and Evil! they are unacquainted with Mankind and with themſelves too. After I had thus ſpoken, I took my Bow and my Arrows. *Neoptolemus* deſir'd me to let him kiſs thoſe celebrated Arms, which had been conſecrated by the invincible *Hercules*. I can refuſe thee nothing, ſaid I to him; 'tis thou, O my Son, who reſtoreſt to me the Light, my Country, my aged Father, my Friends, and myſelf: Freely touch theſe Arms, and boaſt that thou art the only *Greek* that ever deſerv'd that Honour. With that *Neoptolemus* enter'd my Grotto to admire thoſe Arms.

Mean while I am ſeiz'd with an exceſſive Pain; I grow diſtracted, and know not what I do; I aſk for a ſharp-edg'd Sword to cut off my Foot; I cry out, O Death ſo much deſir'd, why comeſt thou not! O beloved Youth, burn me this Body inſtantly, as I burnt the Son of *Jupiter!* Receive, O Earth, a dying Wretch that cannot any more raiſe himſelf from thee! Then of a ſudden, after this exceſſive Tranſport occaſion'd by my Pain, I fell, as I us'd to do, into a deep Sleep: After which, I began to be eas'd by a plentiful Sweating; whilſt a black corrupted Stream of Blood iſſu'd from my Wound. During this my Inſenſibility, *Neoptolemus* might eaſily have carry'd off my Arms and gone away; but he was the Son of *Achilles*, and uncapable of Guile.

When I awaked, I perceiv'd the Confuſion he was in; he ſigh'd like one that knows not how to diſſemble, and who acts againſt his Conſcience. Wilt thou then deal treacherouſly by me, ſaid I to him? What is the Matter? Thou muſt follow me, ſaid he, to the Siege of *Troy*. Alas, reply'd I, what ſay'ſt thou, my Son? Reſtore me my Bow; I am betray'd; rob me not of my Life. To this he made no Return, but look'd on me calmly,

calmly, and without any Concern. O ye Shores and Promontories of this deſart Iſland! O ye wild Beaſts and ſteep Rocks! 'Tis to you I complain, for to none other can I complain: You are accuſtom'd to my Groanings: Muſt I be betray'd by the Son of *Achilles*, who robs me of the ſacred Bow of *Hercules*, and would drag me to the Camp of the *Greeks* to triumph over me? He conſiders not that he is triumphing over a dead Corps, a Ghoſt, an empty Shadow. O that he had attack'd me in my full Srrength! But now it is baſe and ungenerous to do it. What ſhall I do? O Son, reſtore me my Bow; act like thy Father, like thyſelf. What ſay'ſt thou? Nothing! O ſavage Rock, to thee I return; naked, miſerable, forſaken, famiſh'd; in this Cave muſt I pine away; being depriv'd of my Bow to kill the wild Beaſts, they will now devour me; no Matter. But, my Son, thou haſt not the Look of an ill Man, whatever Counſel it is has put thee upon this Action: Reſtore me my Arms, and get thee gone.

Neoptolemus, with Tears in his Eyes, thus mutter'd to himſelf: Would to Heaven I had never parted from *Scyros!* Then I cry'd out: Alas! What is it I ſee! Is not that *Ulyſſes?* I immediately hear his Voice, and he replies; Yes, it is I. If *Pluto*'s dusky Realm had open'd itſelf, and I had ſeen the gloomy *Tartarus*, which even the Gods are afraid to caſt ſo much as a Glance at, I own I could not have been ſeiz'd with greater Horror. Again I cry'd out: O Land of *Lemnos*, be thou my Witneſs! O Sun, doſt thou behold this and ſuffer it! *Ulyſſes*, without Emotion, anſwer'd; *Jupiter* will have it ſo; I but execute the Will of *Jupiter*. Dareſt thou, ſaid I, name *Jupiter?* Seeſt thou there that Youth, who was not born to deceive, and to whom 'tis a Pain to execute what thou obligeſt him to do? It is neither to cheat thee, ſaid *Ulyſſes* to me, nor to hurt thee, that we come hither; 'tis to deliver thee, to cure thy Wounds, to give thee the Glory of over-throwing *Troy*, and to bring thee back into thy own Country; 'tis yourſelf, and not *Ulyſſes*, that is *Philoctetes*'s Enemy.

Then did I fall into a moſt extravagant Paſſion againſt your Father: Since thou didſt abandon me on this Shore, ſaid I to him, why doſt thou not ſuffer me to live here in Peace? Go, ſeek Renown in Battle, and enjoy the Delights of Life; enjoy thy good Fortune with the *Atrides*; do not envy me my Miſery and Pain. Why would you carry me off? I am nothing, I am already dead. Haſt thou not the ſame Reaſon now to believe, as thou hadſt heretofore, that I am not in a Condition to go; and that my Cries and the Infection of my Wound will diſturb the Sacrifices? O *Ulyſſes*, Author of all my Affliction, may the Gods——but the Gods no longer hear me: On the contrary, they ſtir up my Enemy againſt me. O my native Land, which I ſhall never ſee again! O ye Gods, if there be yet any one among you juſt enough to take Compaſſion on me, puniſh, puniſh *Ulyſſes*; then I ſhall think myſelf cur'd of all my Ailments.

Whilſt I thus ſpoke, your ſedate Father looked on me with an Air of Compaſſion, like one who far from being in Anger, bears with and excuſes the Diſorder and Trouble of a Wretch that has been ſour'd by Misfortune. He ſeem'd like a Rock upon the Top of a Mountain, which defies the Fury of the Winds, and lets them ſpend their Rage whilſt it remains immoveable; ſo your Father waited in Silence 'till my Wrath was exhauſted; well-knowing, that to bring Men to Reaſon, their Paſſions muſt not be attack'd 'till they begin to grow weak, as it were, thro' Wearineſs. Afterwards, he ſaid theſe Words to me: O *Philoctetes*, what is become of your Reaſon and Courage? Now, now is the Time for uſing both. If you refuſe to go along with us to accompliſh the great Deſign of *Jupiter* in Reference to yourſelf, farewel; you are unworthy to be the Deliverer of *Greece*, and the Demoliſher of *Troy*. Continue at *Lemnos:* Theſe Arms that I carry off, ſhall give me that Renown which was deſtin'd for you: Come, *Neoptolemus*, let us be gone; 'tis in vain to ſpeak to him; our Compaſſion

paſſion for one ſingle Man, muſt not make us forego the Welfare of all *Greece*.

Then I felt myſelf like a Lioneſs that had been juſt robb'd of her Young: She, with her Roaring, makes the Foreſt tremble. O profound Cavern, ſaid I, I will never quit thee, thou ſhalt be my Grave! O thou Manſion of Sorrow, I have now no longer Means to ſubſiſt me, nor any Hope left: Who will give me a Sword to ſtab myſelf? O that the Birds of Prey would devour me! I ſhall hurt them no more with my Arrows! O precious Bow, conſecrated by the Hands of the Son of *Jupiter!* O dear *Hercules*, if thou haſt ſtill any Sentiment left, art thou not fill'd with Indignation at this? Thy Bow is now no longer in the Hands of thy faithful Friend, but in the impure and treacherous Hands of *Ulyſſes*. Birds of Prey, wild Beaſts, fly no more from this Cave; my Hands are no longer arm'd with Arrows. I can no longer hurt you; come then and devour me, or rather may the Thunder of inexorable *Jove* daſh me in Pieces.

Your Father having try'd all other Means of Perſuaſion, at laſt thought it better to reſtore me my Arms, and made a Sign to *Neoptolemus* accordingly, who reſtor'd them to me that Inſtant. Then ſaid I to him, Now thou ſhew'ſt thyſelf the Son of *Achilles*; but ſuffer me to pierce my Enemy to the Heart. Then I was going to let fly an Arrow at your Father, but *Neoptolemus* ſtopp'd me, ſaying, Anger clouds your Reaſon, and hinders you from ſeeing the Unworthineſs of the Action you are going to commit.

As for *Ulyſſes*, he appear'd as unconcern'd at my Arrows as at my Invectives. I was deeply affected with that Intrepidity and Patience: I was aſham'd of attempting, in that firſt Tranſport of my Paſſion, to kill him with the Weapons which he had caus'd to be reſtor'd to me: But as my Reſentment was not yet appeas'd, I was vex'd that I ſhould owe ſuch a Reſtitution to a Man whom I ſo much hated. Upon this, ſaid *Neoptolemus* to me, Know that the divine *Helenus*, Son of *Priam*, having come out from the City of *Troy*, by the Order and

Inſpiration of the Gods, hath unveil'd to us the hidden Things of Futurity. The unhappy *Troy*, ſaid he, ſhall fall, but not before it is attack'd by him who keeps the Arrows of *Hercules*: Nor ſhall that Man be ever reſtor'd to Health 'till he come before the Walls of *Troy*, where the Sons of *Æſculapius* ſhall cure him.

At this Moment I was divided in my Thoughts: I was mov'd with the Ingenuouſneſs of *Neoptolemus*, and his Honeſty in reſtoring my Bow: But I could not tell how to ſubmit to *Ulyſſes*, and a miſtaken Shame kept me in Suſpence: Muſt I then be ſeen again, ſaid I to myſelf, in the Company of *Ulyſſes* and the *Atrides*? What will People think of me?

Whilſt I was in this Uncertainty, on a ſudden I heard a ſupernatural Voice: I ſaw *Hercules* in a ſhining Cloud encircled with Rays of Glory: I preſently knew again his maſculine Features, his robuſt Limbs, and his plain Manner; but he appear'd with a Majeſty and Loftineſs which he never us'd to wear when he was taming of Monſters upon the Earth. He ſaid to me, 'Tis *Hercules*, whom thou heareſt and ſeeſt: I have quitted the high *Olympus* to declare to thee the Commands of *Jupiter*. Thou know'ſt by what Labours I purchas'd Immortality. Thou muſt go with the Son of *Achilles* to trace my Steps in the Road of Glory. Thou ſhalt be cur'd: Thou ſhalt pierce with my Arrows *Paris*, the Author of ſo much Miſchief. After the taking of *Troy*, thou ſhalt ſend the rich Spoils to *Pæan*, thy Father, upon Mount *Oeta*: Theſe Spoils ſhall be plac'd upon my Tomb, as a Monument of the Victory owing to my Arrows. And thou, O Son of *Achilles*, I pronounce that thou canſt not be victorious without *Philoctetes*, nor *Philoctetes* without thee. Go then like two Lions, who ſeek their Prey together. I will ſend *Æſculapius* to *Troy* to cure *Philoctetes*. Above all, O ye *Greeks*, love and obſerve Religion: All other Things are periſhable, but this endures for ever.

When I had heard theſe Words, I cry'd out, O happy Day! O pleaſing Light, that after ſo many Years doſt ſhew thyſelf at laſt! I obey thee, I will ſet out as ſoon

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as I have ſaluted theſe Places. Adieu, dear Cave. Adieu thou Nymph of theſe watry Meadows. I ſhall no more hear the hollow Noiſe of the beating Billows of this Sea. Adieu, thou Shore, where I have ſo often endured the Violence of the Weather. Adieu, ye Promontories, where Echo has ſo often repeated my Groans. Adieu, ye Fountains, ſweet in yourſelves, but bitter to me. Adieu, O *Lemnos*. Let me depart propitiouſly, ſince I go where I am call'd by the Gods and my Friends.

After this we departed, and arriv'd at the Siege of *Troy*. *Machaon* and *Podalirius*, by the divine Art of their Father *Æſculapius*, cur'd me, or at leaſt put me in the Condition you now ſee me: I feel no more Pain, but have recover'd my uſual Vigour, tho' I am ſomewhat lame. *Paris* fell by my Hand, as a fearful Fawn pierc'd with the Arrows of the Hunter. *Ilium* was ſoon reduc'd to Aſhes. You know the reſt; nevertheleſs, I ſtill retained ſome Averſion to the ſage *Ulyſſes*, thro' the Remembrance of my paſt Sufferings, and my Reſentment was beyond the Power of his Virtue to appeaſe: But the Sight of a Son, who reſembles him, and whom I am, in ſpite of myſelf, forc'd to love, begets a Tenderneſs in me, even for the Father himſelf.

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XVI.

The ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS *quarrels with* Phalantus *about ſome Priſoners, which they both lay Claim to. He fights and overcomes* Hippias, *who, deſpiſing his Youth, had taken away thoſe Priſoners by Force for his Brother* Phalantus; *but* Telemachus *being afterwards aſham'd, and diſſatisfied with his Victory, he bemoans in Secret his Temerity and Imprudence, which he would at any Rate repair. At the ſame Time* Adraſtus, *King of the* Daunians, *being inform'd that the Confederate Kings are wholly taken up with reconciling the Difference between* Telemachus *and* Hippias, *marches to attack them unawares, and having ſurpriſed a hundred of their Ships in order*

order to tranſport his Troops to their Camp, he firſt ſets it on Fire, then falls upon Phalantus's *Quarters, kills his Brother* Hippias; *and* Phalantus *himſelf is deſperately wounded by him.*

WHILST *Philoctetes* was thus relating his Misfortunes, *Telemachus* continued, as it were, ſuſpended and immoveable. His Eyes were earneſtly fix'd upon the great Man that ſpoke. All the different Paſſions that had work'd the Souls of *Hercules*, *Philoctetes*, *Ulyſſes*, *Neoptolemus*, appear'd in their Turns upon the innocent Countenance of *Telemachus*, as they were one after another repreſented to him, during the Continuance of the Narration. He would ſometimes cry out and interrupt *Philoctetes* without thinking: Sometimes he would ſeem thoughtful, as a Man whoſe Meditations were intirely taken up about the Iſſue of ſome important Affair. Whilſt *Philoctetes* was deſcribing the Confuſion of *Neoptolemus*, who was incapable of Diſſimulation, *Telemachus* ſeem'd to be under the ſame Confuſion; and in that Moment one would have taken him for *Neoptolemus* himſelf.

Mean while the confederate Army was marching in good Order againſt *Adraſtus*, King of the *Daunians*, a Deſpiſer of the Gods, and a Deceiver of Mankind. *Telemachus* found it no eaſy Taſk to manage himſelf, among ſo many Kings (*a*) jealous of one another. It behov'd him to give none of them any Occaſion of Suſpicion, but to make himſelf beloved by them all. He was naturally of an open well-meaning Diſpoſition, but not over-courteous or endearing: He was not much ſollicitous to oblige others: He was not fond of Riches, but neither did he care to part with them. Thus with a noble and honeſt Mind, he ſeem'd neither obliging nor ſenſible of Friendſhip, nor liberal nor mindful to make

(*a*) He might indeed acquire the *Eſteem* of all, but not the *Friendſhip*. When a Man has the Misfortune to have to do with Perſons of this Character, the being a Friend to the one is enough to render him ſuſpected to the other.

returns for the Care others took of him, nor attentive to diſtinguiſh Merit. He follow'd his Humour without Reflection: His Mother, *Penelope*, had, in ſpite of *Mentor*, brought him up in a Pride and Haughtineſs of Temper, which tarniſh'd every Thing that was amiable in him. He look'd upon himſelf as made of different Matter from the reſt of Mankind, who ſeem'd to him to be created by the Gods for no other End but to pleaſe and ſerve him, nay, even to prevent his very Deſires, and to refer all Things to him as to a Deity. The Happineſs of ſerving him was, he thought, a ſufficient Recompence for ſo doing. Nothing was ever to be impoſſible when he was to be gratified; the leaſt Delay irritated his ardent Temper.

Had any one ſeen him thus in his (*b*) natural Warmth, they would have thought him incapable of loving any Thing but himſelf, and that he was affected with nothing but his own Vain-glory and Pleaſure. But this Indifference for others, and continual Regard for himſelf, proceeded from nothing but that Series of exceſſive Paſſions, which were perpetually hurrying him away, and in which he had from his Cradle been indulged by his Mother; ſhe never refuſing to humour him in any of his Deſires; and he was a remarkable Inſtance of the Unhappineſs of thoſe who are high born. The Severities of Fortune, which he felt in his greeneſt Years, had not moderated that Impetuoſity and Haughtineſs of his Temper. Tho' ſtript of every Thing, abandon'd, expos'd to ſo many Miſeries, yet he abated nothing of his Pride; it would continue to lift itſelf up, like as the ſupple Palm-tree inceſſantly raiſes itſelf up again, after all Attempts to preſs it down.

Theſe Faults did not ſhew themſelves in *Mentor*'s Company, but abated daily. Like as a fiery Courſer ſcouring thro' the ſpacious Fields, whom neither Rocks,

(*b*) There oftentimes needs no more than one ſingle Vice to darken a whole Circle of Virtues. People love to humble Pride, nor will they ſee, in Perſons of a haughty Behaviour, any Thing elſe but That Odious Quality.

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nor Precipices, nor Torrents can ſtop, is obedient only to the Voice and Hand of one Man, who knows how to tame him, ſo *Telemachus*, full of Fire, could be kept in by none but the wiſe *Mentor:* A Look from him was able to ſtop him in his moſt impetuous Career; he preſently knew the Meaning of each Glance, and at that Moment would ſummon up all his virtuous Reſolutions. Wiſdom, in an Inſtant, would render his Countenance cool and ſerene: *Neptune* does not more ſuddenly appeaſe the hideous Tempeſt, when with his lifted Trident he threatens the raging Billows.

When *Telemachus* was alone, all his Paſſions, that had been ſuſpended like a Torrent ſtopp'd by a ſtrong Bank, would take their natural Courſe: He could not endure the Arrogance of the *Lacedæmonians*, nor of *Phalantus*, who was at their Head. This Colony, which came with a Deſign to found the City of *Tarentum*, was compoſed of young Men, born during the Siege of *Troy*, who had had no Education: The Illegitimacy of their Birth, the Irregularity of their Manners, and the Licentiouſneſs in which they had been brought up, gave them a Sort of Wildneſs and Barbarity, reſembling rather a Gang of Robbers than a *Grecian* Colony.

Phalantus was ever ſeeking Occaſion to contradict *Telemachus*, and would often interrupt him in the publick Aſſemblies, deſpiſing his Counſels as thoſe of a raw unexperienc'd young Man: He was always ridiculing him, treating him as if he had been puſillanimous and effeminate: He expos'd his ſmalleſt Failings to the Chief Officers in the Army, endeavouring to ſow Jealouſy every where, and to make the Haughtineſs of *Telemachus* odious to all the Confederates.

One Day *Telemachus* having taken ſome *Daunian* Priſoners, *Phalantus* pretended that they belong'd to him; alledging it was he that at the Head of his *Lacedæmonians* had defeated that Part of the Enemy, and that *Telemachus* having found the *Daunians* already vanquiſh'd and put to Flight, had no other Trouble but that of giving them Quarter, and carrying them into the Camp.

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Telemachus affirm'd, on the other Hand, that 'twas he had ſav'd *Phalantus* from being beaten, and had obtained the Victory over the *Daunians*. They both pleaded their Cauſe in the Aſſembly of the Confederate Princes, where *Telemachus* was ſo tranſported with his Paſſion, that he gave *Phalantus* threatening Language, and they had (c) immediately fought if they had not been hinder'd.

Phalantus had a Brother whoſe Name was *Hippias*, fam'd throughout the Army for his Valour, Strength, and Dexterity. *Pollux*, as was alledg'd by the *Tarentines*, was not a better Combatant at the *Cæſtus*, nor could *Caſtor* out-do him in managing a Horſe. He had almoſt the Stature and Strength of *Hercules*: The whole Army fear'd him; for he was yet more quarrelſome and brutal than ſtrong and valiant.

Hippias, when he ſaw how haughtily *Telemachus* had treated his Brother, haſtens away to carry off the Priſoners to *Tarentum*, without waiting for the Sentence of the Aſſembly. *Telemachus*, upon ſecret Intimation of it, goes out in a Rage. Like a foaming Boar that turns upon the Huntſman who had wounded him, you might ſee him traverſing up and down the Camp, and throwing his Eyes about to find out his Enemy, and ſhaking the Dart with which he reſolv'd to pierce him. At laſt meeting him, the Sight redoubled his Rage.

He now ceas'd to be the wiſe *Telemachus*, inſtructed by *Minerva* in the Shape of *Mentor*: He was a Madman, or rather a furious Lion. Inſtantly he cries out to *Hippias*, Stay, thou baſeſt of all Mortals! Stay; we'll ſee if thou canſt deprive me of the Spoils of thoſe whom I have conquer'd. Thou ſhalt not carry them to *Taren-*

(c) The *Greeks* were too prudent to expoſe their Lives ſo eaſily; they choſe rather to be reveng'd by the Laws than to revenge themſelves by Violence; and I never read, in the Ancients, of any civiliz'd Nation which had our Precautions and falſe Delicacies upon the Point of Honour. It is the unhappy Remains of the ancient Fierceneſs of our [the *French*] Nation, and the ill Management of our Forefathers, who gave Authority to ſingle Combats. No wonder if Cuſtom prevails over Reaſon and the Laws.

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tum: Go, deſcend this Moment to the gloomy Banks of *Styx*. He ſpoke, and flung his Dart, but with ſo much Fury, that he could take no Aim, and the Dart touch'd not *Hippias*. Immediately *Telemachus* lays his Hand upon his Sword, whoſe Hilt was of Gold, and which *Laertes* had given him when he parted from *Ithaca*, as a Pledge of his Love. *Laertes* had uſed this Sword with great Glory, while he was young, and it was ſtained with the Blood of many famous Captains of the *Epirotes*, in a War wherein *Laertes* was victorious. Scarce had *Telemachus* drawn this Sword, when *Hippias*, reſolving to take the Advantage of his own Strength, ruſh'd upon him, in order to force it from out the Hands of the young Son of *Ulyſſes*. The Sword was broke betwixt them, upon which they ſeiz'd each other and cloſed; and now behold them like two wild Beaſts ſeeking to tear each other to Pieces: Their Eyes ſtrike Fire, they contract themſelves, then ſtretch their Limbs; they ſtoop; they riſe again; they fly upon one another; they are eager for one another's Blood: And now they come to Blows, Foot to Foot, Hand to Hand, with their Bodies ſo twiſted together, that they ſeem'd but one: But *Hippias*, who was of a more advanc'd Age, ſeem'd more than a Match for *Telemachus*, who, by reaſon of his tender Youth, was not ſo brawny and ſinewy as the other. And now *Telemachus* begins to be out of Breath, and felt his Legs betray him: *Hippias*, ſeeing him in a ſtaggering Condition, redoubles his Efforts: There had been an End of the Son of *Ulyſſes*, and he had ſuffer'd the Puniſhment that was due to his Raſhneſs and Hot-headedneſs, if *Minerva*, who at a Diſtance watch'd over him, and left him in this Extremity of Danger only for his Inſtruction, had not determined the Victory in his Favour.

She did not quit the Palace of *Salentum*, but ſent *Iris*, (*d*) the ſwift-wing'd Meſſenger of the Gods, who cutting the immenſe Spaces of the Air, and leaving behind

(*d*) The Protection of the Gods cou'd not have been better introduced than it is here; 'twas not fit that *Telemachus* ſhould owe to his own Valour alone, the Succeſs of a Combat which his own Raſhneſs alone had expos'd him to.

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her a long Tract of Light, which painted a Cloud of a thouſand different Colours, reſted not herſelf 'till ſhe came to the Shore, where was incamp'd the numerous Army of the Confederates: She at a Diſtance beheld the Ardour and Strugglings of the two Combatants; ſhe ſhiver'd at the Sight of the Danger which threaten'd young *Telemachus*; ſhe draws near, wrapp'd in a bright Cloud form'd of ſubtle Vapours, at the very Moment when *Hippias*, exerting his whole Force, believed himſelf victorious: She cover'd the young Pupil of *Minerva* with (the *Ægis*) the Shield which the ſage Goddeſs had intruſted to her. Immediately *Telemachus*, whoſe Strength was quite ſpent, began to recover new Spirits, and the more he reviv'd, the more *Hippias* was diſorder'd: He felt ſomething as it were Divine, that cruſh'd him and amaz'd him. *Telemachus* bears hard upon him, attacks him ſometimes in one Poſture, ſometimes in another; he ſhakes him, he leaves him not a Moment's Time to recover himſelf; at laſt he throws him to the Earth, and falls upon him. A well-grown Oak of Mount *Ida*, hew'd with a thouſand Blows of the reſounding Ax, makes not a more terrible Noiſe in falling; the Earth groan'd, and all Things round about ſhiver'd at it.

And now *Telemachus* found himſelf re-poſſeſs'd of Wiſdom as well as Strength. Scarce had *Hippias* touched the Earth, but the Son of *Ulyſſes* began to be ſenſible of the Fault he had committed, in attacking thus the Brother of one of the Confederate Kings, whom he came to ſuccour: He call'd to mind, with Confuſion, the wiſe Counſels of *Mentor*; he was aſhamed of the Victory, and was conſcious he deſerved, rather, to be vanquiſh'd. Mean while *Phalantus*, tranſported with Rage, ran to ſuccour his Brother, and had pierc'd *Telemachus* with a Dart, if he had not been afraid at the ſame Time to have hurt *Hippias*, whom *Telemachus* held under him in the Duſt. In this Condition the Son of *Ulyſſes* might eaſily have taken his Enemy's Life; but his Wrath was aſſuag'd, and he thought of nothing now but repairing his Fault, by ſhewing his Moderation. Up he riſes, uttering theſe Words:

Words: O *Hippias*, 'tis enough that I have taught thee not to deſpiſe my Youth: Live; thy Strength and Courage are to be admired; 'tis the Gods have protected me; yield thou therefore to their Power, and now let us only think of fighting together againſt the *Daunians*. Whilſt *Telemachus* thus ſpoke, *Hippias* roſe up, beſmear'd with Dirt and Blood, and extremely enraged and aſham'd. *Phalantus* durſt not take the Life of him who had ſo generouſly given it to his Brother; he was quite beſide himſelf, and knew not what to do. All the Confederate Kings ran to the Place: On the one Side they carry off *Telemachus*, and on the other *Phalantus* and *Hippias*, who was now ſo diſpirited, he durſt not lift up his Eyes. The whole Army could not ſufficiently admire *Telemachus*, who at ſo tender an Age, before Men arrive at their full Strength, was able to throw *Hippias*, a Man who for Strength and Bulk was like thoſe Earth-born Giants, who in Times of Yore adventur'd to expel the Immortal Powers from *Olympus*.

But the Son of *Ulyſſes* was very far from enjoying the Pleaſure of his Victory: And whilſt others thought they could never enough admire him, he withdrew into his Tent, aſham'd of his Fault; and being unable any longer to endure himſelf, he bewail'd his Precipitancy: He was ſenſible how unjuſt and unreaſonable he was in his Paſſion; he found a certain Vanity, Weakneſs, and Ungenerouſneſs in that exceſſive Pride of his: He was ſenſible that true Greatneſs was no where to be found but in Moderation, Juſtice, Modeſty, and Humanity: All this he clearly ſaw, but he could not tell how to hope, that he ſhould ever amend after ſo many Relapſes: He was torn with inward Conflicts, and you might hear him roar like a furious Lion.

Two Days he continued alone, in his Tent, tormenting and puniſhing himſelf, and unable to reſolve with himſelf to go into any Company. Alas! ſaid he, dare I ever look *Mentor* in the Face again? Am I the Son of *Ulyſſes*, the wiſeſt and moſt patient of Men? Did I come hither to bring Diſſenſion and Diſorder into the Confederate

derate Army? Is it their Blood, or that of the *Daunians* their Enemies, I ought to have ſhed? I was raſh; I forgot even how to lance my Dart; I expoſed myſelf againſt *Hippias* with unequal Strength, and I could expect nothing but Death and the Shame of being overcome: But what then? I ſhould have been no more; no, I ſhould no longer have been that thoughtleſs *Telemachus*, that hair-brained Fool, that does not profit by any Advice; then had my Diſgrace and my Life ended together. O could I but at leaſt hope that I ſhould never again commit the like Fault, I ſhould be ſtill happy, too, too happy! But perhaps, before Night, I may or would run into the ſame Errors, which at this Time fill me with ſo much Horror and Shame. O fatal Victory! O diſagreeable Applauſe! Which indeed is nothing but a bitter Reproach of my Folly!

Whilſt he was thus bewailing himſelf alone and comfortleſs, *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes* came to him. *Neſtor* had (*e*) purpoſed to remonſtrate to him how much he had been in the Wrong; but this wiſe old Man ſoon finding the Diſconſolateneſs of *Telemachus*, changed his grave Reproofs into Expreſſions of Tenderneſs, to allay his Grief.

The Progreſs of the Confederate Princes was retarded by this Quarrel; nor could they march toward the Enemy till they had firſt reconciled *Telemachus* with *Phalantus* and *Hippias*: They were every Moment afraid, leſt the *Tarentine* Troops ſhould fall upon the hundred young *Cretans* who followed *Telemachus* in this War: Every Thing was in Combuſtion through this ſingle Overſight of *Telemachus*, who being ſenſible that he was the Author of ſuch inexpreſſible Miſchiefs both paſt and to come, gave himſelf up intirely to bitter Sorrowings. All the Princes were under the greateſt Perplexity: They durſt not march their Army, for fear leſt *Telemachus*'s *Cretans* and *Phalantus*'s *Tarentines* ſhould fall foul of one another

(*e*) Great Men, when they commit Faults, can never hear from another's Mouth half ſuch ſevere and pungent Reproofs, as thoſe they receive from their own conſcious Virtue.

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by the Way: And it was not without great Difficulty they were reſtrained from attacking each other within the Camp, where a ſtrict Watch was kept over them. *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes* went inceſſantly to and fro between the Tent of *Telemachus* and that of the implacable *Phalantus*, who breathed nothing but Revenge. Neither *Neſtor*'s ſoft Eloquence, nor the Authority of the great *Philoctetes*, could prevail upon his moroſe ſtubborn Heart, which was ſtill more provoked by his Brother *Hippias*'s enraged Diſcourſe. *Telemachus* was indeed much more temperate, but was ſwallowed up in a Grief which refuſed all Manner of Conſolation.

Whilſt the Princes were in this Diſorder, all the Troops were under an extreme Conſternation: The whole Camp looked like an Houſe of Mourning, that hath juſt loſt the Father of the Family, the Staff and Support of all his Relations, and the dear Hopes of his little Children.

During this Diſorder and Conſternation in the Army, there was heard, of a ſudden, the dreadful Noiſe of ruſhing Chariots, clattering Arms, neighing Horſes and Cryings of Men; ſome as of Conquerors, bent on Slaughter, others as of Run-aways, either dying or wounded. A whirling Cloud of Duſt covered the Sky, and enveloped all the Camp. Preſently, to this Duſt was joined a thick Smoke that obſcured the Air, and took away all Reſpiration: A hollow Noiſe ariſes, like that of the whirling Flames which Mount *Etna* vomits from the Bottom of its burning Entrails, when *Vulcan* with his *Cyclops* is forging Thunderbolts for the Father of the Gods. All Hearts were ſeized with Terror.

The vigilant and indefatigable *Adraſtus*, had, it ſeems, ſurpriſed the Allies, having had Intelligence of their March, and concealing his own. He had, with incredible Diligence, marched round an almoſt inacceſſible Mountain, of which the Allies had ſeized moſt of the Paſſages, and being poſſeſſed thereof, thought themſelves not only perfectly ſecure, but fancied that when the other Troops which they expected were come up to them, they

ſhould

ſhould be able, by theſe Avenues, to fall on the Enemy on the other Side of the Mountain. *Adraſtus*, who ſpared no Expence for Intelligence, had been adviſed of this their Reſolution: For *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes*, tho' otherwiſe ſage and experienced Captains, had not been ſecret in their Counſels. *Neſtor* being now in the Decline of his Age, took too much Delight in recounting his former Actions, through a fond Deſire of Praiſe. *Philoctetes* was by Nature leſs narrative, but he was paſſionate; and upon the leaſt Excitation of his haſty Temper, he would blab out all his Deſigns. Cunning People, by this Means, had found the Key to his Heart, whereby to come at all the moſt important Secrets. They needed but to ſet him in a Flame; then would he break out into threatening Language, bragging of infallible Means to compaſs his Deſigns. If they ſeemed in the leaſt to doubt of thoſe Means, he would preſently, and without Conſideration, fall to explaining them; and thus the neareſt and moſt intimate Secret made its Eſcape from his Breaſt; like as a coſtly but cracked Veſſel which lets go the moſt precious Liquors, ſo was the Heart of this great Captain leaky and uncapable of retaining any Thing.

The Traitors that were corrupted by *Adraſtus*'s Gold, did not fail to take Advantage of the Weakneſs of theſe two Princes. They would be inceſſantly flattering *Neſtor* with vain Applauſe; they repeated to him his paſt Victories, admired his Foreſight, and praiſed his Conduct beyond Meaſure. On the other hand, they laid continual Snares for the impatient Humour of *Philoctetes*; they talked of nothing to him but Difficulties, Diſappointments, Dangers, Inconveniencies, and irretrievable Overſights. When his warm Diſpoſition was once inflamed, his Wiſdom deſerted him, and he was no longer the ſame Man.

Telemachus, (*f*) notwithſtanding the Faults we have mentioned,

(*f*) To let ſlip a Secret, is often to let ſlip a Victory. One ſingle Word indiſcreetly dropt, has coſt many thouſands of Men their Lives, and great Commanders the Loſs of their Repu-

mentioned, was far more cloſe and reſerved in keeping a Secret. He had been accuſtomed to Secrecy by his Misfortunes, and by being neceſſitated, even in his Childhood, to hide his Deſigns from *Penelope*'s Lovers, he could keep a Secret, without telling any Untruth; and yet could lay aſide that cloſe myſterious Air, which is ſo common to People who are reſerved: He did not ſeem oppreſſed with the Burden of the Secret which he kept: He always ſeemed eaſy, natural, open, as one that carried his Heart upon his Lips; but at the ſame Time that he would tell you every Thing that was of no Conſequence, he knew how to ſtop preciſely, and without Affectation, at thoſe Things, which if he had proceeded in farther, might have created Suſpicion, or have broached his Deſigns. By this Means his Heart was impenetrable and inacceſſible; nay, he never communicated, even to his beſt Friends, but juſt ſo much as he thought was neceſſary, in order to have their good Advice, and *Mentor* was the only Perſon with whom he acted without Reſerve: He did indeed place a Confidence in ſome other Friends, but then he had different Degrees of doing it, according as he had met with Proofs of their Friendſhip and Diſcretion.

Telemachus had often obſerved, that the Reſolutions of the Council were too ſoon and too much ſpread over the Camp. He hinted this to *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes*; yet they, though Men of ſuch great Experience, did not give ſufficient Regard to ſo wholſome an Intimation. Old Age loſes all its Suppleneſs; long Habitude ties it down as it were in Chains; there is no longer any Remedy againſt its Errors. Like full grown Trees, whoſe rough and knotty Trunks are hardened by Time, and can never more be ſet ſtraight; ſo Men at a certain Age can hardly unbend themſelves from thoſe Cuſtoms which have grown

Reputation. [*Can you keep a Secret?* ſaid the late King *William* to one of his Officers, who was very inquiſitive about what Deſign he was going upon. The Officer anſwered, *I can inviolably. Then why ſhould you think I can't do the ſame*, ſaid the King, and immediately turn'd from him.]

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up with them, and as it were entered into the very Marrow of their Bones. Not but that they are conſcious of this obſtinate Adherence in the wrong, but they ſee it too late; they in vain lament and bemoan themſelves, whereas tender Youth is the only Age wherein Men have the Power of correcting what is amiſs in them.

There was in the Army a certain *Dolopian*, named *Eurymachus*; a wheedling inſinuating Sycophant, (*g*) who could adapt himſelf to the ſeveral Taſtes and Humours of the Princes; one that was ſtudious and inventive of new Ways to pleaſe them. To hear him ſpeak, nothing was ever hard to be compaſſed: Ask his Advice, he preſently hit upon that which he thought would be moſt agreeable: He was a pleaſant drolling Fellow, ever joking upon the Weak, and complaiſant to thoſe he ſtood in Awe of: He could ſo nicely ſeaſon his Flattery, as to make it grateful even to Perſons remarkable for their Modeſty. With the Grave he was grave, and with the Frolickſome he was frolickſome: He could at any Time, with all the Eaſe in the World, aſſume whatever Shape he pleaſed. Sincere and virtuous Men, who are always the ſame, and who confine themſelves to the ſtrict Rules of Virtue, can never be ſo acceptable to Princes as thoſe who ſtrike in with their predominant Paſſions.

Eurymachus underſtood the Art of War, had a Talent for Buſineſs, was a Man who had reſolved to puſh his Fortune, and, in order thereto, had worked himſelf into *Neſtor*'s Confidence. He could draw from the Bottom of his Heart (which was ſomewhat vain, and loved Flattery) whatever he had a Mind to know.

Though *Philoctetes* did not repoſe any Confidence in him, yet his cholerick and impatient Temper gave him the ſame Handle as *Neſtor*'s Favour did: *Eurymachus* need only contradict him, and put him in a Paſſion, and then he diſcovered every Thing. This Man had received great

(*g*) How well may Courtiers be known by this Character, and how important would it be to know them by this Character! Happy that Prince who has Penetration enough to know them, and Courage enough to deſpiſe them!

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Sums from *Adraſtus* to inform him of all the Deſigns of the Allies. This King of the *Daunians* had in the Army of the Allies a certain Number of Deſerters, who were one after another to make off from their Camp and return to his. And as often as any Thing of Importance happened, and ſuch as might be of Benefit to *Adraſtus* to be advertiſed of, *Eurymachus* uſed to diſpatch away to him one of theſe Deſerters. The Villany could not eaſily be diſcovered, becauſe they carried no Letters, and if they were taken, there was nothing found upon them to make *Eurymachus* ſuſpected.

And thus *Adraſtus* continually prevented all the Enterpriſes of the Confederates. A Reſolution was hardly taken in the Council, 'ere the *Daunians* did the very Thing that was neceſſary to hinder the Succeſs of it. *Telemachus* was indefatigably induſtrious to find out the Cauſe of this, and to awaken *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes* to a Diſtruſtfulneſs; but to no Purpoſe, for they were blinded.

The Council had reſolved to wait for the numerous Troops that were coming up, and they had ſent away privately in the Night a hundred Ships, to tranſport thoſe Troops with the greater Expedition, from a very rugged Coaſt to the Place where the Army was encamp'd. All this while they thought themſelves ſecure, becauſe their Troops were poſſeſſed of the Avenues of a neighbouring Mountain, an almoſt inacceſſible Part of the *Apennine*. The Confederate Army was encamped on the River *Galeſus*, not far from the Sea. This was a very delicious Part of the Country, abounding in Paſturage, and all Things neceſſary for the Subſiſtence of an Army. *Adraſtus* was encamp'd behind the Mountain, which they reckoned he could not paſs: But he underſtanding that the Confederates were ſtill weak, and expected a great Reinforcement, which the Ships were waiting to bring to them, and that the Army was divided by the Quarrel between *Telemachus* and *Phalantus*, he with great Expedition ſets about marching round it, which he did Night and Day, till he arrived at the Sea-Coaſt, paſſing thro' Ways which had always been thought abſolutely impracticable.

ticable. Thus Boldneſs and obſtinate Labour ſurmount the greateſt Difficulties. Thus there is hardly any Thing impoſſible to thoſe that can dare and ſuffer. Thus they who ſleep in Security, imagining that Things hard are impoſſible, deſerve to be ſurpriſed and cruſhed. Here at Break of Day *Adraſtus* ſurpriſed the hundred Veſſels that belonged to the Allies. The Ships being ill-guarded, becauſe they thought themſelves ſafe, he ſeized upon them without much Reſiſtance, and made uſe of them to tranſport his own Troops with incredible Diligence to the Mouth of the River *Galeſus*. Afterwards he ſailed up the River with all Expedition. The advanced Guards of the Confederate Camp taking theſe Ships to be filled with their own Troops, which they expected, immediately broke out into Shouts of Joy. *Adraſtus* and his Soldiers landed before they were known: They fall on the Allies, who diſtruſt nothing; they find them ſcattered negligently up and down in an open Camp, without Order, Leader, or Arms.

That Part of the Camp which he firſt attacked, was where the *Tarentines* were quartered, commanded by *Phalantus*. The *Daunians* entered there with ſo much Briskneſs, that the *Lacedæmonian* Youth being ſurpriſed, were not able to reſiſt. Whilſt they are looking for their Arms, and hinder one another in the Confuſion, *Adraſtus* ſets Fire to the Camp; and immediately the Flame flies from Tent to Tent, and aſcends to the Skies in Rings of ſtifling Smoke: Its horrible Noiſe reſembled that of a Torrent, which deluges a whole Country, and with its rapid Force carries away mighty Oak-Trees with their broad Roots, the Corn, the Barns, Stalls, Flocks. The Wind impetuouſly drives the Flame from Tent to Tent, and in an Inſtant the whole Camp looks like an old dry Foreſt, which is ſet on Fire by a ſmall Spark. *Phalantus*, though neareſt the Danger, could not remedy it: He ſaw plainly that all the Troops muſt periſh in the Fire, if they did not inſtantly abandon the Camp: But he likewiſe ſaw how dangerous ſuch a Retreat might be before a victorious Enemy. He began to ſend away his *Lacedæmonian*

dæmonian Youth, though with half their Arms; but *Adraſtus* gives him no Reſpite. On one Side a Troop of expert Archers diſcharge a Shower of Arrows upon *Phalantus*'s Soldiery, and on the other the Slingers hurl large Stones. *Adraſtus* himſelf, with Sword in Hand, marching at the Head of a choſen Company of the boldeſt *Daunians*, by the Light of the Fire purſues the flying Troops. He mows down with his keen Steel whatever had eſcaped from the Fire: He ſwims in Blood, yet cannot be ſated with Slaughter: His Fury ſurpaſſes that of Lions and Tigers, when they worry to Death the Shepherds with their Flocks. *Phalantus*'s Troops faint, their Courage fails them; pale Death, led on by an infernal Fury, whoſe Head briſtles with Adders, freezes their Blood in their Veins; their benumb'd Members grow ſtiff, and their tottering Knees leave them deſtitute even of the Hope of Flight. *Phalantus*, whoſe Shame and Deſpair ſtill ſupply him with ſome ſmall Remainder of Strength and Courage, lifts up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven. He ſees his Brother *Hippias* fall at his Feet, beneath the Strokes of *Adraſtus*'s thundering Hand. *Hippias* rolls at full Length upon the Duſt; a black boiling Stream iſſues from the deep Wound which had cleft his Side: His Eyes refuſe the Light, and his furious Soul flies out with the laſt Drop of his Blood. *Phalantus* himſelf, beſmear'd all over with his Brother's Blood, and unable to help him, finds himſelf beſet with a Crowd of his Enemies, endeavouring to overcome him: His Buckler is pierced with a thouſand Darts; he is wounded in ſeveral Places of his Body; he can no longer rally his fugitive Troops; the Gods behold him, but vouchſafe not to pity him.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XVII.

The ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS *having put on his divine Armour, runs to the Assistance of* Phalantus, *bears down at first* Iphicles *the Son of* Adrastus, *beats back the triumphing Enemy, and had gain'd a complete Victory over them, had not an intervening Storm put an End to the Battle. Then* Telemachus *sees the Wounded carry'd off the Field, takes great Care of them, and chiefly of* Phalantus. *He himself performs the Obsequies of his Brother* Hippias, *and carries to him his Ashes, which he had gather'd up in a golden Urn.*

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JUPITER (*a*) amidſt the celeſtial Deities, looks down from *Olympus*' Top, and beholds the Slaughter of the Confederates: Then he conſulted the unchangeable Deſtinies, and ſaw all thoſe Captains whoſe Thread was that Day to be cut by the fatal Sciſſors. All the Gods were intent on *Jupiter*'s Face, thereby to read his Pleaſure. But the Father of Gods and Men told them in a ſweet yet majeſtick Voice, You ſee to what Extremity the Allies are reduced, you ſee *Adraſtus* overpowering his Enemies; but this Spectacle is fallacious, the Glory and Proſperity of the Wicked is very ſhort-lived: The impious, perfidious *Adraſtus* ſhall not obtain a complete Victory. This Misfortune happens to the Allies, only to teach them to grow wiſer, and to be more cautious in keeping their Counſels ſecret: For now the ſage *Minerva* is preparing a new Triumph for her Darling the young *Telemachus*. Here *Jupiter* ceaſed ſpeaking, and all the Gods in profound Silence continue to behold the Battle.

Neſtor and *Philoctetes* by this Time were advertiſed that Part of the Camp was already burnt; that the Flame, driven by the Winds, was continually advancing; that their Troops were in Diſorder, and that *Phalantus* could no longer ſuſtain the Enemy's Efforts. As ſoon as theſe fatal Words had ſtruck their Ears, they run to Arms, aſſemble the Captains, and command them inſtantly to retire from the Camp, to avoid the ſpreading Conflagration.

Telemachus, who was dejected and diſconſolate, now forgets his Grief: He puts on his Armour, the precious Donative of the wiſe *Minerva*, who, under the Shape of *Mentor*, made as if ſhe had procured them from an excellent Workman of *Salentum*, but in reality ſhe had got *Vulcan* to make them in the ſmoking Caverns of Mount *Etna*.

(*a*) In *Homer*, the Aſſembly of the Gods ſeems to loſe much of its Majeſty, and to become the Theatre of Diſcord by the different Intereſts which each Deity eſpouſes therein. In this Poem the Gods are always on the Side of Virtue.

(*b*) This Buckler was as ſmooth as a Mirror, and bright as the Sun Beams: Upon it was graved *Neptune* and *Pallas* contending which ſhould have the Glory of giving Name to a riſing City. *Neptune*, with his Trident, ſtrikes the Earth, and out of it ſprings a warlike Horſe: Fire flaſhes from his Eyes, and he ſhakes his Foam from his Mouth; his Mane flies about with the Wind; his pliant nervous Legs gather up with Vigour and Nimbleneſs: He could not be ſaid to run; he bounded along with ſuch Exertion of Strength, and with ſo much Swiftneſs, that he left no Print of his Steps. You would imagine too you heard him neigh.

On the other Hand, *Minerva* gave to the Inhabitants of her new City the Olive, the Fruit of the Tree ſhe herſelf had planted. The Bough, weighed down with its Fruit, repreſented gentle Peace with Plenty, far preferable to the Troubles of War, of which that Horſe was an Image. The Goddeſs was victorious by her plain but uſeful Preſent, and the ſtately *Athens* bore her Name.

Minerva was alſo ſeen calling round her all the polite Arts, expreſſed by tender Children winged. They hovered trembling about the Goddeſs, being terrified at the brutiſh Fury of *Mars*, who ravages wherever he comes; as bleating Lambs crowd about their Dams at the View of a hungry Wolf, that with open fiery Throat flies upon them to devour them. *Minerva* is ſeen in another Place, with a ſcornful angry Countenance, confounding (by the Excellence of her Works) the conceited Raſhneſs of *Arachne*, who durſt diſpute with her for Perfection in

(*b*) The Deſcription of *Achilles*'s Buckler, and that of *Æneas*, are two of the chief Ornaments of the Iliad and Æneid. 'Twas theſe two great Originals that M. *de Cambray* was to ſtruggle againſt. *Virgil* artfully makes uſe of the Gods Foreknowledge of Futurity, in order to place on *Æneas*'s Buckler ſuch Ornaments as were to be the Glory of his Poſterity. His Deſcription affects the *Romans* in point of Intereſt, and engages their Concern, by repreſenting to them nothing but what was moſt ſhining in their Hiſtory; and theſe are thoſe maſterly Strokes which *Virgil* can no more be deprived of, than *Hercules* can of his Club. M. *de Cambray* was forced to confine himſelf to fabulous Hiſtory, that he might not break thro' the Bounds of his Deſign.

Tapeſtry

Tapeſtry. You might ſee the extenuated Limbs of that Wretch growing out of Form, and changing into thoſe of a Spider.

Near this Part again appeared *Minerva*, who, in the War of the Giants, gave Counſel to *Jupiter* himſelf, and ſuſtained all the other Gods, who were amazed and confounded. She was alſo repreſented with her Lance and Ægis upon the Banks of the *Simois* and *Xanthus*, leading *Ulyſſes* by the Hand, reviving the diſheartened *Greeks*, ſtanding the Attack of the moſt valiant of the *Trojans*, and of the dreadful *Hector* himſelf: Laſtly, introducing *Ulyſſes* into that famous and fatal Machine, which in one ſingle Night was to overthrow the Empire of *Priam*.

In another Part of the Shield was repreſented *Ceres* in the fertile Fields of *Enna*, in the Middle of *Sicily*: There you might ſee that Goddeſs aſſembling together the Inhabitants, who were ſcattered up and down in Search of ſomething to ſupport Nature, either by Hunting, or by picking up the wild Fruit which had fallen from the Trees: She taught thoſe ignorant Wretches the Art of cultivating and improving the Earth, and to extract their Food from her fruitful Boſom: She ſhewed them the Plough, and taught them how to yoke the Oxen to it: And now you might ſee the Earth gaping in deep Furrows, cut by the ſharp edged Plough-ſhare; and then you might perceive the golden Harveſt covering the fruitful Plains; the Reaper with his Sickle crops the kindly Fruits of the Earth, and repays himſelf for all his Pains. Iron, elſewhere the Inſtrument of Deſtruction, was employed in this Place only to prepare Plenty, and to give Birth to all Sorts of Pleaſures.

The Nymphs, with Garlands of Flowers on their Heads, trip it along the Rivers Banks in jocund Dances. *Pan* played on his Flute; the Fauns and wanton Satyrs friſk in a Corner by themſelves. *Bacchus* was likewiſe repreſented crowned with Ivy, leaning on his *Thyrſus*, and holding in his Hand a Vine Branch adorned with Leaves and Cluſters of Grapes: His Beauty was indolent and eaſy, with a Mixture of ſomething noble, paſſionate, and

languiſhing. He looked as he did when he appeared to the unhappy *Ariadne*, at his finding her alone, overwhelmed with Grief for being deſerted on the Banks of an unknown River. To conclude, You might ſee in all Quarters vaſt Shoals of People; the old Men carrying the Firſt-fruits of their Harveſts into the Temples; the young Men fatigued with the Labour of the Day, returning to their Spouſes, who going out to meet them, take by the Hand their little Children, whom they fondle all the Way as they go. There were likewiſe ſeveral Shepherds repreſented, ſome ſinging, others dancing to the Sound of the Reed: The whole was a Picture of Peace, Plenty, and Pleaſure; every Thing looked ſmiling and happy. Nay, you might ſee the Wolves in the Paſtures playing among the Sheep; the Lions and Tigers, quitting their Fierceneſs, were feeding among the tender Lambs; whilſt the young Shepherd, with his Crook, governed them all alike; and this lovely Peace recalled to Mind the Charms of the Golden Age.

Telemachus, having put on this divine Armour, did, inſtead of taking up his uſual Buckler, take up the terrible Ægis which *Minerva* had ſent him, (*c*) and which *Iris*, the ſwift Meſſenger of the Gods, had left him. *Iris* had without his Knowledge carried away his own Buckler, and given him inſtead of it this Ægis, formidable to the very Gods.

In this Condition he runs out of the Camp, to avoid the Flames of it; he calls them with a ſtrong Voice all the Chieftains of the Army, and his Voice already began to inſpire freſh Courage into the diſmayed Allies. A ſupernatural Fire ſparkles in the Eyes of the young Warrior. He appears always mild, always free and ſedate, tho' always buſied in giving in giving Orders throughout, with as much Caution as an old Man in ruling his Family and inſtructing his Children; but in the Execution he is prompt and vigorous, like an impetuous River, which not only pre-

(*c*) This was the moſt formidable Piece of his whole Armour: The Valour of *Mars* is blind, raſh, mad; that of *Minerva* is prudent, calm, circumſpect, and always equal.

cipitates

cipitates its frothy Billows, but carries along with it, in its rapid Courſe, Veſſels of the greateſt Burden that float upon it.

Philoctetes, *Neſtor*, with the Commanders of the *Mandurians* and other Nations, found in the Son of *Ulyſſes* a Sort of an Authority which irreſiſtibly awed them all. And now the old Men no longer truſt to their Experience; Council and Wiſdom did in general forſake all the Commanders; even Jealouſy, a Paſſion ſo natural to all Men, is wholly extinguiſhed in their Breaſts; all keep Silence, all admire *Telemachus*, all wait for his Commands implicitly, and as if it had been cuſtomary for them ſo to do. He advances, he aſcends an Eminence, and from thence obſerves the Poſture of the Enemy, and forthwith judged it neceſſary to uſe the utmoſt Expedition, and ſurpriſe them in their preſent Diſorder, while they were burning the Camp of the Confederates. He fetches a Compaſs with all poſſible Diligence, the moſt experienced Commanders following him. He falls upon the *Daunians* in their Rear, at a Time when they thought the Confederate Army was involved in the Flames of the Camp. This Surprize diſorders them: They fall beneath the Hand of *Telemachus*, as the Leaves fall in the Foreſts in the latter Days of *Autumn*, when the boiſterous North Wind, fraught with Winter, clatters all the Branches, and makes the aged Trunks to groan. The Earth is ſpread with thoſe who fall beneath *Telemachus*'s Hand. With his own Javelin he pierced the Heart of *Iphicles*, *Adraſtus*'s younger Son, who preſumed to offer him Combat, to ſave his Father's Life, who was in Danger of being ſurpriſed by *Telemachus*. Theſe two young Combatants were both beautiful, vigorous, full of Conduct and Courage, of the ſame Stature, the ſame Age, had the ſame Sweetneſs of Temper, and were equally dear to their Parents: But *Iphicles* proved like an opening Flower in the Meadow, cut down by the Mower's Scythe. Afterwards *Telemachus* overthrows *Euphorion*, the moſt celebrated of all the *Lydians* that came into *Hetruria*: Next, his Sword pierces the new-married *Cleomenes*, who had

promiſed his Spouſe to bring her the rich Spoils of his Enemies, but whoſe Fate it was never to return to her again.

Adraſtus foamed with Rage to ſee the Death of his dear Son, and of many other Commanders, and the Victory ſlipping out of his Hands. *Phalantus*, almoſt cruſhed at his Feet, is like a half-ſlain Victim, which avoids the Edge of the ſacred Knife, and flies far away from the Altar. But one Moment more, and *Adraſtus* had completed the Ruin of the *Lacedæmonians*.

Phalantus, drowned in his own Blood, and in that of the Soldiers who fight with him, hears the Shouts of *Telemachus* advancing to his Relief. In that Moment he regains new Life, and the Cloud that had already overſpread his Eyes is diſpelled. The *Daunians*, being not aware of this Attack, leave *Phalantus*, and make Head againſt a more formidable Enemy. *Adraſtus* is like a Tiger, from whom an united Body of Shepherds ſnatches the Prey which he was ready to devour. *Telemachus* ſeeks him out in the Crowd, reſolving at once to put an End to the War, by delivering the Allies from their implacable Enemy: But *Jupiter* refuſed to the Son of *Ulyſſes* ſo quick and ſo eaſy a Victory. *Minerva* too was willing he ſhould undergo more Difficulties, that he might the better underſtand how to govern Men. The impious *Adraſtus* therefore was preſerved by the Father of the Gods, that *Telemachus* might thereby make greater Acquiſitions of Glory and Virtue. A thick Cloud which *Jupiter* gathered in the Air ſaved the *Daunians*; the Will of the Gods was declared in dreadful Thunderings. One would have thought that the eternal Arches of high *Olympus* were going to break down on the Heads of feeble Mortals; the blue Lightening ſplit the Clouds from Pole to Pole, and ſcarce had it dazzled the Eye with its piercing Flame, but all relapſed again into Midnight Darkneſs. In the ſame Inſtant a mighty Shower of Rain falling, ſerved likewiſe to part the two Armies.

Adraſtus took Advantage of the Succour of the Gods, without having any Regard to, or juſt Senſe of their Power,

Power, and for this Ingratitude deſerved to be kept for a more ſevere Vengeance. He haſtened to march his Army between the Camp that was half burnt down, and a Moraſs that reached as far as the River; this he did with ſo much Expedition and Dexterity, that this very Retreat was a Demonſtration of his Preſence of Mind and Readineſs of Invention. The Allies, encouraged by *Telemachus*, were for purſuing him; but by Favour of the Storm he eſcaped them, as a ſwift-winged Bird out of the Net of a Fowler. The Allies now no longer think of any Thing but returning to the Camp, and repairing their Loſs. In entering it they ſaw the moſt lamentable Effects of War: The Sick and Wounded not being able to crawl out of their Tents, were conſequently unable to avoid the Fury of the Fire: They were half burnt, ſending up towards Heaven their doleful Cries and dying Shrieks. *Telemachus*'s Heart was pierced with it; he could not refrain weeping; he often turned away his Eyes, being ſeized with Horror and Compaſſion; he could not without ſhuddering behold thoſe Bodies that were ſtill alive and deſtined to a tedious and dreadful Death: They looked like the Fleſh of Victims, that is burnt on the Altars, and whoſe Smell ſpreads itſelf all around.

Alas! ſaid *Telemachus*, how miſchievous are the Effects of War? What blind Fury puſhes on unhappy Mortals? Their Days are few upon the Earth, and thoſe Days attended with Miſery. Why then will they haſten their Death, which is already ſo near? Why then will they add ſo much dreadful Deſolation to the Bitterneſs with which the Gods have daſhed this ſhort Life? Tho' Men are all Brethren, they tear each other to Pieces; the ſavage Beaſts are leſs cruel than they are to each other. Lions never make War with Lions, nor Tigers with Tigers; nor do they fall upon any Creatures but thoſe of a different Species: Man alone, in deſpite of his Reaſon, does that which Beaſts that are void of it, would never do. Again, what Need is there for theſe Wars? Is there not Land more than enough in the Univerſe to employ the Labour of all Mankind? What vaſt prodigious Tracts lie deſart?

Mankind can never repleniſh them. What is it then that makes Princes ſpread the Flames of War over immenſely ſpacious Kingdoms? It is an empty Notion of Glory, a vain Title of Conqueror, which they are in Purſuit of. Thus one Man, ſent by the angry Gods into the World as a Scourge, is an Inſtrument of Miſery to Millions. To ſatisfy his Ambition and Vanity, every Thing muſt ſuffer, every Thing ſwim in Blood, every Thing be deſtroy'd by Fire, and thoſe who eſcape the Fire and Sword, muſt periſh by more cruel Famine? In a Word, one ſingle Man makes all human Nature his Sport, and ſweeps every Thing away in one general Deſolation, to pleaſe his Humour and oſtentatious Vanity. What monſtrous ſort of Glory is this? Can we too much deteſt and deſpiſe ſuch Men, (*d*) as ſhake off all Ties of Humanity! No, they are far from being Demi-Gods; they are hardly ſo much as Men: They ought to be held in Execration by all ſucceeding Times, which they were in Hopes to be admir'd by. Ah! with how much Deliberation ought Princes to weigh every Thing before they undertake a War! The Cauſes of it ought to be juſt; nor is that enough, they ought to be neceſſary for the public Good. The Blood of a People ought not to be ſpilt, unleſs for their own Preſervation in Caſes of Extremity: But the Councils of Flatterers, a miſtaken Notion of Grandeur, groundleſs Jealouſies, and unreaſonable Covetouſneſs varniſh'd over with ſpecious Pretexts, do inſenſibly engage Princes in Wars to their own Detriment, and put their Whole to a Venture without any Neceſſity, and in the End prove no leſs fatal to their own Subjects than to the Enemy. Thus did *Telemachus* reaſon; but he did not only confine himſelf to deplore the Miſeries of War, but endeavour'd to alleviate them. You might ſee him go from Tent to Tent, viſiting the ſick and dying Soldiers; he diſtri-

(*d*) Humanity is a Virtue too calm and ſedate to ſtrike the Fancy; and ſuch Men who conceive nothing to be Great, but what operates upon That, will never reap much Glory from it.

buted

buted Money and Medicines among them; he comforted them, he cheer'd them by his friendly Diſcourſes, and ſent others to viſit them when he could not do it himſelf.

Among the *Cretans* that were with him, there were two old Men, *Traumaphilis* and *Nozofugus*: The former had been at the Siege of *Troy* with *Idomeneus*, and had been taught by the Sons of *Æſculapius* the divine Art of curing Wounds: He uſed to pour into the deepeſt and moſt envenom'd Wounds an odoriferous Liquor, which eat away all the dead and putrify'd Fleſh, without being forc'd to make Inciſions, and which quickly caus'd new Fleſh to grow, more ſound and better-colour'd than the former. As for *Nozofugus*, he had never ſeen the Sons of *Æſculapius*, but by the Means of *Merion* he had got Poſſeſſion of a ſacred and myſterious Book, which *Æſculapius* had given his Sons: Beſides this, *Nozofugus* was a Favourite of the Gods: He had compos'd Hymns in Honour of the Children of *Latona*, and uſed every Day to ſacrifice a white unſpotted Sheep to *Apollo*, by whom he was oftentimes inſpir'd. He no ſooner ſaw a ſick (*e*) Perſon, but he could tell by his Eyes, the Colour of his Skin, the Conformation of his Body, and the Manner of his Breathing, what the Source of his Malady was. Sometimes he would give them ſudorifick Remedies, and by the Succeſs of theſe Sweatings he demonſtrated how much the Fabric and Mechaniſm of our Bodies is increas'd or diminiſhed, diſorder'd or reſtored by Perſpiration: In languiſhing Diſtempers he gave certain Drinks, which by Degrees recover'd the noble Parts, and renew'd the Vigour of his Patients by ſweetning their Blood: But he would often declare that it was for Want of Virtue and Courage Men had ſo frequent Occaſion for Phyſic. 'Tis a Shame, would he ſay, for Men to have

(*e*) Hiſtory informs us, that the Art of Medicine is very much indebted to the Intemperance and irregular Manners of Men. Phyſic is intirely unknown among Nations who know nothing of Luxury. Would but Men reduce themſelves to an orderly frugal Way of Living, they would eaſily do without the Phyſicians, and the Phyſicians would be obliged to do without Patients, which wou'd be ſomewhat the harder of the two.

ſo many Diſeaſes: For a ſober Life produces ſound Health: Their Intemperance, ſaid he, changes into deadly Poiſon the Aliments which were deſtin'd to preſerve their Life. Pleaſure immoderately taken ſhortens Mens Days more than the beſt Medicaments can prolong them: The Poor are leſs often ſick for Want of Food, than the Rich are by the Exceſs of it. The Foods that gratify the Palate moſt, and which create a falſe Appetite, are poiſonous inſtead of nutritious. Medicines in themſelves are really miſchievous and deſtructive of Nature, by wearing her out, and committing as it were Violence upon her, and only ought to be uſed on preſſing Occaſions; but the grand Medicament, always harmleſs, always uſeful, is Sobriety, Temperance in all our Pleaſures, Tranquillity of Mind, and bodily Exerciſe. By theſe the Blood is ſweeten'd, and kept in a good Temperament, and all ſuperfluous Humours diſſipated. Thus was the wiſe *Nozofugus* leſs admir'd for his Medicines, than for the Regimen he preſcrib'd to prevent Diſeaſes, and to render Medicines unneceſſary.

Theſe two Men were ſent by *Telemachus* to viſit all the Sick in the Army. They cur'd many of them by their Medicaments, and many more by the Care they took, to have their Patients well tended; for they made it their Buſineſs to keep them neat and clean, thereby to prevent noiſome Air, and made them obſerve an exact and ſober Diet during their Recovery: The Soldiers were all deeply affected with a Senſe of theſe Benefits, and gave Thanks to the Gods for ſending *Telemachus* into the Confederate Army. This is no Mortal, ſaid they, but doubtleſs ſome beneficent Deity under a human Shape; at leaſt, if he is a Man, he reſembles more the Gods than the reſt of Mankind, and is ſent to the Earth only to do Good; he is yet more amiable for his Sweetneſs and Charity than for his Valour. O that we could have him for our King! But the Gods reſerve him for ſome more happy Nation whom they favour, and among whom they intend to renew the Golden Age.

Telemachus, while he went in the Night-Time to viſit the ſeveral Quarters of the Camp, (*f*) to prevent the Stratagems of *Adraſtus*, was an Ear-witneſs of theſe Commendations, which could not be ſuſpected of Flattery, like thoſe which Flatterers often give before the Face of Princes, ſuppoſing that they have neither Modeſty nor Delicacy, and that to praiſe them without Meaſure, is all that is requiſite to become Poſſeſſors of their Favour. The Son of *Ulyſſes* could reliſh nothing but what was true. He could bear no other Praiſes but thoſe which he heard were given him in Secret, and behind his Back, and ſuch as he had really deſerv'd. As ſuch Commendations were the only Sort he wiſhed to have, his Heart was mov'd therewith; he felt that ſweet, that pure Delight which the Gods have entail'd on Virtue alone, and which ill Men, for want of experiencing it, can neither conceive nor believe. But he did not give the Reins to the Enjoyment of this Sort of Pleaſure; the Faults he had committed came crowding again into his Mind; he did not forget his natural Haughtineſs and Indifferenee to other Men; he was ſecretly aſhamed that his natural Diſpoſition ſhould be ſo harſh, and his Appearance ſo fierce; he referr'd to the ſage *Minerva* all the Glory that was given him, and which he thought himſelf undeſerving of. It is thou, O great Goddeſs, did he ſay, that beſtow'd *Mentor* on me, to inſtruct me, and to correct my evil Diſpoſition; it is thou that haſt bleſs'd me with Wiſdom, to make me improve by my Faults, and diſtruſt myſelf; it is thou that checkeſt my impetuous Paſſions; it is thou that makeſt me feel the Pleaſure of relieving the Diſtreſs'd; without thee I ſhould be hated, and juſtly too;

(*f*) Several great Commanders have taken a particular Pleaſure in going thus about, and gathering in ſecret the Fruit of their Victories and Virtues. *Tacitus* relates that the Great *Germanicus* would often go in the Night-time and liſten at the Soldiers Tents to hear what they ſaid of Him. Theſe Praiſes are far more glorious than ſuch as are engraven by the Hand of Flattery on Braſs or Marble.

with-

without thee I ſhould commit irreparable Faults, and be as a Child, who not being ſenſible of its own Weakneſs, lets go the Hold it had of its Mother, and falls the very firſt Step it takes.

Neſtor and *Philoctetes* were amaz'd to ſee *Telemachus* grown ſo gentle, ſo obliging, ſo officious, ſo helpful, ſo ingenious even to obviate all Exigencies; they could not tell what to think; they found him to be quite another Man. What moſt ſurpriz'd them, was the Care he took about the Funeral of *Hippias*; he went himſelf and fetched the bloody and disfigured Body from the Place where it lay beneath a heap of Carcaſes: He bedew'd it with pious Tears, and ſaid, O mighty Shade, now thou knoweſt how much I eſteem thy Valour. 'Tis true, thy Arrogance did provoke me, but thy Failings proceeded from the Heat of thy Youth, and I am not unduly ſenſible how much that Age ſtands in need of Pardon. We ſhould ere long have been ſincerely united in the Bands of Friendſhip; the Fault was wholly mine. O ye Gods, why have ye raviſh'd him from me, before I had Time to force him to love me!

Telemachus afterwards cauſed the Body to be waſhed in odoriferous Liquors, and then gave Orders concerning the Funeral-Pile. The lofty Pines, groaning beneath the Strokes of the Axes, come tumbling down from the Tops of the Mountains; the Oaks, thoſe ancient Sons of the Earth, that ſeem'd to threaten Heaven; the tall Poplars, the Elms, with their verdant Heads and thick-leav'd Branches; the Beech, the Glory of the Foreſt, lay proſtrate along the Banks of *Galeſus*. There they were rais'd into a Funeral-Pile, reſembling a regular Building; the Flame begins to appear, and a Pillar of Smoke aſcends up to the Skies. The *Lacedæmonians* advance with a ſlow and mornful Pace, trailing the Pikes, and with their Eyes fix'd on the Ground; bitter Sorrow ſtands imprinted on their warlike Faces, and the Tears trickle down in abundance. Next you might ſee the aged *Pherecides*, not ſo much depreſs'd by the Number of Years, as by his Grief for ſurviving *Hippias*, whom he had brought

brought up from his very Infancy. He rais'd towards Heaven his Hands, and his Eyes that were drown'd in Tears. After the Death of *Hippias* he refus'd all manner of Food, nor was it in the Power of gentle Sleep to weigh down his Eye-lids, or to ſuſpend the Smartneſs of his Pain for a Moment. With a trembling Pace he marched after the Crowd, not knowing whither he went; not a Word iſſued out of his Mouth, his Heart was ſo wrung with Grief; it was a Silence of Deſpair and Dejection. But when he ſaw the Pile (*g*) kindled, then he cry'd out in a Fury, O *Hippias*, *Hippias*, I ſhall never ſee thee again! *Hippias* is no more, yet I ſtill live! O my dear *Hippias*, 'tis I that occaſion'd thy Death; 'twas I that taught thee to deſpiſe it; I believed thy Hands would have clos'd my Eyes, and that thou wouldſt have catch'd my lateſt Breath: Cruel Gods, to prolong my Life, only that I may ſee the Death of *Hippias!* O my dear Child, whom I brought up with ſo much Care, I ſhall ſee thee no more; but I ſhall ſee thy Mother, whom Grief will kill, and who will reproach me with thy Death; I ſhall ſee thy young Spouſe beating her Breaſt, tearing off her Locks, and I all the while am the unhappy Cauſe of it! O dear Shade, call me to the Banks of *Styx*; the Light grows hateful to me, and 'tis thee only, my dear *Hippias*, that I wiſh to ſee again. *Hippias*, *Hippias*, O my dear *Hippias*, all I now live for is to pay my laſt Duty to thy Aſhes!

And now you might ſee the Body of young *Hippias* ſtretch'd out on a Bier, adorn'd with Purple, Gold, and Silver: Death, that had put out the Light of his Eyes, was not able to deface all his Beauty, and the Graces ſtill appear'd half painted in his wan Viſage. Around his

(*g*) The Cuſtom of burning dead Bodies may be traced up to the moſt remote Antiquity, but it began not at *Rome* 'till *Sylla*'s Time. *Herodian*, who even in the low Empire preſerv'd the Taſte of antient *Greece*, hath left us a very particular and circumſtantial Deſcription of the Manner how the Bodies of the Emperors were wont to be burnt at *Rome*.

Neck,

Neck, which was whiter than Snow, now leaning on his Shoulder, his black long Hair hung looſe, finer than that of *Acis* or *Ganymede*, but which were now going to be reduc'd to Aſhes. You might behold in his Side the gaping Wound, whereat all his Maſs of Blood iſſued out, and which had ſent him down into the melancholy Regions of *Pluto*.

Telemachus, ſad and dejected, follow'd the Corps cloſe, ſtrewing Flowers all the Way. When they came to the Pile, the Son of *Ulyſſes* could not, without ſhedding new Floods of Tears, behold the Flame ſeize the Cloth in which the Body was wrapt. Adieu, ſaid he, O magnanimous *Hippias*; for I dare not call thee Friend. Be appeas'd, O Shade, who haſt merited ſo much Renown! If I did not love thee, I ſhould envy thy Happineſs; thou art reſcued from thoſe Miſeries which ſtill encompaſs us Mortals; thou didſt retire from them by the moſt glorious Path. Alas! how happy ſhould I be if my End were the ſame! May *Styx* never be able to arreſt thy Ghoſt; may the *Elyſian* Fields be open to thee; may Fame preſerve thy Renown throughout all Ages, and may thy Aſhes reſt in Peace!

Scarce had he ſaid theſe Words, intermixt with Sighs, when the whole Army ſet up a Cry; they were moved with Pity for *Hippias*, upon the Recital of his great Actions; their Grief for his Death brought to their Minds all his good Qualities, made them forget all thoſe Overſights which had been occaſioned by Heat of Youth, or a faulty Education. But they were yet more mov'd with the tender Sentiments of *Telemachus*. Is this, ſaid they, the young *Greek* that was ſo proud, ſo ſcornful, ſo obſtinate, ſo violent? Behold how gentle, how humane, how kind, how tender he is now become! Doubtleſs, *Minerva*, who ſo much lov'd his Father, has the ſame Affection for the Son? Doubtleſs ſhe has beſtow'd on him the moſt valuable Bleſſing that the Gods can give to Mortals, in beſtowing on him, together with Wiſdom, a Heart ſuſceptible of Friendſhip.

The

The Body was by this Time conſum'd by the Flames. *Telemachus* did himſelf bedew the yet ſmoking Aſhes with perfum'd Liquors; then he put them into a Golden Urn, which he crown'd with Flowers, and carried that Urn to *Phalantus*, who lay ſtretch'd out, wounded in ſeveral Places; and in the Extremity of his Weakneſs, he already had a Glimpſe of the melancholy Gates of Death.

Already had *Traumaphilus* and *Nozofugus*, whom the Son of *Ulyſſes* had ſent to attend him, ſtrain'd all their Art for his Relief. They had by little and little recall'd his departing Soul; freſh Spirits ſprung up inſenſibly in his Heart; a gentle and a penetrating Vigour, a Balſam of Life, inſinuated itſelf from Vein to Vein, even to the inmoſt Receſſes of his Heart; an agreeable Warmth reviv'd his Limbs, and reſcu'd him from the frozen Hands of Death; but in the very Moment that his Fainting Fits left him, Grief of Mind ſucceeded: He began to be ſenſible of the Loſs of his Brother, which till then he had not been in a Condition to conſider. Alas! ſaid he, Why all this Care to ſave my Life? Had not I better die, and follow my dear *Hippias?* I ſaw him fall hard by me: O *Hippias*, the Comfort of my Life, my Brother, my dear Brother, thou art now no more! I muſt now no longer ſee thee, nor hear thee, nor embrace thee, nor communicate to thee my Troubles, nor comfort thee in thy own! O ye Gods, Enemies to Mankind, muſt *Hippias* be ever loſt to me! Is it poſſible! Is it not a Dream? No, 'tis but too real: O *Hippias*, (*b*) I have loſt thee, I have ſeen thee die, and I muſt live ſo long at leaſt till I have reveng'd thee: I will ſacrifice to thy *Manes* the cruel *Adraſtus*, with thy Blood diſtain'd.

(*b*) It was by ſuch ſincere and unfeigned Lamentations that the Ancients gave a looſe to their Grief, and not by ſtudied declamatory Commendations. Mourning Habits, and Funeral Orations, are degenerated into mere Ceremony; whereas anciently they were made uſe of by Perſons truly afflicted, the one to keep up the Memory of their Loſs, and the other to aſſuage their Grief.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Phalantus* was thus ſpeaking, the two divine Men uſed their utmoſt Endeavours to aſſuage his Grief, for fear it ſhould increaſe his Ailments, and hinder the Operation of their Medicines. On a ſudden he perceived *Telemachus* coming to him; at firſt his Heart was combated by two contrary Paſſions; he had entertained a deep Reſentment of what had paſſed between *Telemachus* and *Hippias*: This Reſentment was quicken'd by his Grief for the Loſs of *Hippias*. On the other Hand, he could not but know that he owed the Preſervation of his own Life to *Telemachus*, who reſcu'd him, all bloody, and half-dead, out of the Hands of *Adraſtus*. But when he ſaw the golden Urn which contained the beloved Aſhes of his Brother *Hippias*, he pour'd forth a Flood of Tears, and embrac'd *Telemachus*, without being able to ſpeak a Word: At laſt, with a languiſhing Voice, interrupted with Sobs, he ſaid, O worthy Son of *Ulyſſes*, your Virtue compels me to love you; to you I am beholden for this ſmall Remainder of Life, which is drawing towards its End: But I am ſtill more beholden to you for what is far more dear to me. Had you not hinder'd it, my Brother's Body had become a Prey to Vultures! Had it not been for you, his Ghoſt, depriv'd of Sepulture, had wander'd miſerably upon the Banks of the *Styx*, continually repuls'd by the pitileſs *Charon*. Muſt I be ſo deeply obliged to a Man whom I hated ſo much? Repay him, O ye Gods, and deliver me from this Load of Life! And thou, *Telemachus*, perform for me the laſt Duty which you perform'd for my Brother, that nothing might be wanting to make your Glory complete.

At theſe Words *Phalantus* was quite ſpent and ſwallow'd up with Exceſs of Grief. *Telemachus* ſtay'd by him without daring to ſpeak to him, and waiting 'till he had recover'd a little Strength. *Phalantus* ſoon coming to himſelf, takes the Urn out of *Telemachus*'s Hands; he kiſs'd it over and over, watering it with his flowing Tears, and ſaid, O dear, O precious Aſhes! when ſhall mine be incloſ'd with you in this ſame Urn! O thou Ghoſt

Ghoſt of *Hippias*, I will follow thee to the Shades below; *Telemachus* will avenge us both.

Mean while *Phalantus* recover'd daily, by the Care of thoſe two Men poſſeſſed of the Science of *Æſculapius*. *Telemachus* was always by them, that they might uſe the more Diligence in perfecting the Cure; and the whole Army admir'd more at his Goodneſs, in relieving thus his greateſt Enemy, than at the Valour and Conduct he had ſhew'd in Battle, when he ſav'd the Confederate Army. *Telemachus* at the ſame Time ſhew'd himſelf indefatigable in the moſt rugged Hardſhips of War: He ſlept little, and his Slumberings were often interrupted, either by the Intelligence he every Hour in the Night receiv'd, as well as by Day, or by viewing all Parts of the Camp, which he never did twice at the ſame Hour, that he might the better ſurpriſe thoſe who were negligent. He would often return to his Tent, cover'd o'er with Sweat and Duſt: His Diet was plain; (*i*) he lived like the common Soldiers, that he might ſet them an Example of Sobriety and Patience: Proviſions growing ſcarce in that Encampment, he judg'd it neceſſary to ſtop the Murmurings of the Soldiers, by voluntarily ſharing with them the ſame Inconveniences they underwent. His Body, inſtead of being weaken'd by ſo painful a Life, every Day became ſtronger and more harden'd: He began to loſe thoſe tender Graces which are as it were the Bloom of Youth: His Complexion grew brown, and leſs delicate, and his Limbs more manly and nervous.

(*i*) Such was the Practice of the greateſt Generals of *Rome*. The *Roman* Soldiery made Part of a free People, naturally averſe to all Subordination; and had not Authority been back'd by Example, their Armies had ſcarce ever been free from Seditions and Revolts. Our (*French*) Soldiers, more tractable by the Conſtitution of our Government, expect not that a General ſhould live as they do. But if once the Commanders would retrench and cut off the Statelineſs and Luxury that attends the Armies, they would maintain therein a certain Vigorouſneſs of Diſcipline, much better than they do now by their military Severity, and their proud Deportment to thoſe under their Command.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XVIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *being perſuaded from ſeveral Dreams, that his Father* Ulyſſes *is no longer upon Earth, executes his Deſign of going to ſeek him in the Shades below: He goes privately out of the Camp (attended by two* Cretans*) as far as to a Temple near the famous Cavern of* Acherontia; *he ſtrikes into it thro' the thick Darkneſs, arrives at the Banks of* Styx, *and* Charon *admits him into his Bark; he goes and preſents himſelf before* Pluto, *whom he finds prepared to grant him Permiſſion to ſeek his Father: He croſſes the* Tartarus, *where he ſees the Torments inflicted upon the Ungrateful, the Perjur'd, the Hypocrites, and eſpecially on bad Kings.*

MEA

MEAN while *Adraſtus*, whoſe Troops had been conſiderably diminiſh'd in the Battle, had poſted himſelf behind the Hill *Aulon*, to wait the coming up of ſome Reinforcements, and to try once more to ſurprize the Enemy: Like to a famiſh'd Lion, which having been repuls'd from the Sheepfold, returns again into the thick-wooded Foreſts, and re-enters his Den, where he whets his Teeth and Claws, waiting for a favourable Opportunity to deſtroy the whole Flock.

Telemachus having introduc'd a ſtrict Diſcipline throughout the whole Army, apply'd himſelf now ſolely to execute a Deſign he had already conceiv'd, and which he communicated to none of the Commanders of the Army. He had been for a conſiderable Time diſturb'd every Night with Dreams concerning his Father *Ulyſſes*, whoſe belov'd Image uſed always to return towards the Concluſion of the Night, before *Aurora*, with her dawning Light, began to chaſe from Heaven the wandering Stars, and from the Earth gentle Sleep attended with fluttering Dreams. Sometimes he fanſy'd he ſaw *Ulyſſes* naked in one of the fortunate Iſlands, on a River's Side, in a Meadow embelliſh'd with Flowers, amidſt a Circle of Nymphs, who threw Garments on him to cover him. Sometimes he thought he heard him talk in a Palace glittering with Gold and Ivory, where he was liſten'd to with Pleaſure and Admiration by Men crown'd with Garlands. At other Times *Ulyſſes* appear'd to him of a ſudden in thoſe Feaſts where Joy ſhines forth amidſt Delights, and where you might hear the ſoft Harmony of a Voice, with a Harp more melodious than the Harp of *Apollo*, or the Voice of all the Muſes.

Telemachus awaking, would grow melancholy upon the Recollection of theſe agreeable Dreams. Oh my Father! O my dear Father, *Ulyſſes!* cry'd he; the moſt frightful Dreams had been pleaſanter to me. Theſe Images of Felicity ſignify to me that you are already deſcended to the Manſion of Bleſſed Souls, in which the Gods reward

ward their Virtue with eternal Tranquillity: Methinks I ſee the *Elyſian Fields:* O how uneaſy a Thing it is to hope no more! O my much-loved Father, I ſhall never ſee you more; never again embrace him who loved me ſo tenderly, and whom I ſeek after with ſo much Pain and Toil. Shall I never again hear the Voice of that Mouth which uſed to pour forth Wiſdom? Shall I never again kiſs thoſe Hands, thoſe precious, thoſe victorious Hands, by which ſo many Enemies have fallen? Shall they never puniſh the fooliſh Lovers of *Penelope?* And muſt *Ithaca* never riſe again from her Ruins? O ye Gods, Enemies to my Father, 'tis you who ſend me theſe fatal Dreams to tear from my Heart all Hope, which is the ſame as if you tore Life itſelf from me! No, I can no longer live in this Uncertainty. Alas! What ſaid I? I am but too well aſſur'd that my Father is no more: I'll even go to the infernal Shades, to find out his Ghoſt. (*a*) Did not *Theſeus* go thither? *Theſeus*, that impious Wretch, who durſt offer Violence to the infernal Deities; whereas I am led thither by a Motive of Piety. *Hercules* deſcended thither: I am no *Hercules*, but 'tis glorious to dare to imitate him. *Orpheus* did, by reciting his Misfortunes, move the Heart of that God *Pluto*, who they ſay, is inexorable; he obtain'd Leave for *Eurydice* to return to the Living. I have a juſter Claim to Compaſſion than *Orpheus*; for my Loſs is much greater. Is a young Girl, who was not matchleſs for her Beauty, is ſhe, I ſay, to be compar'd with the ſage *Ulyſſes*, admir'd by all *Greece?* Let us go, let us die, if it muſt be ſo; Why ſhould we fear Death, when we ſuffer ſo much in Life? O *Pluto*, O *Proſerpine*, I will ſoon try whether you are ſo pitileſs as you are reported to be. O my Fa-

(*a*) This Book is an Imitation of the eleventh of the *Odyſſey* and the ſixth of the *Æneid*. The ſame Fable appears here with additional Graces and new Beauties. Mr. *de Cambray*, abounding in Riches of his own Growth, is never guilty of Plagiariſm or ſervile Imitation. He embelliſhes and ſets off the Fable by Touches of Morality, which are wanting to the two Models of Antiquity.

ther,

ther, after having in vain travell'd o'er Land and Sea to find you out, I will go ſee whether you are not in the melancholy Abodes of the Dead: Though the Gods refuſe me the Pleaſure of enjoying the Sight of you upon the Earth, and in the Light of the Sun, perhaps they may not refuſe me at the leaſt the Sight of your Ghoſt in the Kingdom of Darkneſs.

In ſpeaking theſe Words *Telemachus* bedew'd his Bed with his Tears; then preſently he aroſe, and endeavour'd, by Enjoyment of the Light, to mitigate the ſharp Sorrow which his Dreams had occaſion'd. But it was an Arrow which had pierc'd his Heart, and which he continually carry'd about him. In this Anguiſh he took a Reſolution to deſcend into the lower Regions, by a famous Place not far from the Camp. It is call'd *Acherontia*, becauſe in this Place there is a dreadful Cave, which leads down to the Banks of *Acheron*, a River by which the Gods themſelves are cautious how they ſwear. The Town was plac'd on a Rock, like a Neſt on the Top of a Tree: At the Foot of the Rock was this Cavern to be ſeen, which fearful Mortals did not venture to come near: The Shepherds were watchful to turn their Flocks from going that Way: The ſulphurous Vapours of the *Stygian* Lake inceſſantly exhaling thro' this Aperture, tainted the circumambient Air; around it grew neither Herb nor Flower: There none ever felt the gentle Fannings of the Zephyrs, or ſaw the blooming Graces of the Spring, nor the rich Donatives of Autumn. The parch'd Ground look'd languiſhing and ſickly, and nothing was to be ſeen but ſome few leafleſs Shrubs, and fatal Cypreſs-Trees. Even at a Diſtance from the Place *Ceres* deny'd her golden Harveſt to the Labourers. In vain did *Bacchus* ſeem to promiſe his delicious Fruits: The Grapes wither'd inſtead of ripening. The melancholy *Naiades* were unable to conduct a limpid Stream; their Waves were always bitter and full of Mud. No warbling Bird was heard in this Deſart o'er-grown with Thorns and Brambles; no Grove was there to ſhelter the feather'd Choriſters; they went and ſung their Loves beneath

neath a milder Sky, Nothing was heard but the croaking of the Ravens, and the Owl's hideous Voice. The very Graſs was bitter, and the Flocks which fed thereon felt none of that kindly Joy which uſes to make them skip. The Bull flew from the Heifer, and the diſconſolate Shepherd forgot his Pipe and Flute.

Out of this Cavern there frequently iſſu'd forth a black thick Smoke, which made a Sort of Night at Mid-day. At ſuch Times the neighbouring People redoubled their Sacrifices to appeaſe the Infernal Deities; but oftentimes Men, in the Flower of their Age and in the Bloom of their Youth, were the only Victims which theſe cruel Deities took Pleaſure to ſacrifice by a fatal Contagion.

It was here that *Telemachus* reſolv'd to find out the Way into the black Abode of *Pluto*. *Minerva*, who never ceas'd watching over him, and had cover'd him with her Ægis, had beſpoke *Pluto*'s Favour in his Behalf. Even *Jupiter*, at the Requeſt of *Minerva*, had order'd *Mercury* (who every Day goes down to the Regions below, to deliver into *Charon*'s Hands a certain Number of Dead) to deſire the King of the Ghoſts that he would permit the Son of *Ulyſſes* to come within his Dominions.

Telemachus, by Favour of the Night, ſteals away from the Camp; he travels by the Light of the Moon, and invokes that powerful Deity, who in the Heavens appears the brilliant Planet of the Night, on Earth is the chaſte *Diana*, and in Hell the dreadful *Hecate*. This Goddeſs heard his Prayers with a favourable Ear, becauſe his Heart was pure, and becauſe he was conducted by the pious Love of a dutiful Son.

Scarce had he approach'd the Entry of the Cave, when he heard the Roarings of the ſubterranean Empire: The Earth trembled beneath him, and the Heavens arm'd themſelves with Lightning and Fire, which ſeem'd to fall down upon the Earth. The young Son of *Ulyſſes* was ſurpriz'd and troubled, and his whole Body was cover'd with a cold Sweat; but his Courage ſupported him; he rais'd up his Hands and Eyes towards Heaven.

Great

Great Gods! cry'd he, I accept theſe Omens, which I conceive to be happy; complete your Work. He ſpoke, and redoubling his Pace went boldly forward.

In an Inſtant the thick Smoke, which render'd the Entry of the Cavern fatal to all other Creatures that came near it, was diſſipated; the poiſonous Smell for a while ſurceas'd. *Telemachus* enter'd alone: For what other Mortal durſt follow him? Two *Cretans*, who had accompany'd him to a certain Diſtance from the Cave, and whom he had made privy to his Deſign, ſtood trembling and half-dead a great Way from it, in a Temple, pouring forth Prayers, and never expecting to ſee *Telemachus* again.

Mean while the Son of *Ulyſſes*, with his Sword in his Hand, ruſhes into this horrible Darkneſs. Preſently he perceives a dim and faint Light, ſuch as we ſee in the Night-time on Earth. He obſerves the nimble Ghoſts fluttering round him, and he puts them by with his Sword: Not long after he eſpies the melancholy Banks of the marſhy River, whoſe foul and ſluggiſh Waters turn in a continual Eddy: He diſcovers upon the Banks of it an innumerable Crowd of departed Souls, who being deſtiſtute of Burial, make fruitleſs Prayers to the unrelenting *Charon*. This Deity, whoſe eternal Age is moroſe and fretful, but yet vigorous, anſwers them with nothing but Threats and Repulſes; but at firſt Sight admits into his Boat the young *Greek*. *Telemachus* had no ſooner enter'd, than he heard the mournful Groanings of a certain diſconſolate Ghoſt. He ask'd him what was the Cauſe of his Miſery, and what he was upon (*b*) Earth? I was, reply'd the Ghoſt, *Nabopharzan*, King of proud *Babylon*: All the People of the Eaſt trembled at the very Sound of my Name. I made the *Babylonians* pay divine Honours to me in a Temple of Marble, where I

(*b*) Here the Author throws together all that is inſtructive in *Lucian*'s Dialogues. That Satiriſt contented himſelf with only expoſing the Ridiculouſneſs of the Paſſions. Mr. *de Cambray* finds Means to make them odious, and has, beſides, the Advantage over *Lucian*, of ſpeaking to the Heart.

was

was repreſented by a Statue of Gold, before which they burnt Night and Day the moſt precious Perfumes of *Ethiopia*. All who preſumed to contradict me were inſtantly puniſh'd: Freſh Diverſions were every Day invented for me, to render my Life pleaſant; I was young and vigorous: O what Satisfaction, what luſcious Enjoyments I had yet to taſte in that exalted Condition! But a Woman whom I lov'd, and who lov'd not me, made me ſenſible that I was no God. She poiſon'd me, and now I am nothing: Yeſterday my Aſhes were with great Solemnity put into a golden Urn. The People wept, they tore their Hair, and ſeem'd as if they would throw themſelves into the Flames of my Funeral Pile, and ſhare my Fate: Some are ſtill going to mourn at the Foot of the magnificent Tomb where my Aſhes are laid: But no Body does really lament the Loſs of me; even my own Family have my Memory in Abhorrence, and here below I begin already to ſuffer the moſt outrageous Abuſes.

Telemachus, mov'd at this Sight, ſaid to him, Were you truly happy during your Reign? Did you feel that kindly Peace, without which the Heart remains always blaſted as it were, and ſhrunk amidſt the greateſt Pleaſures? No, reply'd the *Babylonian*; I don't ſo much as know what you mean: The Sages extol this Peace as the only Good; but for my Part, I never felt it; my Heart was inceſſantly ruffled with freſh Deſires, with Fear and with Hope. I endeavour'd to ſtupify myſelf by the violent Agitation of my Paſſions; I endeavour'd to keep up this intoxicating Phrenzy to make it laſting: The leaſt ſober Interval had been intolerably bitter to me. Such was the Peace which I enjoy'd; all other I took to be a mere Fable and a Dream: Theſe are the Bleſſings which I regret.

In ſpeaking this the *Babylonian* wept like a puſillanimous poor-ſpirited Wretch, enervated by Proſperity, and unaccuſtom'd to bear Misfortunes with an undaunted Reſolution. There were hard by him certain Slaves, who had been ſlain to grace his Funeral. *Mercury* had deliver'd

liver'd them into *Charon*'s Hands, together with their King, and had given them abſolute Power over him, who, when on Earth, was their Maſter. The Ghoſts of theſe Slaves now no more ſtood in Awe of the Ghoſt of *Nabopharzan:* They kept him in Chains, and inſulted him in the moſt opprobrious Manner. One would ſay to him, Were not we Men as well as thee? How cameſt thou to be ſo ſenſeleſs as to fanſy thyſelf a God? Ought'ſt thou not to have remember'd that thou wert of the ſame Mould as other Men? Another ſaid to him inſultingly, Thou wert in the right not to be thought a Man, for thou wert a Monſter void of all Humanity. Another would ſay to him, Well, What is become of thy Flatterers? Thou haſt now nothing to beſtow, poor Wretch! 'tis out of thy Power to do any more Miſchief; thou art now become a Slave to thy own Slaves; the Gods are ſure tho' ſlow in executing Juſtice.

At theſe harſh Expreſſions *Nabopharzan* flung himſelf flat on his Face, tearing his Hair thro' Exceſs of Rage and Deſperation. But *Charon* ſaid to the Slaves, Pull him by his Chain, raiſe him up in Spite of his Teeth; he ſhall not have ſo much as the Satisfaction to conceal his Shame; it muſt be ſeen by all the Ghoſts about *Styx*, that they may bear Witneſs of it, and abſolve the Gods, who ſo long ſuffer'd this impious Wretch to reign upon the Earth. This is, O *Babylonian*, but the Beginning of thy Sorrows: Prepare thyſelf for thy Trial; prepare to appear before the inflexible *Minos*, Judge of the infernal Regions.

While the terrible *Charon* was holding this Diſcourſe, his Boat arriv'd at the Borders of *Pluto*'s Empire: All the Ghoſts came thronging to view this living Man, that appear'd in the Boat among the Dead: But ſcarce had *Telemachus* landed, ere they all fled away like the Shades of Night, which are diſſipated by the firſt Glimpſe of Day. *Charon*, with a Brow leſs wrinkled, and Eyes leſs fierce than uſual, ſaid to the young *Greek*, O Mortal, Favourite of the Gods, ſince it is given thee to enter into the Kingdom of Night, inacceſſible to all living Crea-

tures, make Haſte and go where the Deſtinies call thee; go through this gloomy Path to the Palace of *Pluto*, whom thou wilt find on his Throne: He will permit thee to enter into thoſe Places, the Secrets of which I am not allow'd to diſcover.

Upon this *Telemachus* advances with a quick Pace; he ſees on all Sides of him innumerable Multitudes of flutt'ring Ghoſts, countleſs as the Sands of the Sea: Amidſt the Hurry of this infinite Crowd, he is ſeiz'd with a divine Horror, obſerving the profound Silence of theſe vaſt Regions. His Hair ſtands on End ſo ſoon as he reaches the diſmal Manſion of the pitileſs *Pluto*; his Knees tremble, his Voice fails him, and it is not without great Difficulty he pronounces theſe Words to the God: You ſee, O terrible Deity, the Son of the unhappy *Ulyſſes*: I come to inquire of you whether my Father is deſcended into your Dominions, or whether he is ſtill wandering upon the Earth.

Pluto was ſeated on a Throne of Ebony; his Complexion was pale and ſevere; his Eyes deep-ſunk, but ſtreaming forth Fire; his Face wrinkled and menacing. The Sight of a living Man was as odious to him as the Light is offenſive to the Eyes of thoſe Creatures that are accuſtom'd to keep within their Receſſes till the Approach of Night. By his Side appear'd *Proſerpine*, who was his only Delight, and who ſeem'd in ſome Meaſure to diſarm his Heart of its Ruggedneſs: She enjoy'd a Beauty that was always freſh; but there was added to her divine Graces a certain Severity, which ſhe borrow'd from her Spouſe.

At the Foot of the Throne was pale and devouring Death, with his ſharp-edged Scythe, which he was continually whetting. About him flew black Cares, cruel Jealouſies, Revenges reaking with Blood and full of Wounds, unjuſt Hatreds, Covetouſneſs gnawing itſelf, Deſpair tearing itſelf with its own Hands, wild Ambition that overturns and puts every Thing in Combuſtion, Treaſon that feeds upon Blood, and cannot enjoy the Fruits

Fruits of its Wickedneſs, Envy that pours forth her deadly Venom all round her, and who grows outrageouſly mad when ſhe is unable to do any Hurt, Impiety digging a bottomleſs Pit, and deſperately throwing herſelf into it, hideous Spectres, Phantoms that inveſt themſelves in the Shapes of the Dead to frighten the Living, dreadful Dreams, and Wakings full as dreadful: With all theſe direful Images was the ſtern *Pluto* ſurrounded, and with theſe were his Palace fill'd: He anſwer'd *Telemachus* with a deep-ſounding Voice, that made the Bottom of *Erebus* to roar. Young Mortal, Deſtiny has made thee violate this ſacred Sanctuary of the Ghoſts; follow thy high Deſtiny: I will not tell thee where thy Father is; 'tis enough thou art free to go look for him; ſince he has been a King upon Earth, thou haſt no more to do but to traverſe, on the one Hand, that Part of gloomy *Tartarus* where wicked Kings are puniſh'd; and on the other, the *Elyſian* Fields, where the good ones are rewarded. But thou can'ſt not paſs from hence into the *Elyſian* Fields till thou haſt gone thro' *Tartarus*: Make haſte thither, and get you out of my Dominions.

With this *Telemachus* ſeems to fly through the void and immenſe Spaces, ſo impatient was he to ſeek his Father, and to get clear of that horrible Tyrant, dreaded both by the Living and the Dead. He preſently finds himſelf on the Borders of the melancholy *Tartarus*, from whence there aroſe a black and thick Smoke, whoſe peſtilential Stench would have brought preſent Death with it, if it had reach'd the Abodes of the Living: This Smoke ſat upon a River of flaming Fire, the Noiſe whereof, like that of the moſt impetuous Cataracts falling from ſome ſteep Rock into a bottomleſs Pit, ſtruck thoſe almoſt deaf that enter'd into thoſe diſmal Places.

Telemachus, ſecretly encouraged by *Minerva*, undauntedly enters this Gulph. At firſt he perceiv'd a great Number of Men, who had lived in the meaneſt Condition, and who were puniſh'd for having heap'd up Riches by Fraud, Treachery, and Cruelty. He obſerv'd

great Numbers of impious (*c*) Hypocrites, who, making as if they had lov'd Religion, employ'd it as a fair Pretext to cover their Ambition, and to impoſe upon the Credulous: Theſe Men, who had abus'd Virtue itſelf, tho' the greateſt Gift the Gods have to give, were puniſh'd as the moſt accurs'd of all Mankind. Children who had butcher'd their Fathers or Mothers, Wives who had embru'd their Hands in the Blood of their Husbands, Traitors who had ſacrificed their Country after they had violated all the moſt ſolemn Oaths, were leſs ſeverely puniſh'd than theſe Hypocrites. Such was the Sentence of the three Infernal Judges, which was grounded upon this: Becauſe the Hyporites not thinking it enough to be bad Men like the reſt of the Wicked, would paſs for good Men, and ſo by their counterfeit Virtue they are the Cauſe why People are afraid to truſt thoſe who are really virtuous. The Gods whom they mock'd, and whom they made deſpicable in the Eyes of Men, take Delight in exerciſing their whole Power to revenge ſuch Inſults.

Near to theſe appear'd another Sort of Men, whom the Vulgar do not believe to be very culpable, but whom the divine Vengeance puniſhes without Mercy. Theſe are the Ungrateful, the Lyars, the Flatterers who commend Vice, the malicious Cenſurers who endeavour to ſully the brighteſt Virtue; in fine, thoſe who have raſhly paſs'd Sentence without thoroughly conſidering the Merit of Things, and thereby have prejudic'd the Reputation of the Innocent.

But of all Ingratitudes, that which was puniſh'd as the blackeſt, is that which is committed againſt the Gods. What, ſays *Minos*, ſhall a Man be reputed a Monſter,

(*c*) There were great Numbers of 'em, becauſe there is no one Vice more common than that which covers itſelf with a Veil of Religion; nothing that more frequently cozens Mankind, than a falſe Virtue. The moſt virtuous of all Men, ſays *Plato*, is he that contents himſelf with being good, without ſeeking to appear ſo; the moſt culpable of all Men, he that ſeeks his Felicity in Vice, and his Glory in the falſe Appearances of Virtue.

that

that fails in his Acknowledgments to his Father or to his Friend, from whom he has receiv'd ſome Aſſiſtance; and ſhall Men glory in their Ingratitude towards the Gods, of whom they hold their Life, and all the Benefits belonging to it! Do they not owe their Being to them more than to the Parents of whom they are born? And the more ſuch Crimes are tolerated and excuſed upon Earth, the more they become Objects of implacable Vengeance here below, where nothing can eſcape the Teſt.

Telemachus, ſeeing the three Judges ſitting and paſſing Sentence upon a Man, took the Liberty to ask them what were his Crimes. The Criminal immediately taking upon himſelf to anſwer, cry'd out; I never did the leaſt Evil; on the contrary, I plac'd the greateſt Pleaſure in doing Good: I have been always generous, liberal, juſt, compaſſionate; What have they then to charge me with? To which *Minos* anſwer'd: We have nothing to accuſe thee of with reſpect to Men, but didſt thou not owe to them far leſs than to the Gods! Where is then that Juſtice thou ſo much bragg'ſt of: Thou haſt fail'd in no Duty towards Men, who are nothing; thou haſt been virtuous, (*d*) but thou haſt referr'd all thy Virtue to thyſelf, and not to the Gods who gave it thee; for thou hadſt a Mind to enjoy the Fruits of thy own proper Virtue, and made it center in thyſelf: Thou haſt been thy own Deity; but the Gods, who were the Creators of all Things, and who have made nothing but for themſelves, cannot renounce their Rights; as thou didſt forget them, they will forget thee, and ſurrender thee up to thyſelf; ſince for thyſelf thou liv'dſt, and not for them, find now, if thou canſt, Conſolation in thy own Heart: Thou art now for-ever ſeparated from the Company of Men, whom thou didſt ſtudy ſo much to pleaſe; thou art now alone

(*d*) All that Philoſophy pretends to, is to cure one Vice by another. The greateſt Actions, when they are not animated by Religion, have no other Principle than Pride, and conſequently they are poiſon'd by the Root which produces them.

with thyſelf, thy own Idol: Know that there is no true Virtue without the Reverence and the Love of the Gods, to whom every Thing is due. Thy falſe Virtue, which has ſo long dazzled the Eyes of credulous Mankind, ſhall be now laid open and put to Confuſion: Such Men as judge of Virtue and Vice, only with reſpect to their own Conveniency or Inconveniency, are blind both as to Good and Evil; but in this Place a divine Light overthrows all their ſuperficial Opinions, often condemning what they admire, and juſtifying what they condemn.

And now the Philoſopher, as if he had been Thunder-ſtruck, could no longer endure himſelf; the Complacency (*e*) with which he formerly contemplated his own Moderation, Courage, and Generoſity, were now turn'd into Deſpair; the Review of his own Heart, which had been ſo great an Enemy to the Gods, became his Puniſhment: He ſees himſelf, and, ſpite of all he can do, is not able to turn his Eyes from the hateful Object: He now ſees the Vanity of the Eſteem of Men, whom in all his Actions he had endeavour'd to pleaſe: There is an univerſal Revolution of every Thing within him, as if all his Entrails were turn'd upſide down; he is not now the Man he was before; his Heart no longer affords him Support or Comfort; his Conſcience, whoſe Teſtimony was formerly ſo pleaſing to him, flies in his Face, and terribly upbraids him with the Deceit and Illuſion of all his Virtues, which had not the Honour of the Gods either for their Principle or their End. He is troubled, diſorder'd, fill'd with Shame, Remorſe, and Deſpair: The Furies indeed do not exerciſe their Rage upon him, but let him alone, that he might be his own Tormentor,

(*e*) It is well known to what a monſtrous Pitch the Philoſophers were wont to carry their Pride. *You may ask the Gods for outward Goods, ſuch as Health and Riches*, ſaid they to the People; *but as to the moſt valuable of all Goods, namely, Virtue, you muſt look for it within yourſelves.* Thus wou'd they talk; but could they have read what was written in their own Hearts, they wou'd have argued much better on Man's Weakneſs.

and

and his own Heart ſufficiently avenges the Gods whom he had deſpis'd: Since he cannot hide himſelf from himſelf, he ſeeks the darkeſt Places to hide himſelf from others: He courts the Shades of Obſcurity, but cannot find them; perſecuting Light follows him every where; every where the piercing Rays of Truth revenge his Contempt of her: What he lov'd formerly, now becomes lothſome to him, as being the Source of his Miſeries, which are never to have an End. He ſays to himſelf: Fool that I am, I have neither known the Gods, nor Mankind, nor myſelf: No, I have been ignorant of every Thing, ſince I never lov'd the only and true Good: Every Step I took was wrong; my Wiſdom was nothing but Folly, and my Virtue nothing but an impious and deluded Pride; for I idoliz'd nothing but myſelf.

Then *Telemachus* took notice of thoſe Kings that were puniſh'd for having abus'd their Power. On one Hand a vindictive Fury holds up to them a Mirror, which repreſented to them all their Vices in their full Deformity: There they ſaw, and were forced to ſee, their fulſome Vanity, that greedily ſwallow'd down the groſſeſt Flattery; their Obduracy towards Men, for whoſe Benefit they were born; their Inſenſibility to Virtue; their Dread to hear the Truth; their Love to baſe Men and Flatterers; their Inapplication, their Effeminacy, their Sloth, their undeſerved miſplaced Jealouſy; their Pride, their exceſſive Pomp built upon the Ruin of their People; their Ambition to purchaſe a little Vain-Glory with the Blood of their Subjects: In fine, their Cruelty, which every Day hunts out for new Pleaſures amidſt the Tears and Diſtreſſes of ſo many unhappy Wretches.

In this Mirror they inceſſantly behold themſelves. They find themſelves more horrible and monſtrous than the Chimera that was vanquiſh'd by *Bellerophon*, or the *Lernæan Hydra* which was deſtroy'd by *Hercules*, or than *Cerberus* himſelf, tho' he diſgorges from his three hideous Throats a black and venomous Gore, capable to infect the whole Race of Mortals living on Earth, with poiſonous Exhalations.

At the ſame Time, on the other Hand, another Fury did inſultingly repeat to them the Encomiums that their Flatterers had beſtow on them while alive, and preſented to them another Mirror, wherein they ſaw themſelves under the ſame Repreſentations as Flattery had deſcrib'd them. The Oppoſition of theſe ſo contrary Portraits was the Puniſhment of their Vanity. It was found that the moſt wicked of theſe Kings were ſuch, as during their Life had receiv'd the moſt exalted Praiſes; becauſe the Bad are more dreaded than the Good, and ſhamefully exact the ſordid and nauſeous Flatteries of the (*f*) Poets and Orators of their Time. You might hear them groan in theſe dark Caverns, where they can ſee nothing but the Mockings and Inſults which they are oblig'd to ſuffer. They have none about them but ſuch as repulſe, contradict, and oppoſe them; whereas on Earth they ſported themſelves with the Lives of Men, and pretended that all Things were made for themſelves alone. In *Tartarus* they are deliver'd over to the capricious Humours of certain Slaves, who make them feel, in their Turn, the Severities of a cruel Bondage: Their Slavery is painful, nor have they the leaſt Hopes of its ever being otherwiſe: Under the Laſh of thoſe Slaves, now become their mercileſs Tyrants, they ſeem like the Anvil beneath the Hammers of the *Cyclopes*, when *Vulcan* ſtands over them to make them work in the glowing Furnaces of Mount *Ætna*.

There *Telemachus* perceiv'd pale, hideous, and melancholy Countenances, occaſion'd by gnawing Grief, which the Criminals felt within themſelves; they abhor themſelves, nor can they any more ſhake off this Horror than their own very Nature. They need no other Puniſhment

(*f*) The Poets may ſet as high a Value as they pleaſe upon their Incenſe, and give themſelves out to be the Diſpenſers of true Glory: But in the Name of Wonder how can Poetry, the Daughter of Error and Fiction, poſſibly eſtabliſh a ſolid Reputation? Let us not therefore be ſurpriz'd if Great Men are grown weary of purchaſing the Incenſe of the Poets, and reject their nauſeous Perfumes.

for

for their Crimes than their Crimes themſelves, which inceſſantly ſtare them in the Face, with all their moſt aggravating Circumſtances: They preſent themſelves to them like horrible Apparitions; they purſue them, whilſt thoſe who are purſued, in order to ſecure themſelves, call for a Death more powerful than that which ſeparated them from their Bodies.

In the Height of their Deſpair they court a Death that may extinguiſh in them all Senſe and Thought. They call upon the Deep to ſwallow them up, that they may be reſcued from the avenging Beams of Truth, which perſecutes them; but all to no Purpoſe, for they are reſerv'd for a Vengeance which diſtils upon them Drop by Drop, and will never be dry'd up. The Truth, which they dreaded to ſee, now becomes their Puniſhment; they ſee it indeed, but they ſee it only flying in their Face: The Sight of it pierces them, tears them, tears them from themſelves: 'Tis like the Lightning, which without deſtroying the Outſide, penetrates to the inmoſt Parts of the Bowels. Like to Metal in a flaming Furnace, the Soul is as it were melted in this avenging Fire; its Texture is deſtroy'd by it, and yet there is nothing conſum'd; it diſſolves even the very firſt Principles of Life, and yet 'tis impoſſible for them to die: They are torn from themſelves, and can find neither Eaſe nor Comfort for the leaſt Moment: They ſubſiſt only by their Rage againſt themſelves, and by a Deſpair which makes them furious.

Among theſe Objects, which made *Telemachus*'s Hair ſtand erect, he ſaw ſeveral of the antient Kings of *Lydia* puniſh'd for having prefer'd Indolence to Activity, which ought to be inſeparable from Royalty, for the Eaſe of the People.

Theſe Kings reproach'd each other for their Folly and Stupidity. One of them ſaid to another, who had been his Son, Did I not often recommend to you, when I was old and ſinking to my Grave, to take care to redreſs thoſe Miſchiefs which I had committed thro' Negligence? The Son reply'd, O unfortunate Father, 'tis you that

have ruin'd me; 'twas by your Example I grew acquainted with Pride, Arrogance, Luſt, and Cruelty. While I ſaw you reign in ſo indolent a manner amidſt a Crew of Sycophants, I habituated myſelf to the Love of Flattery and Pleaſure: I thought the reſt of Men were, in reſpect of Kings, what Horſes and other brute Beaſts are in regard to Men; that is to ſay, no otherwiſe thought of, than as they are ſerviceable, and miniſter to our Conveniency: This was my Opinion, and it was from you I deriv'd it, and now I endure all theſe Miſeries for following your Example. To theſe Reproaches they added the moſt dreadful Curſings, and fell into ſuch bitter Paſſions, that they ſeem'd to be ready to tear one another piece-meal.

Around theſe Kings there likewiſe hover'd, like Owls in the Night-time, cruel Suſpicions, vain Alarms, Diffidences which revenge Subjects upon their inhuman Kings, inſatiable Thirſt of Riches, a falſe Glory that is ever tyrannical, and vile Effeminacy which doubles all the Evils one ſuffers, without ever being able to give any ſolid Pleaſure.

Many of theſe Kings were ſeverely puniſh'd, not for the Ill they had done, but for the Good they ought to have done: All the Crimes of the People, which proceed from Remiſſneſs in executing the Laws, were imputed to their Kings, who ought to reign for no other End but to make the Laws reign thro' their Means. They were likewiſe charged with all the Diſorders which ariſe from Pride, Luxury, and all other Exceſſes, which throw Men into a State of Violence, and occaſion them to deſpiſe the Laws, ſo they may acquire Wealth. Above all, thoſe Kings were treated with great Rigour, who, inſtead of being good and vigilant Shepherds over the People, thought of nothing but how to worry their Flocks like ſo many voracious Wolves.

But that which moſt troubled and ſurprized *Telemachus*, was to ſee in this Abyſs of Darkneſs and Miſery a great many Kings who had paſs'd on Earth for tolerable good Princes, now condemn'd to the Pains of *Tartarus*, for ſuffering

ſuffering themſelves to be over-rul'd by wicked and deſigning Men: Theſe were puniſhed for the Evils which they had given way to, and ſuffer'd to be committed by their Authority. Moſt of theſe Kings were neither good nor bad, ſo great had been their Weakneſs. They never had dreaded being kept in Ignorance of the Truth; they never had a Reliſh for Virtue, nor took Pleaſure in doing Good.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XIX.

The ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS *enters the* Elysian *Fields, where he is known again by his Great Grandfather* Arcesius, *who assures him, that* Ulysses *is still alive, that he shall see him again at* Ithaca, *and reign there after him.* Arcesius *gives him a Description of the Felicity enjoyed by good Men: And above all, by those good Kings, who, during their Life-Time, had served the Gods, and been the Happiness of the People they governed: He makes him take notice, that the Heroes, who have only excelled in the Art of War, are in a Place by themselves, and in a far less Degree happy. He gives some Instructions to* Telemachus; *and then this latter departs, to return with Speed to the Camp of the Allies.*

NO

NO ſooner had *Telemachus* got out of this Place, but he felt himſelf as much eaſed as if a huge Mountain had been removed off his Breaſt: By this Change he was convinced of the Miſery of thoſe who are ſhut up therein, without being ever releaſed: He ſhivered with Horror in obſerving how much Kings were more grievouſly tormented than other Criminals. What, ſaid he, ſo many Duties, ſo many Perils, ſo many Snares, ſo many Difficulties in coming at the Truth, to guard againſt others, and againſt one's ſelf too, and at laſt ſo many horrible Tortures in Hell, after having been ſo envy'd, ſo worry'd, and ſo thwarted in a ſhort Courſe of Life! Oh how ſtupid is he that courts a Crown! Happy he who takes up with a private peaceable Manner of Life, wherein he may with more Eaſe be virtuous.

In making theſe Reflections, his Mind was troubled and diſordered, he trembled with Fear, and was brought under a Conſternation which made him feel ſomething of that Deſpair thoſe miſerable Princes ſuffered, whoſe wretched Condition he had been viewing. But the farther he made off from this melancholy Territory of Darkneſs, Horror, and Deſpair, his Courage began gradually to revive; he breathed anew in proportion as he went forward, and now began to perceive at a Diſtance that kindly and pure Light which ſtreamed from the Manſions of the Heroes.

Here reſided all thoſe virtuous Kings, who till that Time had governed Mankind with Prudence. They were ſeparated from other good Men. As wicked Princes were infinitely more ſeverely puniſhed in *Tartarus* than thoſe of inferior Condition, ſo theſe good Kings enjoyed in the *Elyſian* Fields, a Happineſs infinitely exceeding that of the reſt of Mankind who had devoted themſelves to Virtue when upon Earth.

Telemachus advances towards theſe Kings, who were ſolacing themſelves in odoriferous Groves on the ever-freſh and flowery Green: A thouſand little Rivulets watered this beauteous Place with a Cryſtal Stream, which diffuſed

diffuſed a delicious Freſhneſs all around: An infinite Number of pretty Birds made theſe Groves reſound with their melodious Chanting: Here were ſeen at once the Flowers of the Spring riſing up beneath the Feet, and the richeſt Fruits of Autumn hanging on the Trees over Head: Here was never felt the ſcorching Heat of the furious Dog-Star, nor durſt the bleak North-Winds dare to breathe forth the Rigours of Winter. Neither War that thirſts after Blood, nor cruel Envy that bites with an envenomed Tooth, and bears twiſted Vipers in her Boſom and wreathed around her Arms, nor Jealouſies, Diſtruſts, Fears, nor vain Deſires, did ever approach this bleſſed Manſion of Peace: Here the Day knows no End, and the Night with her ſable Veil is utterly unknown; an unalloy'd agreeable Light ſpreads itſelf round the Bodies of theſe righteous Men, and with its Beams inveſts them like a Garment. This Light is not like that dusky one which illuminates the Eyes of miſerable Mortals, and which, compared to this, is no better than Darkneſs: It is rather a celeſtial Glory than a Light, for it penetrates more ſubtilly the thickeſt Bodies, than the Beams of the Sun can pierce the pureſt Cryſtal; yet it never dazzles, but, on the contrary, ſtrengthens the Eyes, (*a*) and conveys to the inmoſt Receſſes of the Soul an inexpreſſible Serenity. It is this alone that nouriſhes thoſe bleſſed Men; it iſſues out of them, and goes back into them; it penetrates them, and incorporates itſelf with them, as Food with us: They ſee it, they feel it, they breathe it; it cauſes an inexhauſtible Fountain of Peace and Joy to ſpring up in their Souls: They plunge into this Abyſs of

(*a*) It is from the ſacred Penmen, that M. *de Cambray* has extracted theſe noble Ideas which ſo well expreſs the Happineſs of juſt Men. We are not to wonder if his Deſcription is ſo much ſuperior to that of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets. The ſacred Writings preſent, to ſuch as underſtand and reliſh them, the moſt finiſhed Patterns of Poetry and Eloquence. The *Greeks* were not the Inventors of thoſe Arts; they only laid down Rules for the attaining them, but which will never be ſufficient to form either a perfect Poet, or a complete Orator.

Joy

Joy as Fiſhes into the Sea; they no longer deſire any thing; they have all things without having any thing, for the Reliſh of this pure Light ſatisfies the Hunger of their Souls. Their utmoſt Wiſhes are gratified, and their Plenitude raiſes them above all that empty hungry Minds court upon Earth: All the Pleaſures that ſurround them are nothing to them, becauſe their conſummate Happineſs, which proceeds from within them, admits no Room for any Delights to enter from without. They are like the Gods, who, repleniſhed with *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*, would reject and nauſeate thoſe groſs Meats which the moſt exquiſite Table of Mortals could ſet before them. Every thing that is evil flies far away from theſe calm Abodes: Death, Sickneſs, Poverty, Pain, Lamentations, Remorſes, Fears, and even Hopes too (which often pain us as much as our very Fears) Diviſions, Diſguſts, and Vexations, can find no Acceſs here.

The lofty Mountains of *Thrace*, which, with their Brows covered with everlaſting Snow and Ice coeval with the World, do ſplit the Clouds, might ſooner be overturned from their Foundations, which are fixed in the Centre of the Earth, than the Hearts of theſe righteous Men be moved in the leaſt Degree; only they compaſſionate the Inhabitants of the Earth for the Miſeries that oppreſs them; but then it is ſuch a ſweet and calm kind of Compaſſion, as alters not in the leaſt their unchangeable Felicity. Eternal Youth, ever-during Happineſs, and all-divine Glory is impreſſed on their Countenances; but their Joy has nothing in it that is frothy or indecent: It is a gentle, noble, majeſtick Joy; it is a ſublime Taſte of Truth and Virtue that tranſports them; they are every Moment, without Interruption, ſeized with ſuch a Dilatation of Heart, as is felt by a tender Mother at the Sight of her beloved Son, whom ſhe had given over for dead: But this Rapture, which ſoon forſakes ſuch a Mother's Heart, never forſakes the Souls of theſe Men; it never decays in the leaſt, it is always freſh and new; they have the Tranſports of Inebriation, without the Diſorder and Stupefaction of it.

They

They diſcourſe together of what they ſee and taſte; they trample under Foot the fond Delights and vain Pomps of their former Conditions, which they deplore; they with Pleaſure reflect on thoſe ſad but ſhort Years, wherein they were obliged to ſtruggle againſt their own Inclinations, and the Torrent of corrupt Men, in order to become virtuous: They admire the Aſſiſtance of the Gods, who led them as it were by the Hand, in the Paths of Virtue, through a Multitude of Perils. Something unſpeakably divine runs inceſſantly through their Hearts, like a Flood of the divine Nature itſelf, which unites itſelf to them: They ſee, they feel that they are happy, and are ſenſible they ſhall always be ſo. They all ſing together the Praiſes of the Gods, and all of them together make but one Voice, one Thought, one Heart. One and the ſame Felicity makes it as it were a Flux and Reflux in theſe united Souls.

While they enjoy theſe divine Raptures, whole Ages glide away more ſwiftly than Hours do with Mortals here on Earth, and yet a thouſand and a thouſand Ages, when elapſed, do not detract the leaſt from their Felicity, which is always new, and always intire. They all reign together, not on ſuch Thrones as the Hand of Man can overturn, but in themſelves, with a Power that can never be ſhaken; for now they are no more concerned to make themſelves formidable, by a Power borrowed from a vile and miſerable People; no longer wear thoſe vain Diadems, beneath whoſe dazzling Luſtre lurk ſo many Fears and melancholy Cares. The Gods themſelves placed on their Heads ſuch Crowns whoſe Glory nothing can ever tarniſh.

Telemachus, who was in queſt of his Father, and was once afraid of finding him in theſe Regions, was ſo raviſhed with this Taſte of Peace and Felicity, that he could have wiſhed to have met him here, and was very much concerned that he himſelf ſhould be forced to return again into the Society of Mortals: Here it is, ſaid he, that true Life is to be found, and what on Earth is called Life is nothing but Death. But what ſurpriſed him

him was, his ſeeing ſo many Kings puniſhed in *Tartarus*, and ſo few bleſſed in the *Elyſian* Fields. This convinced him that there are few Kings who are firm and courageous enough to withſtand their own Power, and to reject the Flattery of ſo many Men who ſtudy to excite all their Paſſions; ſo that good Kings muſt needs be very rare, and the greateſt Part are ſo wicked, that the Gods would not be juſt, if when they have ſuffered them to abuſe their Power during their Life, they ſhould not chaſtiſe them after their Death.

Telemachus, not finding his Father *Ulyſſes* among theſe Kings, looked about him to ſee if he could find at leaſt his Grandfather the divine *Laertes*. Whilſt he was in vain doing this, a venerable majeſtick old Man made up to him. He did not look like one that on Earth is depreſſed with Age; it was only perceivable that he was old before he died; his Agedneſs was only a Mixture of all the Gravity of numerous Years, with all the Graces of Youth; for thoſe Graces revive, even in the moſt decrepid old Men, the Moment they enter into the *Elyſian* Fields. This Man advanced haſtily towards *Telemachus*, and looked upon him with all the Complacency imaginable, as on a Perſon who was very dear to him. *Telemachus*, not knowing him, began to be ſeized with Trouble and Surprize.

I forgive thy not knowing me, O my dear Son, ſaid the old Man to him: I am *Arceſius*, (*b*) Father of *Laertes*. I reſigned my Breath a little before *Ulyſſes* my Grandſon ſet out for the Siege of *Troy*: Thou wert then an Infant in thy Nurſe's Arms; I even then conceived great Hopes of thee, nor was I miſtaken, ſince I ſee thee deſcended into *Pluto*'s Kingdoms to ſearch for thy Father, and ſince the Gods are thy Support in this Enterprize. O happy Child! thou art favoured by the Gods, who are laying up for thee a Glory equal to thy Father's! O how

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happy

happy am I to ſee thee again! Seek no more *Ulyſſes* in theſe Regions; he is yet alive, reſerved to reſtore the Grandeur of our Family in the Iſle of *Ithaca*. Even *Laertes*, though he bends beneath the Weight of Years, yet ſtill enjoys the Light, and waits for his Son's coming to cloſe his Eyes. Thus Mortals paſs away like Flowers that blow in the Morning, and in the Evening are withered and trampled under Foot. The Generations of Men are as tranſient as the Waters of a Torrent; nothing can ſtop the Courſe of Time, which ſweeps away even ſuch Things as ſeem to be moſt immoveable. Thou, O my Son, my dear Son, even thou, who now enjoy'ſt a Youth ſo lively and ſo adapted for Pleaſure, forget not that this bright Part of thy Life is nothing but a Flower that is almoſt as ſoon withered as blown; thou wilt find thyſelf inſenſibly changed; the ſmiling Graces, the gentle Joys, which now accompany thee, Strength, Health, and Jollity, will vaniſh like a delightful Dream, and will leave behind them nothing but their ſad Remembrance. Languid old Age, that Enemy of Pleaſure, will wrinkle thy Brow, bend thy Body double, weaken thy trembling Limbs, dry up in thy Heart the Source of Joy, make thee diſreliſh what is preſent, and dread what is to come, and kill in thee a Senſe of every Thing but Pain and Sorrow. This Time ſeems to thee diſtant and remote; but, alas! my Son, thou art deceived; it haſtens on apace, and will ſoon reach thee: That which advances with ſo much Rapidity cannot be far from thee; Time is always upon the Wing; nay the preſent Time is already gone far away, ſince it is annihilated in the Moment we are ſpeaking, and can come near us no more. Never, therefore, O my Son, rely on the preſent, but let the Proſpect of Futurity ſupport thee in the rough uneven Path of Virtue. Prepare thyſelf by a rectified Morality, and the Love of Juſtice, for a Place in the happy Seat of Peace. At length, nor ſhall the Time be long, thou ſhalt again ſee thy Father re-inſtated on the Throne of *Ithaca*. Thou art born to reign after him: Thou art born to reign, but, alas! O my Son, how deceitful a Thing is Royalty! If

you

you look on it afar off, you ſee nothing but Authority, Grandeur, and Pleaſure: But if you approach near to it, it is full of Thorns and Difficulties. A private Man may, without Diſgrace, lead a calm obſcure Life; but a King cannot, without Reproach, prefer an eaſy unactive Life to the painful Offices of Government; he owes himſelf to the Nation he governs, and is not allowed to be at his own Diſpoſal; his leaſt Slips are of infinite (c) Conſequence, becauſe they occaſion national Miſeries, and that ſometimes for ſeveral Ages. He ought to quell the Audaciouſneſs of wicked Men, ſupport Innocence, and diſcountenance Calumny. 'Tis not enough for him to do no Ill; he muſt do all the poſſible Good that his People ſtand in need of. 'Tis not enough for him to do good for his own Part; he muſt likewiſe prevent all the Miſchiefs others would do, were they not reſtrained. Let ſo perilous a Condition therefore, O my Son, be the Object of thy Fear: Be armed with Courage againſt thyſelf, againſt thy Paſſions, and againſt Flatterers.

Arceſius, as he ſpoke theſe Words, ſeemed poſſeſſed with a divine Flame, and carried a Countenance full of Compaſſion for the Miſeries that are concomitant with Royalty. The kingly Condition, ſaid he, if aſſumed for the gratifying a Man's own ſelf, is a monſtrous Tyranny; if accepted to fulfil the Duties that belong to it, and to conduct a numerous People, as a Father guides his Children, 'tis a laborious Servitude that requires heroick Courage and Patience. On the other hand, 'tis certain, thoſe who have reigned with an untainted Virtue, are here in Poſſeſſion of all that the Gods can poſſibly beſtow to render their Happineſs conſummate.

While *Arceſius* was laying himſelf out in this Manner, his Words ſunk deep into *Telemachus*'s Heart, and were impreſſed therein like thoſe indelible Figures which an able Artiſt graves in Braſs, in order to tranſmit them

(c) It is no Wonder to ſee the ſame Touches of Morality ſo often repeated by the Archbiſhop. Every thing here is conſecrated to the Inſtruction of his royal Pupil, and it is in that Point of View that we are to look upon this Poem.

down

down to the moſt remote Poſterity. His ſage Diſcourſe was like a ſubtile Flame that pierc'd into the very Bowels of the young *Telemachus*, whoſe Heart ſeem'd to melt thro' a ſupernatural Operation. That which lodged in the moſt intimate Receſſes of his Soul, ſecretly conſum'd him; he could neither contain it, nor ſupport it, nor reſiſt ſo violent an Impreſſion; it was a quick and bewitching kind of Pain, a lively and delightful Senſation, mix'd with a ſort of Torment capable of depriving one of Life.

At length, *Telemachus* began to breathe more freely: He perceiv'd in the Countenance of *Arceſius* a great Reſemblance of *Laertes*; he thought too that he remember'd, tho' imperfectly, in his Father *Ulyſſes* the ſame kind of Lineaments, when he ſet out for *Troy*.

This Reſemblance melted down his Heart, ſo that his Eyes ſtarted with Tears of Joy; he would needs embrace a Perſon ſo dear to him, and ſeveral Times he attempted it, but in vain; the empty Shadow ſtill mock'd his ſtraining Arms, juſt as a deluſive Dream flies from a Man when he thinks he has it faſt: One while the Dreamer's thirſty Mouth purſues a fugitive Stream: Another while his Lips move themſelves to form Words which his ſtiffen'd Tongue cannot utter: He eagerly reaches out his Hand, and catches nothing. Thus fares it with *Telemachus*, who cannot gratify the ardent Longings of his Soul; he ſee *Arceſius*, hears him, ſpeaks to him, but cannot touch him: At length he aſks him who thoſe Men are that ſtand round him.

They are, my Son, ſaid the grave old Man, ſuch Perſons as have been the Ornament of the Age they liv'd in, the Glory and Happineſs of Mankind. Thou ſeeſt the few Kings who have been truly worthy of Royalty, and have faithfully diſcharged the Function of Gods upon Earth. Thoſe others whom thou ſeeſt not far from them, but parted by that ſmall Cloud, enjoy a far leſs Degree of Glory: Thoſe, indeed, are Heroes; but the Recompence of their Valour and military Expeditions is not to be compared with that of wiſe, juſt, and beneficent Princes.

Among

Among thoſe Heroes thou beholdeſt *Theſeus*, who wears a Sort of Sadneſs on his Brow: He was ſo unhappy (*d*) as to rely too much upon an artful Woman, and is ſtill afflicted for having ſo unjuſtly begged of *Neptune* the cruel Death of his Son *Hippolitus*. Happy had it been for him if he had not been ſo eaſily tranſported by his cholerick Diſpoſition! Thou alſo ſeeſt *Achilles* leaning on his Spear, by reaſon of the Wound which the lewd *Paris* gave him on his Heel, and which was the Cauſe of his Death. Had he been as wiſe, juſt, and moderate as he was fearleſs, the Gods would have granted him a long Reign; but they were compaſſionate to the *Phthiotes* and the *Dolopes*, whoſe King he was to have been, had he, according to the Courſe of Nature, ſurviv'd his Father *Peleus*; the Gods were unwilling to deliver over ſo many People to the Mercy of a hot-brain'd Man, more eaſily provok'd than the moſt unquiet Sea is to be mov'd by a ſudden Storm. The fatal Siſters cut ſhort his Thread of Life, and he was like a half-blown Flower mow'd down by a Plough-Share, and which falls before the End of the Day that gave it Birth. The Gods were willing to uſe him only as they do Torrents and Tempeſts, to puniſh Men for their Crimes: They employ'd *Achilles* to demoliſh the Walls of *Troy*, revenge the Perjury of *Laomedon*, and chaſtiſe the unlawful Amours of *Paris*: After having thus made uſe of him as the Inſtrument of their Vengeance, they were appeaſed: They were inexorable to the Tears of *Thetis*, and refus'd to ſuffer that young Hero any longer on the Earth, who was fit for nothing but to diſturb Mankind, and to overthrow Cities and Kingdoms.

But doſt thou obſerve that other Perſon who looks ſo ſternly? 'Tis *Ajax*, the Son of *Telamon*, and Couſin of *Achilles*: Doubtleſs you are not to be inform'd what Glory he acquired in Battle. After the Death of

(*d*) Nothing ſo common in Hiſtory as Princes being govern'd by their Miſtreſſes. It would be a much harder Thing to find any of them ſo weak as to be governed by their Wives.

Achilles,

Achilles, he pretended that his Armour ought not to (*e*) be beſtow'd on any but himſelf: Thy Father did not think fit to yield him up that Advantage, and the *Greeks* adjudg'd them to *Ulyſſes*. *Ajax*, upon this, kill'd himſelf in Deſpair: Rage and Indignation are ſtill legible in his Face: Do not go near him, my Son, for he would think you had a Mind to inſult him on account of his Misfortune, for which he ought juſtly to be pity'd. Doſt thou not obſerve that he looks at us with Uneaſineſs, and is juſt now hurrying away into the gloomy Grove, becauſe he hates to ſee us? He on the other Side, is *Hector*, who had been invincible, if the Son of *Thetis* had not been in the World at the ſame Time. But take notice there of *Agamemnon*, who ſtill carries upon him the Marks of *Clytemneſtra*'s Diſloyalty and Treachery. O, my Son, I tremble to think of the Misfortunes of the impious *Tantalus*'s Family. The Diviſion of the two Brothers, *Atreus* and *Thyeſtes*, fill'd that Houſe with Horror and Blood. Alas! How many Crimes does but one Crime draw after it! *Agamemnon*, when he return'd at the Head of the *Greeks* from the Siege of *Troy*, had not Time to enjoy in Peace the Glory he acquir'd in War: And this is the common Deſtiny of almoſt all Conquerors. All the Men whom thou ſeeſt yonder, have been formidable in War, but they were not amiable or virtuous, and therefore are admitted only to the ſecond Manſion of the *Elyſian* Fields. (*f*)

(*e*) *Ajax* had a much better Pretence to that Armour, for he had deſerved it much more then *Ulyſſes* had done; but *Ulyſſes* knew better than he how to apply for it. And hence we may ſee, ſays *Ovid*, what Eloquence can do, and how much more Strength it has than Valour.

(*f*) Good Kings, and victorious Kings, are too unlike each other to be mingled together in the *Elyſian* Fields. The Author therefore took particular Care to place them in ſeperate Manſions; and had he not been afraid to contradict Fable, he had left in the diſmal Regions of *Tartarus* many a Demi-God.

As

As for thoſe others, who have reign'd with Juſtice, and have had a tender Love for their People, they are the Favourites of the Gods. While *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, full of their Quarrels and Battle, do ſtill even here retain their unquiet Diſpoſition and natural Infirmities; while they in vain regret the (*g*) Life they have loſt, and teize themſelves with the Thoughts of their being now only impotent and vain Shadows; thoſe juſt Kings, being purify'd by the Divine Light which feeds 'em, have nothing more to deſire to make them happy; with the Eyes of Compaſſion they behold the Reſtleſſneſs of Mortals; and the great Deſigns which worry the Thoughts of ambitious Men, appear to them like the Plays of Children; their Hearts are repleniſh'd with Truth and Virtue, which they imbibe at the Fountain-Head: They have nothing more to ſuffer, either from others or themſelves: No more Appetites, no more Neceſſities, no more Fears. Every Thing is at an End with them, except their Joy, which is endleſs.

Obſerve, my Son, that ancient King *Inachus*, who founded the Kingdom of *Argos*: Thou ſeeſt how mild, and yet how majeſtic he appears, notwithſtanding his old Age. Flowers grow beneath his Feet, and his light Tread reſembles the Flight of a Bird: He holds in his Hand an ivory Harp, and with eternal Raptures ſings the wonderful Works of the Gods: From his Heart and his Mouth breathes forth an exquiſite Odour: The Melody of his Lyre and Voice were enough to raviſh the Gods as well as Men; he is thus rewarded for the tender Affection he bore to the People, whom he aſſembled

(*g*) In the eleventh Book of the Odyſſey, *Ulyſſes* being deſcended to the infernal Regions, addreſſes himſelf thus to *Achilles*'s Shade. *O Son of Peleus, the Greeks, while you were upon the Earth, rever'd you as a God: Doubtleſs you maintain the ſame Preeminence among the Dead, and therefore can have no Cauſe to lament the Loſs of Life. I had much rather live a Slave to the pooreſt Plowman upon Earth,* reply'd *Achilles, than be a Commander over all the moſt illuſtrious Dead.* [A living Dog is better than a dead Lion.]

within

within the Compaſs of his new Walls, and whoſe Legiſlator he was.

On the other Side you may ſee among thoſe Myrtles, *Ægyptian Cecrops*, the firſt King of *Athens*, a City conſecrated to that wiſe Goddeſs whoſe Name it bears. *Cecrops* brought beneficial Laws from *Ægypt*, a Country which has been to *Greece* the Source both of Literature and Morality. He refin'd and ſoften'd the rude unciviliz'd Inhabitants of the *Attic* Villages, and united them by the Bands of Society. He was conſpicuous for Juſtice, Humanity, and a ſympathizing Compaſſionateneſs: He left his People in great Proſperity and Affluence, and his own Family but in a State of Mediocrity; he was not willing his Children ſhould ſucceed him in his Authority, becauſe he judg'd there were others more deſerving of it.

I muſt not omit to ſhew thee *Erychon* in that little Valley; he invented the Uſe (*b*) of Silver for Money; he did it with a Deſign to facilitate Commerce among the Iſlands of *Greece*; but he foreſaw the Inconveniency conſequent to his Invention. Apply yourſelves (ſaid he to the People) to multiply at your own Homes the Riches of Nature, which are the true Riches: Cultivate and improve the Earth, that you may have Plenty of Corn, Wine, Oil, and Fruits. Get innumerable Flocks, that may feed you with their Milk, and clothe you with their Wool; and by this Means you need never fear falling into Poverty: The more Children you have, the richer you will be, provided you breed them up to Labour and Induſtry! for the Earth is inexhauſtible, and augments her Fruitfulneſs in proportion to the Number of her Inhabitants who are diligent to manure her: She bountifully rewards the Labour of all ſuch; whereas ſhe is

(*b*) Gold and Silver of themſelves, do not ſatisfy any of our real Neceſſities, and therefore cannot be ranked in the Number of *true* Riches: But yet by theſe *imaginary* Riches it is that we acquire *true* ones. And this is what gives to theſe Metals ſo much Power over the Minds and Hearts of Mankind.

ſparing

ſparing and reſerved to them who are negligent in her Culture. Endeavour therefore principally to acquire this true Wealth, which is ſufficient to anſwer all the real Calls of Mankind. As for coin'd Money, it ought not to be valu'd any farther than as it is ſubſervient to the carrying on ſuch Wars as you are unavoidably engag'd in abroad, or in the Way of Commerce for purchaſing ſuch neceſſary Commodities as are wanting in your own Country; and it were to be wiſh'd that there were no longer in the World any Trafficking for ſuch Things as ſerve only to keep up Luxury, Vanity, and Diſſolution. The ſage *Erycthon* would often ſay to them, My dear Children, I fear I have made you a fatal Preſent, in imparting to you the Invention of Money: I foreſee it will excite Avarice, Ambition, Pomp; that it will encourage an infinite Number of pernicious Arts, whoſe Tendency is only to corrupt and debauch good Manners; that it will not put you out of Conceit with that happy Simplicity which makes your Lives ſo very quiet and ſecure; in fine, that it will breed in you a Contempt for Agriculture, which is the Baſis of human Life, and the Source of all ſubſtantial Riches. But the Gods are my Witneſſes, that I meant well when I beſtowed this Invention on you, which in itſelf is uſeful. But at length, when *Erycton* found that Money corrupted the People, as he foreboded it would, he for Grief retired to a ſolitary Mountain, where he liv'd a poor ſequeſter'd Life, 'till he became extreme old, nor would he concern himſelf in the Government of the Cities.

Not long after him there appear'd in *Greece* the famous *Triptolemus*, whom *Ceres* had taught the Art of Tilling the Ground, and covering it every Year with Golden Grain. Not but that Men were before this acquainted with the Method of multiplying Corn by ſowing it; but they knew not the Art of Huſbandry to that Perfection, 'till *Triptolemus*, (*i*) ſent by *Ceres*, came with a

(*i*) 'Twas he that taught the *Athenians* Agriculture, and from *Athens* it was that that Art ſpread itſelf all over *Greece*.

a Plough in his Hand to offer the Goddeſs's Favours to all thoſe People who had Courage enough to overcome their natural Lazineſs, and addict themſelves to aſſiduous Labour. Soon did *Triptolemus* teach the *Greeks* to cleave the Earth, and to fertilize her by breaking up her Boſom into Furrows: Soon did the ardent indefatigable Reapers employ their ſharp Shickles upon the yellow Ears that wav'd throughout the ſpacious Fields: Even the wild and barbarous People, that wander'd here and there in the Foreſts of *Epirus* and *Etolia*, ſeeking Acrons for their Food, became civiliz'd, ſoften'd their rugged Manners, and ſubmitted to Laws, when they had learnt the Way of making Corn to grow, and of baking Bread. *Triptolemus* made the *Greeks* feel the Pleaſure of owing their Riches to nothing but their own Labour; and of finding in their own Fields whatever was neceſſary to render their Lives commodious and happy. This plain and innocent Affluence, inſeparable from Huſbandry, brought to their Minds the ſage Counſels of *Erycthon*; ſo that they contemn'd Money and all artificial Riches, which are no otherwiſe Riches than as they become ſo by Mens Fancies, tempting them to ſeek for dangerous Pleaſures, and diverting them from Labour, wherein they would find all that is ſubſtantially good, together with Purity of Manners, in the full Enjoyment of Liberty. They then were entirely convinced, that a fruitful and well-till'd Field is the true Treaſure of a Family that is wiſe enough to be content to live frugally, as their Fathers did before them. Well had it been for the *Greeks*, had they continued firm to the Maxims ſo adapted to render them powerful, free, happy, and worthy to be ſo by a ſolid Virtue! But alas! they begin to admire falſe Riches, and gradually neglect the true, and degenerate from this wondrous Simplicity we have been ſpeaking of. O my Son! thou ſhalt one Day fill a

Greece. This Tradition had taken ſuch Root among the *Greeks*, that all Cities and Towns of that Country made it a Matter of Religion to ſend the firſt of their Fruits to *Athens*.

Throne;

Throne; then remember to bring Men back to the Exerciſe of Huſbandry, to honour that Art, to make Things eaſy to thoſe who apply themſelves to it, and neither to ſuffer the People to live idly, nor to ſpend their Time in thoſe deſtructive Arts which foment Luxury and Sloth. Thoſe two Men who were ſo wiſe when upon Earth, are here the Favourites of the Gods. Take notice, O my Son, that their Glory as far exceeds that of *Achilles* and the other Heroes, who have only been eminent in War, as the agreeable Spring is preferable to the frozen Winter, or the Luſtre of the Sun outſhines that of the Moon.

While *Arceſius* was thus ſpeaking, he obſerv'd that *Telemachus*'s Eyes were continually engag'd with looking on a little Grove of Laurel, planted near a Rivulet whoſe Banks were enamell'd with Violets, Roſes, Lillies, and other odoriferous Flowers, whoſe lively Colours reſembled thoſe of *Iris*, when ſhe deſcends from Heaven to Earth to bring ſome Meſſage from the Gods to mortal Men. It was the great King *Seſoſtris* whom *Telemachus* diſcern'd in that beauteous Place; he was inveſted with infinitely more Majeſty than when he ſat on the Throne of *Ægypt*. Gentle Emanations of Light ſtream'd from his Eyes, which dazzled thoſe of *Telemachus*: Had you ſeen him, you would have thought that he was inebriated with *Nectar*; ſo much had the Divine Spirit tranſported him above human Reaſon, as a Reward for his Virtues.

Said *Telemachus* to *Arceſius*, O my Father, that is *Seſoſtris*, I know him to be the wiſe King of *Ægypt*, whom I not long ago ſaw on Earth. It is true, reply'd *Arceſius*, and thou ſeeſt how largely the Gods remunerate virtuous Princes! But know that all this Felicity is nothing in Compariſon of what was deſign'd for him, if too great Proſperity had not made him forget the Rules of Moderation and Juſtice. His inordinate Deſire to humble the Inſolence and Pride of the *Tyrians*, prompted him to take their City. This made him deſirous to take others; he ſuffer'd himſelf to be ſeduc'd by the Vain-glo-

ry of Conquerors; he ſubdu'd, or rather plunder'd, all *Aſia*. At his Return into *Ægypt*, he found his Brother had ſeiz'd his Throne, and had by Violence repeal'd the wholſomeſt Laws of the Nation. Thus his great Conqueſts ſerv'd for nothing but to make his Kingdom unhappy. But what made him moſt inexcuſable was, that he grew giddy with his own Glory. He put the greateſt of the Kings he had conquer'd to draw his Chariot like Horſes. Afterwards he became ſenſible of his Fault, and was aſhamed of having been ſo inhuman. Such was the Fruit of his Victories. Theſe are the Miſchiefs Conquerors bring on their own States, (and on themſelves) while they go about to uſurp thoſe of their Neighbours: This is what eclips'd the Glory of a King otherwiſe ſo juſt and beneficent, and 'tis this that diminiſh'd the Happineſs which the Gods had prepar'd for him.

Doſt thou not ſee, O my Son, that other Perſon, whoſe Wound appears ſo glorious? 'Tis a King of *Caria*, *Dioclides* by Name, who ſacrific'd himſelf for his People's Good, in a Battle; becauſe the Oracle had declared, that in the War between the *Carians* and the *Lycians*, that Nation whoſe King ſhould fall ſhould be victorious.

There is likewiſe another whom I would have you take notice of; it is a wiſe Legiſlator, who having, for the Benefit of his Countrymen, fram'd ſuch Laws as were proper to render them virtuous and happy, made them ſwear they would never violate any of thoſe Laws during his Abſence; after which he left them, exiling himſelf voluntarily from his Country, (*k*) and dy'd poor in a ſtrange Land, to oblige his People, according to this Oath, for ever to obſerve thoſe uſeful Laws.

(*k*) That Prince was even more a Prince in his Exile than he had been upon a Throne. He did not abandon his People; he govern'd them by his Laws which he had left them before he departed, and which his Abſence forced them to obſerve. It is *Lycurgus*, of whom this generous Action is related.

That

That other Prince whom thou ſeeſt, is *Euneſimus*, King of the *Pylians*, and one of the Anceſtors of the ſage *Neſtor*. When the Earth was ravag'd by a Peſtilence, which ſent down to the Banks of *Acheron* Multitudes of crowding Ghoſts, he begg'd of the Gods that he might appeaſe their Wrath, and redeem by his own Death, ſo many thouſand innocent Men. The Gods granted his Requeſt, and provided for him here a truly Royal Grandeur, in Compariſon of which all the Pomps of the Earth are but ſo many vain Shadows.

That old Man whom thou ſeeſt crown'd with Garlands, is the famous *Belus*; he reign'd in *Ægypt*, and eſpous'd *Anchynoe*, the Daughter of the God *Nilus*, (*l*) who conceals the Source of his Stream, and enriches a mighty Tract of Land by his Inundations: He had two Sons; *Danaus*, whoſe Hiſtory thou art no Stranger to, and *Ægyptus*, who imparts his Name to that fine Country. *Belus* thought himſelf richer by the Plenty he procured his People, and the Love his Subjects bore to him, than by all the Tributes he could have impoſed on them. Theſe Men, whom you think dead, my Son, are alive; and that Life which Men miſerably drag upon Earth, is the only Death: It is only the Names of Things that are changed. May it pleaſe the Gods to render thee virtuous enough to merit this happy Life, which nothing can ever extinguiſh or diſturb! Haſte thee away; 'tis Time for thee to go and ſeek thy Father. Before thou findeſt him, alas, how much Bloodſhed ſhalt thou ſee! But then, what Glory waits thee in the Fields of *Heſperia!* Let not the Counſels of the ſage *Mentor* ever be out of thy Mind; and if thou followeſt them, thy Name ſhall be great among all Nations, and in all Ages.

(*l*) 'Tis certain that the Antients knew not the Source of the *Nile*; and it is to conform himſelf to their Notions, that a certain celebrated Sculptor repreſents that River-God with his Head muffled in a Veil.

He ſpoke, and preſently conducted *Telemachus* to the Ivory Gate, which leads out of the ſable Empire of *Pluto*. *Telemachus*, with Tears in his Eyes, left him, without being able to embrace him. Being come out of thoſe darkſome Regions, he haſten'd to the Camp of the Confederates, after having again join'd Company with two young *Cretans*, who went with him almoſt as far as the Cavern, and who deſpair'd of ever ſeeing him more.

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XX.

The ARGUMENT.

In the Aſſembly of the Leaders of the Army, Telemachus's *Advice is receiv'd, that they ſhould not ſurprize* Venuſium, *which was put in Truſt into the Hands of the* Lucanians, *by an Agreement between both Parties. He ſhews his Wiſdom in the Buſineſs of two Deſerters, whereof one, named* Acanthus, *had undertaken to poiſon him; and the other,* Dioſcorus, *offer'd to bring the Allies the Head of* Adraſtus. *In the Battle which was fought ſoon after,* Telemachus *carries Death wherever he goes, in order to meet with* Adraſtus; *and that King, who looks for him in the ſame Manner, meets and ſlays* Piſiſtratus *the Son of* Neſtor. Philoctetes *comes up; and juſt as he's going to pierce* Adraſtus, *he is himſelf wounded,*

and obliged to retire out of the Battle. Telemachus *runs to the Cries of his Friends, among whom* Adraſtus *makes a dreadful Slaughter: He fights that Prince, and grants him his Life upon certain Conditions which he impoſes on him.* Adraſtus *riſing again, endeavours to ſurprize* Telemachus: *This latter ſeizes him once more, and drives his Sword into his Heart.*

MEAN while the Chieftains were aſſembled, to deliberate whether they ſhould poſſeſs themſelves of *Venuſium*: It was a ſtrong Town, which *Adraſtus* had formerly uſurp'd from his Neighbours the *Apulian Peucetes*, who were enter'd into the Confederacy againſt him to demand Juſtice for this Invaſion. *Adraſtus*, to appeaſe them, had put this Town, by way of Truſt, into the Hands of the *Lucanians*: But he had by Money debauch'd both the *Lucanian* Garriſon and him that commanded it; ſo that in reality, *Adraſtus* had more Authority in *Venuſium* than the *Lucanians* themſelves; and the *Apulians*, who had conſented that the *Lucanian* Garriſon ſhould keep *Venuſium*, were over-reach'd in this Negotiation.

A certain Citizen of *Venuſium*, *Demophantes* by Name, had underhand made an Offer to the Allies, to deliver up to them one of the Gates of the City by Night. This Advantage was ſo much the greater, in that *Adraſtus* had lodged all his warlike Stores and Proviſions in a Caſtle near *Venuſium*, which could not defend itſelf if *Venuſium* was taken. *Philoctetes* and *Neſtor* had already given their Opinion, that they ought not to let ſlip ſuch a lucky Opportunity. All the Commanders, ſway'd by their Authority, and charm'd with the advantageous Proſpect of ſo eaſy an Enterprize, applauded their Sentiment: But *Telemachus*, at his Return, uſed his utmoſt Endeavours to divert them from it.

I grant, ſaid he, that if ever any Man deſerv'd to be dealt fraudulently with, it is *Adraſtus*; becauſe it has been his common Practice to deceive and circumvent every

very Body elſe. I am not ignorant, that in ſurpriſing *Venuſium* you only put yourſelves in Poſſeſſion of a Town that belongs to you, ſince it appertains to the *Apulians*, who are one of your Confederates. I confeſs too, that the Deſign has ſo much the better Colour, in that *Adraſtus*, who has put this City as a Pledge in the Hands of others, has corrupted the Commander and the Garriſon, that he may enter it whenever he thinks fit. To conclude, I know as well as you, that if you take *Venuſium*, you will the very next Day be Maſters of the Caſtle, where all *Adraſtus*'s Proviſions are laid up, and ſo in two Days more you will put an End to this formidable War. But is it not better to periſh than to conquer by ſuch Methods? Is Fraud to be (*a*) repell'd by Fraud? Shall it be ſaid that ſo many Kings, who enter'd into a League to puniſh the impious *Adraſtus* for his Deceitfulneſs, are become deceitful like himſelf? If we may lawfully do as *Adraſtus* has done, he is not guilty, and we are in the wrong to go about to puniſh him. What! has *Heſperia*, that *Heſperia*, which is ſupported by ſo many *Greek* Colonies, and by ſo many Heroes return'd from the Siege of *Troy*; has ſhe, I ſay, no other Arms againſt *Adraſtus*'s Treachery and Perjury, than the Practice of the ſame Vices? You have ſworn by the moſt ſacred Things, that you will leave *Venuſium* in Truſt in the Hands of the *Lucanians*. The *Lucanian* Garriſon, you ſay, is corrupted by *Adraſtus*'s Money; I believe it as well as you: But this Garriſon is ſtill in the *Lucanian* Pay, and has not refus'd to obey them; it has kept, at leaſt in Appearance, a Neutrality;

(*a*) In an open War, the holding a private Correſpondence has never been looked upon as a Breach of the Law of Nations. But the Allies here could not make uſe of theſe Methods upon this Occaſion without breaking in upon the Faith of Treaties, and therefore *Telemachus*'s Arguments prevail'd. Whoever declares himſelf an Enemy to the publick Faith, ſeems to declare himſelf an Enemy to Mankind, and there is no Poſſibility of truſting him till ſuch Time as he had loſt the Power of breaking his Word, and is abſolutely diſabled, by ſuperior Force, from prejudicing others by his Treachery and Perfidiouſneſs.

neither has *Adraſtus*, nor any of his Men, enter'd into *Venuſium*; the Treaty till ſubſiſts, the Gods have not forgot your Oath: Shall we not obſerve our Promiſes but juſt ſo long as we are without a plauſible Pretext to violate them? Shall we not be faithful and religious to our Oaths but when there is nothing to be got by breaking them? If you have no Concern for Virtue, nor are mov'd by the Fear of the Gods, at leaſt have a Regard for your Reputation and Intereſt. If you ſet this pernicious Example of breaking your Word and violating your Oath, that you might terminate a War, what Wars will you not kindle by ſo wicked a Conduct? Will not your Neighbours be forced to be jealous of you upon all Occaſions, and utterly deteſt you? Who will ever truſt you again, in your preſſing Neceſſities? What Security would you be able to give, ſhould you have a Mind to be ſincere, and at a Time when it may be of the greateſt Importance to you, to perſwade your Neighbours of your Sincerity? Shall it be a ſolemn Treaty? Such Things you have trampled under Foot. Shall it be an Oath? Alas! will it not be notorious that you make ſlight of the Gods whenever you can, by Perjury, advance your own private Intereſt. If you act thus, Peace will afford you no more Security than War? All that comes from you will be received as War, either diſſembled or declared: You will be looked on as the perpetual Enemy of All who ſhall be ſo unfortunate as to be your Neighbours: All Affairs that require Reputation, Probity, and Confidence, will become impoſſible to you: You will have no Means left to make your Promiſes find Credit.

Beſides this, added *Telemachus*, there is a more preſſing Intereſt that ought to affect you very much, if you have any Senſe of Probity left, or any Forecaſt with reſpect to your own Intereſt; and that is, that ſo deceitful a Conduct attacks the very Vitals of your whole Confederacy, and will ſoon ruin it: And thus your Perjury will furniſh *Adraſtus* with an Opportunity to triumph over you.

At

At theſe Words the whole Aſſembly ſeem'd as it were in an Uproar, and ask'd him, How he could take upon him to ſay, that an Action which would give the Confederates a certain Victory, could ruin the Confederacy? *Telemachus* aſk'd them, How will you be able to truſt one another, if you once break the only Band of Society and Confidence, namely, Sincerity? After you have once laid it down for a Maxim, that the Rules of Probity and Fidelity may be broken where there is a Proſpect of a great Advantage; how can any one of you repoſe any Confidence in another, when that other ſhall find it greatly to his Advantage to falſify his Word and impoſe on you? What will become of you then? Which of you will not endeavour to prevent the Artifices of his Neighbour by Tricks of his own? And what will be the Fate of a Confederacy of ſo many People, when after a full Debate, it is agreed among them, that it is lawful to circumvent a Neighbour, and to violate the moſt ſolemn Engagements? How great will be your mutual Diſtruſt, your Animoſities, your Warmth to deſtroy each other! *Adraſtus* will then have no need to deſtroy you; you yourſelves will do that for him; you will juſtify his Perfidiouſneſs. O ſage and magnanimous Princes! O you, who command with ſo much Prudence ſuch innumerable Multitudes of People, do not diſdain to hearken to the Counſels of a young Man. If you ſhould fall into the moſt calamitous Circumſtances, into which Men are ſometimes precipitated by War, you might yet recover yourſelves by your Vigilance and the Strugglings of your Virtue; for true Virtue never ſuffers itſelf to be caſt down; but if ever you break the Barrier of Honour and Integrity, your Loſs will then become irreparable, you will never be able either to re-eſtabliſh that Confidence which is neceſſary to the Succeſs of all important Affairs, or to reclaim Men to the Principles of Virtue after you have once taught them to deſpiſe them. Again, what is it you are afraid of? Have you not Bravery enough to overcome your Enemies without uſing Guile and Fraud?

Fraud? Is not your Virtue, in Conjunction with the Forces of ſo many Nations, ſufficient to enable you to cope with them? Let us fight, nay die, if it muſt be ſo, rather than conquer by ſuch vile Methods. *Adraſtus*, the impious *Adraſtus*, is at our Mercy, ſo long as we abhor to imitate his Baſeneſs and Improbity.

When *Telemachus* had put an End to this Diſcourſe, he found that his perſuaſive Arguments had pierc'd their very Souls: He obſerv'd a deep Silence in the whole Aſſembly; every one ſurrender'd up their Senſes, not ſo much to him, or the Graces of his Utterance (*b*), as to the Force of Truth that ſhone throughout his whole Speech. Aſtoniſhment was legible on their Countenances. At laſt a hollow Murmuring was heard ſpreading itſelf by little and little throughout the whole Aſſembly: Each look'd on his Fellow, and was ſhy to be the firſt that ſpoke; it was expected that the prime Commanders of the Army would declare themſelves, and each of them found himſelf under great Difficulties to forbear. After a while the grave *Neſtor* pronounc'd theſe Words.

Ulyſſes's worthy Son, the Gods have inſtructed thy Speech, and *Minerva*, who ſo often inſpired your Father, did put into your Heart that wiſe and generous Advice you have given us. I look not on your Youth; I only conſider *Minerva* in all that you have been ſaying. You have pleaded the Cauſe of Virtue: Without her the greateſt Gain is real Loſs: Without her Men draw ſuddenly on themſelves the Vengeance of their Enemies, the Diffidence of their Allies, the Deteſtation of all good Men, and the juſt Reſentment of the Gods. Let us therefore leave *Venuſium* in the Hands of the *Lucanians*, and think of no other Way to conquer *Adraſtus* but by our Courage.

(*b*) Such was M. *de Cambray*'s Notion of Eloquence. He was for having it ſo ſimple, ſo plain, ſo bare of Ornaments, as to make us forget and overlook the Speaker. Therefore he preferr'd *Demoſthenes* before *Tully*, becauſe the latter makes a Shew of his Art, and the other conceals it.

He

He ſpoke, and the whole Aſſembly applauded the Wiſdom of his Words: But in giving this Applauſe, every one turn'd his Eyes with Amazement on the Son of *Ulyſſes*, and they all thought they ſaw ſparkling in him the Wiſdom of *Minerva*, who inſpir'd him.

There ſoon aroſe in the Council of the Kings another Queſtion, which gave him an Opportunity of acquiring no leſs Glory. *Adraſtus*, always cruel and treacherous, had ſent into the Camp a Deſerter nam'd *Acanthus*, who was to poiſon the moſt eminent Chiefs of the Army: He had particular Orders to leave nothing unaſſay'd to effect the Death of young *Telemachus*, who was already become the Terror of the *Daunians*. *Telemachus*, who had too much Courage and Candour to be inclin'd to Suſpicion, gave the Wretch a free and eaſy Reception: He had ſeen *Ulyſſes* in *Sicily*, and recounted that Hero's Adventures to *Telemachus*, who on his Part took Pity on him, entertain'd him, and endeavour'd to comfort him under his Misfortunes; for *Acanthus* complain'd of great Abuſes and Indignities that he had receiv'd from *Adraſtus*: But *Telemachus* was all the while cheriſhing and warming in his Boſom a venomous Serpent, that was ready to give him a mortal Wound. Another Deſerter was taken, nam'd *Arion*, whom *Acanthus* was ſending back to *Adraſtus*, to acquaint him with the State of the confederate Camp, and to aſſure him that the following Day he would poiſon the principal Kings, together with *Telemachus*, at an Entertainment which this latter was to give. *Arion* being taken, confeſs'd his Treaſon: He was ſuſpected to be in Intelligence with *Acanthus*, becauſe they were intimate Friends; but *Acanthus*, who was a deep Diſſembler, and of an undaunted Nature, pleaded for himſelf with ſo much Art, that there was no convicting him, or diſcovering the Bottom of the Conſpiracy.

Divers of the Kings were for ſacrificing *Acanthus* at a Venture to the publick Safety. He ought, ſaid they, to be put to Death; one Man's Life ought not to be weigh'd againſt the Security of ſo many Kings: What if one

one Man periſh, when the Point is to preſerve thoſe who repreſent the Gods among Men?

What inhuman Maxim, what barbarous Policy is this, reply'd *Telemachus?* Are you then ſo laviſh of human Blood, you that are appointed over Mankind to be their Shepherds, and are only to rule over them for their Preſervation, as a Shepherd preſerves his Flock; but inſtead of that you are become blood-thirſty Wolves, and not Shepherds, at leaſt you are ſuch Shepherds as only ſhear and cut the Throats of your Sheep, inſtead of leading them into good Paſture. According to you, the Moment a Man is accuſed, he becomes guilty, and if he is but ſuſpected, he deſerves to die. Thus do the Innocent lie at the Mercy of envious ſlanderous Men; and according as this tyrannical Diſtruſt gathers Strength in your Breaſts, we muſt have more ſuch Victims ſacrificed.

Telemachus ſpoke theſe Words with ſuch Authority and Vehemence, as was perfectly irreſiſtible, and the Authors of ſo unworthy an Advice were cover'd with Shame. Afterwards ſaid he to them, ſinking his Speech to a lower Key; For my Part, I am not ſo much in Love with Life as to purchaſe it at that Price: I had rather *Acanthus* ſhould be wicked than myſelf; and would ſooner chuſe that he ſhould deprive me of Life by his Treachery, than I unjuſtly put him to Death in an Uncertainty. But have a little Patience, O you, who being eſtabliſh'd Kings, that is Judges of the People, ſhould diſcharge your Function with Juſtice, Prudence, and Moderation; let me examine *Acanthus* in your Preſence.

Immediately he interrogates him about his Correſpondence with *Arion*; he plies him with an infinite Number of Circumſtances, and ſometimes made as if he would remand him to *Adraſtus* as a Deſerter that ought to be puniſh'd, the better to make his Obſervation, whether he was afraid to be ſent back or no: But the Countenance and Voice of *Acanthus* ſtill remain'd calm and unmov'd, and *Telemachus* began to think that he might not be guilty. At length, ſeeing that he could not draw him to a Confeſſion, he ſaid to him, Give me your Ring,

Ring, for I will ſend it to *Adraſtus*. Upon this *Acanthus* preſently turn'd pale, and was in the utmoſt Confuſion. *Telemachus*, whoſe Eyes were continually fix'd on him, perceiv'd it: He takes the Ring; This will I immediately ſend to *Adraſtus*, ſaid he, by the Hand of the crafty *Lucanian Polytropus*, your Acquaintance, who ſhall pretend he comes ſecretly from you. If we can by this Means diſcover your Intelligence with *Adraſtus*, you ſhall without Mercy be put to Death by the moſt exquiſite Torments. If, on the contrary, you now confeſs your Fault, you ſhall be pardon'd, and we will content ourſelves with only ſending you into an Iſland where you ſhall want for nothing. Upon this *Acanthus* confeſs'd the whole, and *Telemachus* obtain'd of the King that his Life might be ſpar'd, becauſe he had given him the Promiſe of it: And he was ſent into one of the Iſlands call'd *Æchinades*, where he liv'd in Peace.

Shortly after this, a *Daunian*, of an obſcure Birth, but of a violent and daring Spirit, named *Dioſcorus*, came by Night into the Confederate Camp, and made an Offer to them to kill King *Adraſtus* in his Tent (*c*). This he was capable of doing, becauſe whoever deſpiſes his own Life, is at any Time the Maſter of another's. This Perſon breath'd nothing but Revenge, becauſe *Adraſtus* had taken away his Wife, whom he was to the laſt Degree fond of, and whoſe Beauty was not inferior to that of *Venus* herſelf. He was reſolved either to deſtroy *Adraſtus* and recover his Wife, or to periſh himſelf in the Attempt. He had ſecret Intelligence whereby he had contriv'd a Way to enter into the King's Tent by Night, and was to be favour'd in his Enterprize by ſeveral

(*c*) *Pyrrhus*'s Phyſician deſign'd the ſame Treachery againſt his Maſter, and offer'd *Fabricius* to deliver him from ſo formidable an Enemy: But the generous *Roman* made *Pyrrhus* acquainted with it by a Letter conceived in the following Terms. *You are as unlucky in the Choice of your Friends as in that of your Enemies. We tranſmit to you a Letter which was ſent to us by one of your Domeſticks. Our Valour ſhall put an End to a War, which we will by no Means terminate by an Act of Treachery.*

Daunian

Daunian Captains; but he thought it neceſſary for the Confederate Princes to attack *Adraſtus*'s Camp at the ſame Time, to the End that during the Hurry and Diſorder he might the more eaſily eſcape and carry off his Wife. If he could not carry her off after he had kill'd the King, he was content to die.

As ſoon as *Dioſcorus* had propoſed his Deſign to the Princes, they all turn'd their Eyes towards *Telemachus*, as who ſhould ſay, Let us have your Direction what to do. Upon which *Telemachus* ſpoke as follows: The Gods who have preſerv'd us from Traitors, forbid us to make uſe of them; and even though we had not Virtue enough to deteſt the Treaſon, our Intereſt alone were ſufficient Motives to make us reject it: When once we have authorized it by our own Example, we ſhall deſerve to have it turn'd againſt us; and what Man among us will after that be ſafe or ſecure? It is not impoſſible but *Adraſtus* may eſcape the Blow that threatens him, and may make it fall upon the confederate Kings. War will then ceaſe to be War; Wiſdom and Virtue will be of no Manner of Uſe, and nothing will be ſeen but Frauds, Treaſons, and Aſſaſſinations. We ourſelves ſhall feel their fatal Conſequences; and we ſhall deſerve to feel them, ſince we ſhall have given Authority to the greateſt of Villanies. I am therefore for ſending back this Traitor to *Adraſtus*; I own that King does not deſerve it; but all *Heſperia* and *Greece*, who have their Eyes on us, merit ſuch a Conduct from us as may deſerve their Eſteem; we owe to ourſelves, and, much more, we owe to the juſt Gods, ſuch an Inſtance of our Abhorrence for Treachery.

Dioſcorus was preſently ſent to *Adraſtus*, who trembled to think of the Danger he had eſcaped, and was fill'd with Wonder at the Generoſity of his Enemies; for pure Virtue is what wicked Men have no Notion of. *Adraſtus*, in ſpite of himſelf, admired this Step of theirs, but durſt not commend it. This noble Action of the Confederates, did, to his Shame, remind him of all his Treacheries and Cruelties: He look'd about for Reaſons

to

to extenuate his Enemies Generoſity, yet he bluſh'd to be thought ungrateful, when he ow'd them his Life; but corrupt Men (*d*) ſoon harden themſelves againſt every Thing that may move them. *Adraſtus*, perceiving that the Reputation of the Confederates increas'd more and more every Day, thought himſelf under a Neceſſity to perform againſt them ſome notable Action: And ſince it was not in his Nature to do a virtuous one, he was willing at leaſt to obtain ſome great Advantage over them by Arms, and therefore made all the Haſte he could to fight.

The Day of Battle being come, ſcarce had *Aurora* open'd to the Sun the Portals of the Eaſt, in a Path ſtrew'd with Roſes, when the young *Telemachus*, outſtripping the Vigilance of the oldeſt Captains, ſhook off the ſoft Embraces of balmy Sleep (*e*), and put all the Officers in Motion. Already did his Helmet, cover'd with a Creſt of waving Horſe-hair, glitter on his Head, and his Cuiraſs dazzled the Eyes of the whole Army: It was made by *Vulcan*, and had, beſides its natural Beauty, the Luſtre of the Ægis, that was conceal'd amidſt it: In one Hand he held a Spear, and with the other pointed to ſeveral Poſts that it was neceſſary to take Poſſeſſion of. *Minerva* had fill'd his Eyes with a divine Fire, and his Countenance with a majeſtick Awfulneſs that already promis'd Victory. He march'd, and all the Kings forgetting their Age and Dignity, found themſelves enforc'd by a ſuperior Power to follow his Steps. No more are they ſubject to impotent Jealouſy: Every Thing gives way to him whom *Minerva* leads inſenſibly by the Hand. His Manner betray'd nothing that was impetuous or precipitate:

(*d*) *Pyrrhus* was more generous than *Adraſtus*. He ſent back to the *Romans* the Priſoners he had taken, without diſputing upon any Ranſom.

(*e*) It belongs only to intrepid and magnanimous Souls to compoſe themſelves to Sleep the Night before a Battle. *Alexander* the Great ſlept ſo ſound that he was forced to be waked by Violence the Day before the Battle of *Arbela*, which was to determine both his Fortune and his Glory.

He

He was mild, calm, patient, always ready to hear others, and improve by their Advice; but active, provident, extending his Views to the moſt remote Contingencies, diſpoſing every Thing to the beſt Advantage, without perplexing himſelf or others; excuſing Faults, rectifying Miſcarriages, obviating Difficulties, never exacting too much of any one, and every where inſpiring Freedom and Confidence. If he gave an Order, it was in the plaineſt and cleareſt Terms; he repeated it for the better inſtructing him that was to execute it. He obſerved by his Eyes whether he conceived him right, and afterwards made him familiarly tell him how he underſtood his Words, and what was the main Drift of his Enterprize. When he had thus made a Trial of the Perſon's Senſe, and entirely let him into his Deſigns, he never diſpatched him away till he had given him ſome Mark of his Eſteem and Confidence, for his Encouragement: So that all he ſent from him were full of Ardour to pleaſe him, and to compaſs the Buſineſs they went about: But they were under no Fear leſt he ſhould impute to them their ill Succeſs *(f)*, for he would excuſe all Faults that did not proceed from an evil Diſpoſition of Mind.

The Horizon looked ruddy with the Sun's earlieſt Rays, and the Sea was brightened with the Flames of the riſing Day; all the Coaſt was filled with Men, Arms, Horſes, and Chariots, which being in Motion, made a confuſed Noiſe, like that of the angry Waves when *Neptune* excites a black-faced Storm at the Bottom of his watry Territories. And now *Mars* began, by the Noiſe of Arms and the terrible Preparations of War, to diſſeminate Rage in every Heart. The Field was crowded with briſtling Pikes, thick-ſet like a Crop of Corn that covers the fertile Furrows at the Time of Harveſt: There ſoon

(f) What ſhall we ſay to the barbarous Cuſtom of the *Ottomans*, who puniſh with Death the raiſing of a Siege, or the Loſs of a Battle? Do they think to animate and exalt a General to Intrepidity by inſpiring him with Terror and Fear?

aroſe

aroſe a Cloud of Duſt, which intercepted both Heaven and Earth from the Eyes of Men; Darkneſs, Horror, Bloodſhed, and inexorable Death advanced apace.

Scarce were the firſt Arrows ſhot, when *Telemachus* lifting up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, pronounced theſe Words.

O *Jupiter*, Father of Gods and Men, thou know'ſt that we have on our Side Juſtice and a peaceable Inclination, which we have not been aſhamed to own. 'Tis with Reluctance we fight: We would willingly prevent the Effuſion of Blood; we bear no perſonal Hatred even to this Enemy, however cruel, perfidious, and ſacrilegious he is. Behold Thou, and determine between him and us: If we muſt die, our Lives are in thy Hand; but if we are deſtined to reſcue *Heſperia* and humble this Tyrant, it will be thy Power, and the Wiſdom of thy Daughter *Minerva*, that will give us the Victory; the Glory of it will be due to thee: It is thou that holdeſt the Balance and regulateſt the Battles; it is for thee we fight, and, ſince thou art juſt, *Adraſtus* is more thy Enemy than ours: If thy Side is victorious before the End of Day, the Blood of a whole Hecatomb ſhall flow upon thy Altars.

He ſpoke, and inſtantly drives his fiery foaming Courſers into the thickeſt Ranks of his Enemies. The firſt he met with was *Periander* the *Locrian*, covered with the Skin of a Lion he had killed in *Cilicia* when he was travelling there. He was armed like *Hercules*, with an enormous Club: (*b*) In Strength and Stature he reſembled the antient Giants: When he ſaw *Telemachus*, he deſpiſed his Youth and the Delicacy of his Countenance. It becomes thee well, ſays he, effeminate Boy, to diſpute with us the Prize of Victory: Go, Child, get thee among the Shades below to look for thy Father. At the ſame Time

(*b*) *Homer*'s Battles are accuſed of Flatneſs, occaſioned by the Genealogies, the Deſcription of the Combatants' Arms, and Armour, and a World of other Circumſtances which diverſify them. There needs no other Apology for that Original, than the Graces of this Imitation.

he

he lifted up his heavy Club, which was full of Knots, and ſtuck thick with Iron Spikes: It looks like a Ship-Maſt; every one near is afraid they ſhould be cruſhed with the Fall of it; it threatens the Head of the Son of *Ulyſſes*; but he ſteps aſide, and flies upon *Periander* with the Rapidity of an Eagle cutting the Air: The Club, in falling, daſhed to Pieces the Wheel of a Chariot near that of *Telemachus*. Mean while the young *Greek* ſtruck a Dart into *Periander*'s Throat: The bubbling Blood that ſtreamed from the wide Wound ſoon ſtifles his Voice; his furious Horſes, no longer feeling the Controul of their Maſter's Hand, ran wildly up and down with the Reins hanging looſe on their Necks: He falls from his Chariot; his Eyes already ſhut out the Light, and ghaſtly Death ſat on his disfigured Face. *Telemachus*, pitying his Fate, immediately gave his Body to his Domeſticks, but kept the Lion's Skin and his Club as a Token of his Victory.

After this he ſeeks *Adraſtus* in the thickeſt of the Fight, and in his Way ſends headlong to *Tartarus* a Multitude of Combatants: *Hilleus*, who had his Chariot drawn by two Courſers like thoſe of the Sun, and which were bred in the ſpacious Meadows which are watered by the River *Aufidus*: *Demoleon*, who in *Sicily* had heretofore almoſt been a Match for *Eryx* in Combats of the *Cæſtus*: *Crantor*, who had been the Gueſt and Friend of *Hercules*, when that Son of *Jupiter*, in paſſing thro' *Heſperia*, ſlew the infamous *Cacus*: *Menecraes*, who was ſaid to come near *Pollux* for Wreſtling: *Hippocoon* the *Salapian*, who was no faint Imitator of *Caſtor*'s Addreſs and Skill in the Management of a Horſe: The famous Hunter *Eurymedes*, who was always ſmeared with the Blood of Bears and wild Boars, which he killed on the ſnowy Ridges of the cold *Apennine*, and who is ſaid to have been ſo well beloved by *Diana*, that ſhe herſelf taught him how to handle the Bow: *Nicoſtratus*, who had conquered a Giant that vomited Fire, in the Rocks of Mount *Gargarus*: *Eleanthus*, who was to eſpouſe the young *Pholoe*, Daughter of the River *Lyris*. Her Father had promiſed her to the Man that ſhould deliver her from a winged

a winged Serpent, that was bred on the Banks of the River, and was to have devoured her in a few Days, according to the Oracle's Prediction. This young Man, out of an Exceſs of Love to her, devoted himſelf to kill this Monſter; he was proſperous in the Attempt, but could not taſte the Fruit of his Victory; for while *Pholoe* was preparing herſelf for the Ceremonies of a happy Marriage, and impatiently expecting *Eleanthus*, ſhe was informed that he had followed *Adraſtus* to the War, and that the Deſtinies had cruelly cut his vital Thread: She filled with her Lamentations the Woods and Mountains near the River; ſhe drowned her Eyes with Tears, ſhe tore her charming Treſſes, ſhe threw away the Garlands ſhe had gathered, and impeached the Heavens of Injuſtice. (*h*) As ſhe inceſſantly wept both Day and Night, the Gods, moved with her Complaints and the Requeſt of the River-God, put an End to her Sorrow; for ſhe poured forth ſuch Abundance of Tears, that ſhe was preſently changed into a Fountain, which gliding into the Middle of the River, ſeeks to join her Waters to thoſe of the God her Father: But the Water of this Fountain is ſtill bitter; no Graſs adorns its Banks, nor does it afford any ſhady Tree but the ſad Cypreſs.

Mean while, *Adraſtus*, underſtanding that *Telemachus* ſpread Terror all around him, ſought him out with the greateſt Impatience, hoping to make an eaſy Conqueſt of ſo raw a Youth: He was followed by thirty *Daunians* of uncommon Strength, Dexterity, and Boldneſs, to whom he promiſed very large Rewards, if they could deſtroy *Telemachus* by any Manner of Means: Had they met him in this Moment of the Fight, doubtleſs theſe thirty Men, by ſurrounding *Telemachus*'s Chariot, while *Adraſtus* had fallen upon him in Front, would have found no Difficulty to have diſpatched him; but *Minerva* turned them another Way.

(*h*) With the Horror of Battles, our Author finds Means to intermingle all thoſe agreeable Paintings which *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes* furniſh him with. The Reader's Fancy is continually captivated by new Objects.

Adraſtus

Adraſtus thought he ſaw and heard *Telemachus*, lower down in the Plain, at the Foot of a Hill, where there was a Crowd of Combatants in cloſe Engagement; he runs, he flies, he reſolves to ſate himſelf with Blood; but inſtead of *Telemachus*, he finds the aged *Neſtor*, who with his (*i*) trembling Hand was throwing at a Venture ſome un-executing Darts: In his Rage *Adraſtus* would have run him thro', but a Troop of *Pylians* interpoſed around their King.

Then a thick Cloud of Javelins and Arrows darkened the Air, and covered all the Combatants: Nothing could be heard but the doleful Cries of expiring Mortals, and the Clattering of Arms of thoſe who fell in the Conflict: The Earth groaned beneath large Heaps of dead Bodies; Streams of Blood ran guttering down on every Side; *Bellona* and *Mars*, together with the infernal Furies, clothed in Robes reeking with Gore, glutted their mercileſs Eyes with this Spectacle, and inceſſantly renewed the drooping Rage of the Soldiers: Theſe Deities who are Enemies of Mankind, chaſed far away from both Parties generous Pity, moderated Valour, ſoft Humanity. There appeared no longer among this confuſed Medley of enraged and blood-thirſty Men, any Thing but Slaughter, Revenge, Deſpair, and brutal Fury: The wiſe and invincible *Pallas* herſelf trembled at the Sight, and ſtarted back with Horror.

Mean while *Philoctetes*, with a ſlow Pace, and bearing the Arrows of *Hercules* in his Hand, endeavours to come up to the Relief of *Neſtor*. *Adraſtus*, not being able to reach the divine old Man, had lanched his Darts on ſeveral *Pylians*, and made them bite the Duſt; he had al-

(*i*) This is what *Virgil* calls *Telumque imbelle ſine ictu*, ſpeaking of a Javelin that was thrown by King *Priam*. Our Author uſed frequently to complain of the Poverty of our [the *French*] Language, doubtleſs becauſe he was ſenſible that it had not wherewithal to diſplay thoſe Riches, and that abundance of Ideas which he ſaw in his own fruitful Imagination. But whoever compares his Expreſſions with thoſe of the Antients, will be inclined to entertain more favourable Thoughts of our Language.

ready

ready overſet *Euſilas*, who was ſo ſwift-footed that he ſcarce left the Print of his Feet in the Sand, and who in his own Country outſtript the rapid Streams of *Eurotas* and *Alpheus*, and left them far behind. At his Feet fell *Eutiphon*, who was more beautiful than *Hylas*, and as keen a Hunter as *Hippolytus*: *Pterilas*, who had followed *Neſtor* to the Siege of *Troy*, and who was beloved by *Achilles* himſelf on account of his Courage and Strength: *Ariſtogyton*, who by bathing in the Waters of the River *Achelous*, was ſaid to have ſecretly received from that God the Power of transforming himſelf into all Sorts of Shapes; and indeed ſo ſlippery and nimble was he in all his Motions, that he mocked the ſtrongeſt Hands: But *Adraſtus*, with one Thruſt of his Spear, rendered him motionleſs, and his Soul took an immediate Flight out of the gory Wound.

Neſtor ſeeing his braveſt Captains fall by the Hand of the cruel *Adraſtus*, juſt as the gilded Ears of Corn in Time of Harveſt beneath the ſharp-edged Sickle of the unwearied Reaper, forgot what Danger he in vain expoſed himſelf to. He ſhook off his old Age, and thought of nothing but to follow with his Eye his Son *Piſiſtratus*, who, on his Side, was ardently employed to keep off Danger from his Father; but the fatal Moment was come, wherein *Piſiſtratus* was to make *Neſtor* know how unfortunate a Thing it ſometimes proves for a Man to live to a great Age.

Piſiſtratus aimed his Spear with that Violence againſt *Adraſtus*, that the *Daunian* Prince muſt needs have fallen, had he not avoided the Stroke; and whilſt *Piſtratus*, who was diſadvantaged by making a falſe Thruſt, was recovering his Spear, *Adraſtus* pierced him with a Javelin into the Middle of his Belly: His Bowels began immediately to iſſue out with a Torrent of Blood; his ruddy Complexion faded like a Flower that the Hand of ſome Nymph has cropt in the Meadows: His Eyes were now almoſt extinguiſhed, and his Speech began to falter. *Alicius*, his Governor, who was near him, received him in his Arms, juſt as he was falling, and had only Time to carry

carry him to his Father; there he would fain have ſpoken, and given the laſt Tokens of his Tenderneſs, but as he opened his Mouth he expired.

While *Philoctetes* was dealing round him Slaughter and Horror in repelling the Efforts of *Adraſtus*, *Neſtor* graſp'd his Son's Body in his Arms; he filled the Air with his dolorous Cries, and began to hate the Light: Unfortunate Wretch that I am, ſaid he, to have been a Father, and to live ſo long (*k*). Alas, ye cruel Deſtinies, why did you not put a Period to my Life, when I was in Chace of the *Calydonian* Boar, or in my Voyage to *Colchos*, or at the firſt Siege of *Troy*? Then I had died with Glory, and without Bitterneſs and Sorrow; now I drag a miſerable, deſpiſed, impotent old Age. I now live only to ſuffer Affliction, nor have I any other Senſation left but that of Sorrow. O my Son, my Son, my dear Son *Piſiſtratus*! When I loſt thy Brother *Antilochus*, ſtill I had thee to comfort me; but now I ceaſe to have even thee; I have nothing to comfort me; all is at an End with me. Hope, the ſole Sweetner of human Pains, is a Bleſſing which no longer concerns me. *Antilochus*, *Piſiſtratus*, O my dear Children, methinks I loſe you both at once in one and the ſame Day; the Death of the one makes the old Wound, which the other had cauſed, to bleed afreſh within my Heart! I am never more to ſee either of you! Who will cloſe my Eyes? Who will gather up my Aſhes? O my dear *Piſiſtratus*, thou, as well as thy Brother, diedſt like a valiant Man; 'tis only I that cannot die!

At this he was going to pierce himſelf with a Dart; but thoſe about him ſtay'd his Hand, and afterwards forced him from his Son's Body; and this unfortunate old Man falling into a Swoon, they carried him into his Tent, where after he had a little recovered himſelf, he would

(*k*) This Hero, weakened by old Age, could act but a very cold Part in this Engagement, had not our Author animated him by Grief and Sorrow; Lamentations better become the Mouth of *Neſtor*, than Weapons do his Hands.

needs

needs return to the Battle, but they with-held him by Force.

And now *Adraſtus* and *Philoctetes* were hunting out each other: Their Eyes flaſhed Fire like thoſe of a Lion and a Leopard going to tear each other to Pieces in thoſe Fields which *Cayſter* waters. Menacings, martial Rage, cruel Revenge, rolled in their furious Eyes; they cauſe certain Death wherever they fling their Darts; all the Soldiers look upon them with Terror and Affright: And now they come within Sight of each other. *Philoctetes* bears in his Hand one of thoſe dreadful Arrows, which, when flung by him, never miſſed their Aim, and which inflicted Wounds that were incurable: But *Mars* favouring the cruel and intrepid *Adraſtus*, would not endure that he ſhould ſo ſoon periſh, but was willing to make uſe of him as an Inſtrument to lengthen out the Horrors of the War, and multiply Bloodſhed and Slaughter. *Adraſtus* was yet due to the Juſtice of the Gods for a Puniſhment of Mankind, and to ſpill their Blood.

The very Moment *Philoctetes* deſigned to attack him, he himſelf receives a Wound from the Spear of *Amphimachus*, a young *Lucanian*, who was handſomer than the famed *Nireus*, whoſe Beauty was inferior to none of all the *Greeks* that fought at the Siege of *Troy*, except *Achilles*. Scarce did *Philoctetes* feel the Wound, but he ſhot an Arrow at *Amphimachus*, and pierced him to the Heart: In an Inſtant his fine black Eyes loſt their Luſtre, and were clouded with the Shades of Death; his Lips, more ruddy than the Roſes with which *Aurora* ſtrews the Horizon at her Riſing, changed Colour, and a frightful Wanneſs tarniſhed his lovely Cheeks: That Face, ſo well-favoured and ſo delicate, was, of a ſudden, covered with Deformity: *Philoctetes* himſelf was moved with Pity towards him, and all the Soldiers fetched deep Sighs at ſeeing this young Man weltring in his Blood, and his Hair, as beauteous as that of *Apollo*, all diſordered and polluted with Duſt. *Philoctetes* having overcome *Amphimachus*, was forced to retire from the Fight: He had ſuffered great Expence of Blood and Strength; and even his old Wound,

in the Heat of Action, was going to open again, and renew his Pains; for the Sons of *Æſculapius*, with their divine Skill, could not intirely heal it: And now he was juſt ready to fall among a Heap of bleeding Bodies that were round about him, when *Archidamas*, the boldeſt and moſt expert of all the *Oebalians*, whom he had brought with him to lay the Foundations of *Petilia*, carries him out of the Battle, in the very Moment that *Adraſtus* might, with the greateſt Eaſe, have laid him extended at his Feet (*l*). And now *Adraſtus* no longer meets with any thing that dare oppoſe or retard his Victory: All either fly or fall before him; he's like a Torrent, which having ſurmounted its Banks, ſweeps away with its outrageous Waves the Corn, the Cattle, the Shepherds, and whole Villages.

Telemachus hears at a Diſtance the Conquerors Shouts, and ſees the Diſorder of his Men flying from *Adraſtus*, as a Herd of timorous Deer traverſing the vaſt Plains, (*m*) the Woods, the Mountains, and even the moſt rapid Rivers, when purſued by the eager Huntſmen.

Telemachus groans; his Eyes look indignant: He quits the Place where he had long been fighting with ſo much Danger and Glory. He runs to the Support of his ſhattered Troops; he advances, beſmeared all over with the Blood of a Multitude of his Enemies whom he had extended on the Duſt: He gives a Shout at a Diſtance, that is heard by both Armies.

Minerva had infuſed ſomething ineffably dreadful in his Voice, with which he made the neighbouring Mountains echo. *Mars* never makes his own harſh Voice ſound louder in *Thrace*, when he calls together the infernal Fu-

(*l*) It was neceſſary that *Adraſtus* ſhould ſignalize himſelf by great Exploits, to the end that the principal Hero might become an only and a neceſſary Reſource. Had it not been for *Telemachus*, *Adraſtus* had got the Victory.

(*m*) Thoſe who complain of the Multitude of *Homer*'s Compariſons, will find them no leſs frequent in our Author. But common Senſe pleads for them in oppoſition to the Rules and Principles which are generally made uſe of againſt them.

ries,

ries, Death, and War, to attend him. This Shout of *Telemachus* fills his Soldiers Hearts with Courage and Boldneſs, and chills his Enemies Souls with freezing Fear. Even *Adraſtus* ſelf bluſhes as he feels his Courage ſhake: A World of fatal Preſages fill him with Terror, and that which animates him is rather Deſpair than a ſedate Valour. Thrice did his trembling Knees begin to ſlip from under him; thrice he ſtarted back, without knowing what he did; a Swoon-like Paleneſs, and a cold damp Sweat, travels through all his Limbs; his hoarſe and heſitating Voice could not make an end of one articulate Word; his Eyes, moroſely fierce, ſeem to burſt out of his Head; he was, like *Oreſtes*, worried by the Furies; his every Motion was convulſive. Now he begins to believe there are Gods. He thought he ſaw them ſhaking their Thunder at him, and that he heard a hollow Voice from the loweſt Abyſs, calling him into dark *Tartarus*. Every Thing made him ſenſible there was a celeſtial and inviſible Hand hovering over his Head, which was going to ſink him down by its intolerable Weight. All Hope was extinguiſhed in his Heart; his Courage and Reſolution vaniſhed, and diſappeared like the Day-light, when *Phœbus* poſting down to the Boſom of *Thetis*, leaves the Earth mantled in the Shades of Night.

The impious *Adraſtus*, who was too long ſuffered on the Earth, too long, but that Mankind ſtood in need of ſo dreadful a Scourge; the impious *Adraſtus* does at length draw near his laſt Hour. Like one diſtracted he runs to meet his inevitable Fate; Horror, pungent Remorſe, Conſternation, Fury, Rage, Deſpair, accompany him in his March. No ſooner does he ſet Eye on *Telemachus*, but he fanſied he ſaw *Avernus* open its gulphy Jaws, and whirling Flames iſſuing from the black *Phlegeton*, ready to ſwallow him up. He cries out, and his Mouth continues open, without being able to utter a Word. Like a Man aſleep, who in a frightful Dream wags his Lips, and aims to ſpeak, but Utterance fails him, and he attempts it in vain. With a trembling and impatient Hand *Adraſtus* flings his Dart at *Telemachus*, while this

latter, undaunted and calm, like one that is befriended by the Gods, defends himſelf with his Buckler: He ſeemed as if Victory, covering him with her Wings, did already hold a Crown over his Head: A gentle and regular Courage ſhone in his Eyes: One would have taken him for *Minerva* herſelf, ſo compoſed and unconcerned was he in the Midſt of the greateſt Dangers. *Adraſtus*'s Dart being repelled by *Telemachus*'s Buckler, he haſtens to draw his Sword, to deprive the Son of *Ulyſſes* of the Advantage of throwing his Dart in his Turn. *Telemachus* ſeeing *Adraſtus*'s Sword in his Hand, immediately betakes himſelf to his own, and relinquiſhes his now uſeleſs Dart.

When they were ſeen thus fighting Hand to Hand, all the Soldiers in Silence laid down their Arms to gaze on them, and waited for the Iſſue of the War from their ſingle Engagement. Their two glittering Swords croſs each other like Flaſhes of Lightening, and deal fruitleſs Blows on the burniſhed Armour, which reſounds with their heavy Strokes like Thunder. The two Combatants ſtretch themſelves out, contract themſelves, bow themſelves down, ſtart up in an Inſtant, and after a while grapple together: The Ivy that grows at the Foot of an Elm, does not more cloſely graſp the hard and knotty Trunk with its wreathing Branches, till it reaches the higheſt Boughs, than theſe two Combatants claſp and lock one another (*n*). *Adraſtus* had not yet loſt any thing of his native Strength; and *Telemachus* was not yet arrived to the full Increaſe of his. *Adraſtus* made ſeveral Attempts to ſurpriſe his Enemy and overſet him; he endeavours to ſeize the Sword of the young *Greek*, but in vain. While he offers at this, *Telemachus* catches him up from the

(*n*) The Marvellous is here managed with a great deal of Sobriety. There is enough of it to heighten the Action, without detracting any thing from the Glory of the Hero. *Telemachus*'s Armour was made by *Vulcan*, and himſelf is ſupported by *Minerva*. But 'tis his own Valour which makes theſe great Advantages of any avail, and the Readers Eyes never quit the Hero, in order to fix themſelves on the Gods.

Ground,

Ground, and throws him on his Back on the Sand. Then did that impious Wretch, who always contemned the Gods, betray a vile Fear of Death; he is aſhamed to beg his Life, and yet cannot help manifeſting that he deſires it: He endeavours to work upon the compaſſionate Temper of *Telemachus:* O Son of *Ulyſſes*, ſaid he to him, I now at laſt acknowledge that the Gods are juſt; they puniſh me as I have deſerved: Nothing but Diſtreſs can open the Eyes of Men to ſee the Truth; I ſee it, and ſtand condemned by it: But let an unfortunate King put you in Mind of your Father, who is remote from *Ithaca*, and let the Thoughts of this affect your Heart!

Telemachus, who held him faſt under him, and had already lifted up his Sword to pierce his Throat, inſtantly made this Anſwer: I had no other Aim but Victory and the Peace of the Nations to whoſe Succour I am come; I delight not in Bloodſhed. Live therefore, *Adraſtus*, but live to repair your Faults; reſtore all that you have uſurped, re-eſtabliſh Tranquillity and Juſtice in the Confines of the great *Heſperia*, which you have ſullied with ſo many Maſſacrees and Treacheries; live and become a new Man; let your Fall teach you that the Gods are juſt; that wicked Men are miſerable; that they cheat themſelves in ſeeking Happineſs by Violence, Inhumanity, and Guile; in ſhort, that nothing is ſo happy or delightful as a plain and ſteady Virtue. Give us for Hoſtages your Son *Metrodorus*, with twelve of your prime Nobility.

At theſe Words *Telemachus* ſuffers *Adraſtus* to riſe, and aids him with his Hand, without in the leaſt diſtruſting his Villainy. But *Adraſtus* immediately threw at him a ſecond Dart, which he had kept concealed: It was a ſhort one, but ſo ſharp-pointed, and flung with that Dexterity and Force, that had not *Telemachus*'s Armour been of a ſupernatural Make, it had certainly pierced it. At the ſame Time *Adraſtus* runs behind a Tree, to avoid the Purſuit of the young *Greek*, who cried out to the *Daunians*, You ſee, O ye *Daunians*, the Victory is ours; this wicked Man ſaves himſelf only by his Treachery.

He who fears not the Gods is afraid of Death: (*o*) On the contrary, the Man who fears the Gods has nothing elſe to fear. Speaking theſe Words, he moves towards the *Daunians*, and gives a Sign to his Men, who were on the other Side the Tree, to intercept the perfidious *Adraſtus*. *Adraſtus*, fearing he ſhould be taken, makes as if he would return the ſame Way he came, and reſolves to break through the *Cretans*, who ſtood to oppoſe his Paſſage; but on a ſudden, *Telemachus*, ſwift as the Thunder which is hurled by the Father of the Gods from high *Olympus*' Top on guilty Mortals Heads, flies upon his Enemy, ſeizes him with his victorious Hand, lays him ſprawling on the Ground, as the bleak North-Wind beats down the tender Ears of Corn; he will now hear no more, though the impious Wretch attempts again to abuſe his generous Temper; he buries his Sword in his Heart, and precipitates him to the Flames of ſable *Tartarus*; a juſt Puniſhment of his Demerits.

(*o*) There needs no more than this Maxim to confute thoſe who pretend that the Sentiments of Religion are incompatible with the military Virtues. *Machiavel*, in his firſt Book of his Hiſtory of *Florence*, aſcribes to Religion the Fall of the *Roman* Empire. The wiſe Politicians of Antiquity impute it to other Cauſes, and thoſe very different from that *Italian* Writer.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XXI.

The ARGUMENT.

Adraſtus *being dead, the* Daunians *ſtretch out their Hands to their Allies in Token of Peace, and deſire that they will grant them a King of their own Nation.* Neſtor, *inconſolable for the Loſs of his Son, abſents himſelf from the Aſſembly of the Leaders, where ſeveral are of Opinion, that the beſt Way will be to divide the Country of the Conquer'd, and to give* Telemachus *the Territory of* Arpi. Telemachus *is ſo far from accepting of this Offer, that he proves it to be the common Intereſt of the Allies to chuſe* Polydamus *for King of the* Daunians, *and to let them remain in Poſſeſſion of their Lands. He then perſuades thoſe People to give the Country of* Arpi *to* Diomedes, *who at that Time happen'd to land there to*

ſeek a Retreat. The Troubles being thus ended, they all ſeparate, and return to their own Country.

NO ſooner was the Breath gone from *Adraſtus*, but all the *Daunians*, inſtead of deploring their own Defeat, and the Loſs of their King, rejoic'd for their Deliverance, and ſtretch'd out their Hands to the Allies in Token of Peace and Reconciliation. *Metrodorus*, the Son of *Adraſtus*, whom his Father had nurtur'd up in Maxims of Diſſimulation, Injuſtice, and Inhumanity, betook himſelf to Flight like a Coward; but a certain Slave, that was an Accomplice in all his Cruelties and infamous Actions, whom he had enfranchiſed and loaded with Favours, and to whoſe Fidelity alone he committed himſelf in his Flight, caſt about how he might betray him, for his own Advantage. He kill'd him as he fled, by giving him a Wound in his Back; then cutting off his Head, brought it to the Camp of the Confederates, in full Expectation of ſome mighty Reward for a Crime which thus finiſh'd the War; but the Villany was held in Abhorrence, and the Perpetrator put to Death. *Telemachus* ſeeing the Head of *Metrodorus*, who was a Youth of marvellous Beauty, and of an excellent Diſpoſition, which had been ſpoiled by Pleaſures and bad Examples, could not forbear burſting into Tears. Behold, ſaid he, the Bane, the Canker that is in a young Prince's Proſperity; the higher his Condition is, and the more ſprightly his Temper, the more he wanders out of the true Way, and departs from the Sentiments of Virtue: I myſelf might perhaps have done the ſame, had not the Misfortunes in which I was bred up, Thanks to the Gods, and *Mentor*'s Inſtructions, taught me to govern myſelf.

The *Daunians* being aſſembled, demanded, as the only Condition of Peace, that they might be permitted to ſet up a King of their own Nation, who would by his Virtues wipe out the Reproach which the flagitious *Adraſtus* had brought upon the Crown. They thank'd the

the Gods for having deſtroy'd the Tyrant, and crowded to kiſs the Hands of *Telemachus*, who was their Inſtrument in cutting off that Monſter; ſo that their Defeat was to them in the Nature of a Triumph. Thus in a Moment fell, beyond Retrieve, that Power which threatened all the others in *Heſperia*, and which was the Cauſe of Terror to ſo many Nations: Like thoſe Terraſſes that ſeem firm and immoveable, but are by little and little ſapp'd and undetermin'd: For a great while the feeble Toil, us'd in attacking the Foundations of it, is derided; it ſeems not in the leaſt weaken'd, all is ſmooth and plain, nothing ſo much as ſhakes; mean while all the ſubterranean Props are gradually deſtroy'd down to the Foundation, and then at once the Terraſs ſinks, and opens a prodigious Chaſm. Thus an unjuſt and fraudulent Power, whatever Proſperity it acquires by its Violence, is all the while digging a Precipice under its own Feet (*a*). Guile and Inhumanity do, by Degrees, ſap the moſt ſolid Foundations of illegal Authority; Men admire it, fear it, tremble before it till the Moment it vaniſhes; its own Weight ſinks it down, and nothing can raiſe it again, becauſe it has with its own Hands deſtroy'd the true Supports of Sincerity and Juſtice, which alone beget Love and Confidence.

The chief Commanders of the Army met the next Day to grant the *Daunians* a King. It was a delightful Thing to ſee the two Camps intermingled by ſo unlook'd-for a Friendſhip, ſo that the two Armies now made but one. The wiſe *Neſtor* could not be preſent at this Council, becauſe Grief of Mind, added to his great Age, had wither'd his Heart; juſt as a Shower of Rain demoliſhes a Flower, and makes it droop in the Evening, which in the Morning, while *Aurora* was riſing, was the Glory and Ornament of the verdant Fields; his Eyes were become two Fountains of Tears that

(*a*) Moſt of *Alexander the Great*'s Succeſſors did but juſt ſhew themſelves upon the Throne. Hiſtory has tranſmitted to us nothing but their Crimes and their Fall.

could not be dry'd up; kindly Sleep, that charms the acuteſt Pains, fled far away from him; Hope, the Life of a Man's Heart, was extinct in him; all Food was bitter to this unfortunate old Man; even the Light was odious to him; his Soul wiſh'd for nothing but to quit his Body, and to ſink into the everlaſting Night of *Pluto*'s Empire: In vain did his Friends talk to him; his diſtemper'd Mind nauſeated all Friendſhip, as a ſick Man diſreliſhes the moſt wholſom Meats. To all that they could ſay to move him, he return'd nothing but deep-fetch'd Sighs and Heart-breaking Groans; by Fits he was heard to ſay, O *Piſiſtratus*, *Piſiſtratus*, *Piſiſtratus*, my Son, thou call'ſt me hence, I will follow thee, thou wilt render Death ſweet to me! O my Son, all the Happineſs I now deſire is to ſee thee again on the Banks of *Styx*. Then would he continue whole Hours without ſpeaking the leaſt Word; but would ſob and wail, and lift his Hands and Tear-drown'd Eyes to Heaven.

And now the Princes, being aſſembled, were expecting *Telemachus*, who remain'd by *Piſiſtratus*'s Body, on which he ſtrew'd Handfuls of Flowers, with exquiſite Perfumes, and ſhed a Flood of bitter Tears. O my dear Companion, ſaid he, I ſhall never forget how I met thee at *Pylos*, follow'd thee to *Sparta*, and found thee again on the Banks of Great *Heſperia*: (*b*) I owe thee a thouſand and a thouſand officious Cares; I lov'd thee, and was belov'd by thee: I was acquainted with thy Valour; it would have ſurpaſs'd that of many renowned *Greeks*; but, alas! it has occaſioned thy Death, tho' glorioufly; it has robb'd the World of a blooming Virtue which would have equall'd that of thy Father! Yes; thy Wiſdom and thy Eloquence, in a riper Age, would have come up to the Perfections of that Hero who was admir'd

(*b*) This Epiſode of *Piſiſtratus*'s Funeral, holds the Reader faſt by the Senſes. The Grief of a Friend is deſcribed in Colours, which have nothing in common with the Grief of a Father. The whole contributes to *Telemachus*'s Glory, by ſhewing how ſenſible he was of the Charms of Friendſhip.

by

by all *Greece!* Thou waſt already Maſter of that ſweet Inſinuation which was irreſiſtible when thou ſpakeſt; thoſe natural and ingenuous Ways of recounting a Story; that ſage Moderation which charms down boiling Spirits; that Authority which flows from Prudence and the Energy of good Counſels. When thou ſpakeſt, every Ear was attentive; all were prepoſſeſs'd in thy Favour, all were deſirous that thou ſhouldſt have their Approbation; thy Speech, that was plain and without Flouriſh, gently ſtole into Men's Hearts, like Dew upon the ſpringing Graſs. But alas! all thoſe Bleſſings, which we enjoy'd but a few Hours ago, are now ſnatch'd from us for ever! *Piſiſtratus*, whom I hugg'd in my Arms this Morning, is now no more; we have nothing left but a ſad Remembrance of him. Ah, if thou hadſt clos'd the Eyes of *Neſtor*, and not we thine, then had he not ſeen what he now is forced to ſee, nor would he have been the moſt unhappy Father in the World!

Then *Telemachus* caus'd the gory Wound that was in *Piſiſtratus*'s Flank to be waſh'd; he order'd him to be laid out upon a Bed of Purple, where, with his Head leaning upon his Shoulder, o'erſpread with the Paleneſs of Death, he reſembled a young Tree, which having cover'd the Earth with its Shade, and extended its flouriſhing Boughs to Heaven, is wounded by the ſharp Edge of a Woodman's Ax; it no longer holds by its own Root, nor by the Earth, that fruitful Mother who nouriſhes her Plants in her Boſom; it ſickens, it droops, it loſes its Verdure, it can no longer ſupport itſelf, and down it falls; its Branches, that uſed to obſcure the Day, are dragg'd in the Duſt, all wither'd and dry; it is now a bare Trunk deſpoil'd of all its Ornaments. Thus *Piſiſtratus*, being now become a Prey to Death, was carry'd away by thoſe who were to lay him on his Funeral Pile; already the Flame mounts up to Heaven; a Troop of *Pylians*, with dejected watry Eyes, and trailing Arms revers'd, ſlowly attended him: The Body was not long in conſuming; the Aſhes are put into a golden Urn: And *Telemachus*, who took upon him the

Care

Care of the whole Ceremony, commits this Urn, as a moſt valuable Treaſure, to *Callimachus*, who had been *Piſiſtratus*'s Governor: Take, ſaid he, theſe Aſhes, the ſad but precious Remains of him whom you ſo much lov'd; keep them for his Father, but wait till he has recover'd Strength enough to aſk for them, and then, and not till then, deliver them: That which excites Sorrow at one Time, aſſuages it at another.

After this, *Telemachus* repairs to the Aſſembly of the Confederate Kings. As ſoon as they eſpy'd him, they were all huſhed, in Expectation to hear him diſcourſe: This made him bluſh, and he could not be prevail'd upon to ſpeak. The Praiſes that were given him by publick Acclamations, on account of his late Action, added to his Baſhfulneſs; ſo that he would gladly have hid himſelf: This was the firſt Time he appear'd confus'd and irreſolute. At length he deſired as a Favour, that they would deſiſt from commending him (*c*). Not but that I am a Lover of Praiſe, ſaid he, eſpecially when it comes from ſuch good Judges of Virtue; but I am afraid of loving it too much: Praiſes are apt to corrupt Men; they fill them full of themſelves, and render them vain and preſumptuous: We ought equally to merit and avoid them: There is no great Unlikeneſs between the juſteſt and the falſeſt Praiſes. The wickedeſt of all Men, namely Tyrants, are thoſe who have procured themſelves to be the moſt praiſed by their Flatterers. What Pleaſure is there in being commended like them? Due Praiſes are ſuch as you will give me in my Abſence, if I am ſo happy as to deſerve them. If you believe me to be really good, you ought alſo to believe that I am willing to be modeſt, and would fear Vanity. Spare me therefore, if you have any Eſteem for me, and do not praiſe me as if I were a Man fond of ſuch Things.

After *Telemachus* had thus expreſs'd himſelf, he return'd not a Word more to thoſe who continu'd extolling him to the Sky. But by an Air of Indifference, he ſoon

(*c*) Every Man loves Praiſe, 'tis only the wiſe Man that fears it.

cut

cut ſhort the Encomiums that were made upon him. They began to be afraid they ſhould diſpleaſe him by praiſing him: Thus their Encomiums were at an End, but their Admiration increas'd, every one knowing the Tenderneſs he had ſhew'd to *Piſiſtratus*, and the Care he took to pay him the laſt Offices. The whole Army was more mov'd with theſe Marks of his Good-nature, than with all thoſe miraculous Inſtances of Wiſdom and Valour which he had lately manifeſted. He is wiſe, he is valiant, whiſper'd they one to another; he is the Favourite of the Gods, and the true Hero of our Age: He is more than Human: But all this is only Matter of Wonder, it does nothing more than fill us with Amazement. He has Humanity and Goodneſs; he is a Friend; he is Tender-hearted; he is Sympathizing, he is Liberal, he is Beneficent, and wholly at the Diſpoſal of them whom he ought to love. He is the Delight of them who converſe with him; he has laid aſide his former Haughtineſs, Careleſſneſs and Pride. This is what makes him uſeful in Life, (*d*) this is what comes home to each Man's Heart; this is what begets in us a Fondneſs for him, and makes all his Virtues palpable to us: This is what makes us all ready to ſacrifice our Lives for him.

Theſe Diſcourſes were ſcarce finiſh'd, when they proceeded without any more ado, to the Point in Hand, namely, the Buſineſs of giving a King to the *Daunians*. Moſt of the Princes were of Opinion, that it was beſt to divide that Country among themſelves as a conquer'd Land. They offer'd to *Telemachus*, for his Share, the fertile Country of *Arpos*, which twice a Year produces the rich Donatives of *Ceres*, the bounteous Bleſſings of *Bacchus*, and the ever-green Fruits of the Olive-Tree ſacred

(*d*) The Admiration we have for the Virtues of Heroes is nothing but a forced Homage in which the Heart has no Share, if they do not win it by their Humanity and Goodneſs.

to

to *Minerva*. This Land, ſaid they to him, ought to make you forget the poor Cottages of *Ithaca*, the frightful Rocks of *Dulichium*, and the wild Foreſts of *Zacynthus*. Give over the Search of your Father, who muſt be periſh'd in the Waves near the Promontory of *Capaneus*, thro' the Revenge of *Nauplius* and the Diſpleaſure of *Neptune*. Think no more of your Mother, who ever ſince your Departure has been in the Poſſeſſion of her Lovers: Think no more of your Country, whoſe Soil is not favour'd by Heaven, like this we now offer you. He patiently heard all this; but the Rocks of *Thrace* and *Theſſaly* are not more deaf and inſenſible to the Complaints of deſpairing Lovers, than *Telemachus* to theſe Propoſals.

For my Part, ſays he, I am not fond either of Riches or Pleaſures: What avails the poſſeſſing a greater Compaſs of Land, and commanding a greater Number of Men? It occaſions but the more Perplexity and the leſs Liberty to the Maſter. Life is full enough of Miſeries, even to the wiſeſt and moſt moderate ſort of Men, without the additional Trouble of governing others (*e*), who are untractable, reſtleſs, oppreſſive, treacherous, and ungrateful. If a Man aims at the Maſtery over others for his own Sake alone, with an Eye to nothing but his own Authority, Pleaſure, and Glory, he is a Villain, he is a Tyrant, he is the Scourge of Mankind. If, on the contrary, his Deſign in aiming at the Dominion over them, be only to conduct them aright for their own Good, he is not ſo much their Maſter as their Guardian; he has nothing but the Trouble of it, which is endleſs, and he is far from having any Thoughts or Deſires to enlarge the Bounds of his Authority. The Shepherd, who devours not his Flock, but with the Hazard of his own Life guards it againſt the Wolves, and watches over it

(*e*) *You are not at leiſure to be a King, if you are not at leiſure to hear me*, ſaid a Woman to *Philip*, when that Prince refuſed to hear her.

Night

Night and Day, and takes care to lead it into fat Paſtures, has no Mind to increaſe the Number of his Sheep, by ſeizing upon thoſe of his Neighbours, becauſe it would but increaſe his Trouble. Altho' I never ſway'd a Scepter, added *Telemachus*, yet do I underſtand from the Laws, and from thoſe wiſe Men who made them, how painful and laborious a Thing it is to direct the Reins of Government, and have the Conduct of Cities and Kingdoms: I am therefore content with my poor *Ithaca*, as mean as it is. I ſhall have Glory enough, provided I reign there with Juſtice, Piety, and Courage: And, indeed, I ſhall reign there but too ſoon. Heaven grant that my Father, ſafe from the Fury of the Waves, may govern there to an extreme old Age, and that I may long learn under him how to over-come my own Paſſions, and thereby to regulate thoſe of a whole Nation.

Afterwards *Telemachus* thus proceeded: Hear, O ye Princes, what I think myſelf obliged to ſay to you for your own Intereſt. If you procure the *Daunians* a Juſt King, he will rule them with Juſtice; he will ſhew them how much it is for their Advantage to adhere to the Dictates of Good Faith and Sincerity, and never to encroach upon their Neighbours. And this is what they could never come to an Underſtanding of while they were governed by the impious *Adraſtus*. As long as they ſhall be under the Sway of a wiſe and moderate Prince, you will have nothing to fear from them. They will be beholden to you for this good King, whom you ſhall have beſtow'd on them; they will be indebted to you for all the Peace and Proſperity they ſhall enjoy under him. They will be ſo far from annoying you, that they will inceſſantly bleſs you, and both King and People will be, as it were, your Creatures, the Work of your own Hands. If, on the contrary, you proceed to divide their Country among you, pray obſerve the Miſchiefs that I foretel will unavoidably enſue. Theſe People driven by Deſpair, will begin a new War; they will have Juſtice on their Side, in contending for their Liberty,

and

and the Gods, who are Enemies of Tyranny, will fight for them. And if the Gods take their Part, you will certainly, ſooner or later, be confounded, and all your Proſperity vaniſh like Smoke. Wiſdom and Council will be taken away from your Commanders, Courage from your Soldiers, and Fertility from your Lands. You will flatter yourſelves with vain Expectations, you will be raſh and unadvis'd in your Undertakings, you will ſilence honeſt Men that ſhall offer to tell you the Truth; your Fall will be ſudden, and it will be ſaid of you, Are theſe the flouriſhing Nations, that were to give Laws to all the World? See how they fly before their Enemies, and are the Sports of others, who trample them under their Feet! This is the Work of the Gods, this is what ſuch unjuſt, proud, inhuman People deſerve! Again; if you attempt to divide this Conqueſt among you, you unite all the neighbouring Nations againſt you. Your League form'd to defend the common Liberty of *Heſperia* againſt the uſurping *Adraſtus*, will become hateful; and 'tis yourſelves that all the World will with good Reaſon accuſe of aiming at an univerſal Tyranny. But admitting you prove victorious, both over the *Daunians* and all others, even that will be your Deſtruction. This Project will diſunite you all, becauſe, not being founded upon Juſtice, you will have no Rule among you to ſquare out each other's Pretenſions by; every one will urge that his Part of the Conqueſt ſhould be proportionate to his Power; none of you will have Authority enough over the Nations to make the Allotment peaceably, and this will be the Source of a War which your Great Grand-children will never ſee an End of. Is it not much better to be juſt and moderate, than to follow one's Ambition with ſo much Danger, and thro' ſo many inevitable Miſchiefs? Is not profound Peace, the calm and innocent Pleaſures that accompany it, the Bleſſings of Plenty, the Friendſhip of one's Neighbours, the Glory that is intail'd on Juſtice, the Authority that is acquir'd in rendering one's ſelf by one's Sincerity the Arbiter of all foreign Nations;

Nations; are not theſe, I ſay, much more deſirable Things than the fooliſh Vanity of an unwarrantable Conqueſt? O Princes, O Kings, you ſee I ſpeak to you without any Biaſs or Self-ends; hearken therefore to one who loves you ſo well as to contradict you, nay even to diſpleaſe you, by ſetting the Truth before your Eyes.

While *Telemachus* delivered himſelf thus, with an Air of Authority which they had never ſeen in any other, and while all the Princes with Aſtoniſhment and Rapture admired the Wiſdom of his Counſels, there was heard a confus'd Noiſe throughout the Camp; it ſpread itſelf to the very Place where the Aſſembly was held. A Stranger, ſaid they, is landed on theſe Coaſts, with a Company of armed Men. This unknown Perſon is of a lofty Mien; every Thing in him appears heroick; it is eaſy to diſcern that he has been long under the Frowns of Fortune, and that his high Courage has made him ſuperior to all his Calamities. At firſt the People of the Country, who had the keeping of the Coaſt, would have repuls'd him as an Enemy that coming to make an Invaſion; but after having drawn his Sword with an Air of Intrepidity, he told them that he knew how to defend himſelf if he were attack'd, but that all he deſir'd of them was Peace and Hoſpitality. He immediately held forth an Olive-Branch as a Supplicant: Upon this he is heard; he deſires to be brought to thoſe that govern in this Part of *Heſperia*, and therefore he is conducted into the Preſence of the aſſembled Kings.

Scarce was this News brought, when this Stranger was ſeen entering with a Majeſty that ſurprized the whole Aſſembly: One might eaſily have taken him for *Mars*, when he aſſembles in the Mountains of *Thrace* his Blood-thirſty Troops. He beſpeaks the Aſſembly in theſe Terms:

(*f*) O ye Shepherds of the People, who are doubtleſs

(*f*) This was the Name the antient Poets gave to Kings; and they expreſs'd by this ſole Title all the Duties of the Royalty.

met

met together here either to defend your Country againſt its Enemies, or to enact the moſt righteous Laws; hearken to a Man that has been harrow'd by Fortune. Heaven grant you never feel the like Calamities! I am *Diomedes*, King of *Ætolia*, who wounded *Venus* at the Siege of *Troy*. The Revenge of this Goddeſs follows me throughout the Univerſe. *Neptune*, who can refuſe nothing to the divine Daughter of the Sea, has deliver'd me up to the Fury of the Winds and Waves, which have daſh'd my Ships againſt many a Rock. The inexorable *Venus* has taken from me all Hope of ever ſeeing again my Kingdom, my Family, and the delicious Light of that Country where I firſt ſaw the Day at my Birth. No, I ſhall never ſee more what I hold moſt dear in the World. I now am come, after numerous Shipwrecks, to ſeek on this unknown Shore a little Repoſe and a ſecure Retreat. If you fear the Gods, eſpecially *Jupiter*, who has the Care of Strangers; if you are capable of Pity, do not refuſe me, in theſe vaſt Regions, ſome Corner, tho' it be of barren Ground, ſome diſmal Deſart, or ſome ſharp craggy Rock, that I, with my Companions, may found a City there, which may be at leaſt a melancholy Image of our loſt Country. We aſk but a ſmall Tract, ſome waſte Place, which is of no uſe to you. We will live peaceably with you in a ſtrict Alliance: Your Enemies ſhall be ours; we will enter into all your Intereſts; we only deſire the Liberty of living according to our own Laws.

All the while *Diomedes* was ſpeaking this, *Telemachus*, with his Eyes faſten'd on him, betray'd in his own Countenance all the different Paſſions that the human Soul is capable of. When *Diomedes* firſt ſpoke of his long continu'd Calamities, he was in hopes that this majeſtick Perſon might be his Father. As ſoon as he had declar'd himſelf to be *Diomedes*, *Telemachus*'s Countenance fell like a beauteous Flower, which the cruel North Wind had juſt blaſted with its pernicious Breath. The following Words of *Diomedes*, complaining of the implacable Anger of a Deity, begot in him a compaſſionate and

and a tender Remembrance of the like Misfortunes ſuffer'd by his Father and himſelf. His Cheeks ran down with Tears mix'd with Grief and Joy, and he inſtantly flew to *Diomedes* to embrace him.

I am, ſaid he, the Son of *Ulyſſes*, whom you once knew, and who was not unuſeful to you when you took the famous Horſes of *Rheſus*. The Gods have treated him, as well as you, unmercifully. He is ſtill alive, or there is no Truth in the Oracles of *Erebus*. But alas! he is not alive to me: I left *Ithaca* to ſeek him, and now I can neither ſee him nor *Ithaca* again. Judge by my Misfortunes how great my Compaſſion muſt be for yours. The Advantage that Misfortunes bring along with them, (g) is to teach us to ſympathize with others in the like Troubles. Tho' I am but a Stranger here, yet I am able, O great *Diomedes*, (for notwithſtauding the Miſery that overwhelm'd my Country when I was a Child, I have not been ſo ill educated as to be ignorant of your glorious Feats in War) I am able, O thou the moſt invincible of all the *Greeks* next *Achilles*, to procure you ſome Relief. Theſe Princes, whom you here ſee, are Perſons of Humanity, without which they very well know there is neither Virtue, nor true Courage, nor ſubſtantial Glory. Misfortune adds a new Luſtre to the Glory of great Men: There is ſomething incomplete in them if they never met with Calamities. There is then wanting in their Lives Examples of Patience and Firmneſs of Mind. Diſtreſs'd Virtue melts all Hearts that have any Reliſh for Virtue; leave to us, therefore, the Care of comforting you. Since the Gods have ſent you to us, we look upon you as a Preſent they intended us, and ought to eſteem ourſelves happy that we are able to mitigate your Sorrows.

While he was thus ſpeaking, *Diomedes* look'd on him with Wonder and Amazement, and felt his Heart leap

(g) This is a Tranſlation of that Verſe of *Virgil*.
Non ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.
What *Telemachus* ſays, is an Imitation of *Dido*'s Speech to *Æneas*'s Companions, in the firſt Book of the Æneid.

within

within him. They preſs'd each other in their Arms, as if they had been united in the cloſeſt Bands of Friendſhip. O worthy Son of *Ulyſſes*, ſaid *Diomedes*, I diſcover in you the Complacency of your Father's Countenance, the Gracefulneſs of his Diſcourſe, his commanding Eloquence, his noble Sentiments, and his well-weigh'd Thoughts.

Mean while *Philoctetes* likewiſe embrac'd the great Son of *Tydeus*: They related to each other their melancholy Adventures: Then ſaid *Philoctetes* to him, I doubt not but you would gladly ſee again the wiſe *Neſtor*: He has juſt loſt *Piſiſtratus*, the laſt of his Children; and now there remains nothing for him to do but to deſcend with Sorrow to the Grave: Come then and try to comfort him; a Friend under Affliction is fitter than another to eaſe his troubled Heart. They immediately repair to the Tent of *Neſtor*, who ſcarce knew *Diomedes* again, Grief had ſo depreſs'd his Spirits, and diſorder'd his Senſes. *Diomedes* began immediately to weep with him, and their Interview was to the old Man a redoubling of Sorrow; but after a while the Preſence of this Friend aſſuag'd the old Man's Sorrows, which one might eaſily diſcern were in ſome Meaſure ſuſpended by the ſecret Pleaſure of relating what he himſelf had ſuffer'd, and of hearing, on the other Side, what had befallen *Diomedes*.

Whilſt they were thus converſing, the Kings, together with *Telemachus*, were debating what Courſe to take. *Telemachus* adviſ'd them to give *Diomedes* the Country of *Arpos*, and to chuſe *Polydamus* for King of the *Daunians*, he being of their own Nation. This Man was a famous Captain; but *Adraſtus*, thro' Jealouſy, would never employ him, leſt the World ſhould aſcribe to that able Soldier the Glory which he would ſuffer no Man to have the leaſt Share of beſides himſelf. *Polydamus* had often in private intimated to him, that he too much expos'd his own Life and the Welfare of his Country, in this War, againſt ſo many confederate Nations: He would often have adviſ'd him to have obſerv'd a more ingenuous and moderate

moderate Deportment, with reſpect to his Neighbours; but thoſe Men who hate Truth, do alſo hate ſuch as are ſo bold to declare it to them. They make no Manner of Account either of their Sincerity, or their Zeal, or their Diſintereſtedneſs. A bewitching Proſperity harden'd *Adraſtus*'s Heart againſt the moſt wholſome Advice, notwithſtanding which, he ſtill obtain'd the Victory over his Enemies Day after Day; Pride, Inſincerity, Violence, were ſtill the Inſtruments of Triumph to him. None of the Misfortunes which *Polydamus* ſo often threaten'd him with, came to paſs. *Adraſtus* laugh'd at that timorous Prudence which is always foreſeeing Inconveniencies. He could no longer endure the Sight of *Polydamus*; he remov'd him from all Employments of Honour and Truſt, and left him to languiſh in Solitude and Indigence.

Polydamus was at firſt diſpirited at this Uſage; but it ſoon gave him what he wanted, in opening his Eyes to ſee the Vanity of high Fortunes: He became wiſe at his own Coſt; he began to rejoice that he had been unfortunate; he, by Degrees, learnt how to ſuffer, to be ſatisfied with a little, and calmly to feed his Soul with Truth; to cheriſh and entertain within him ſecret Virtues, which are more worth than the noiſy ſhewy ones: In fine, to know how to live a ſequeſter'd Life. He dwelt at the Foot of Mount *Garganus*, in a Deſart, where a half-arch'd Rock ſerv'd him for a Houſe; a Brook that run from a Mountain ſlak'd his Thirſt, and ſome adjoining Trees afforded him their Fruits for Food: He had two Slaves that cultivated a little Spot of Ground for him, in which he wrought likewiſe with his own Hands (*h*): The Ground repay'd his Toil with great Increaſe, not ſuffering him to want any Thing: He had not only Fruit and Pulſe in Abundance, but all ſorts of fragrant Flowers beſides. There he bewail'd the

(*h*) Juſt in ſuch Circumſtances was *Abdolonymus* when *Alexander* the Great made him King of *Sidon*. *I wanted nothing when I poſſeſs'd nothing*, ſaid the new King, recalling to mind the Sweets of his former Condition.

Un-

Unhappineſs of thoſe People who are forced on their Deſtruction by the ſenſeleſs Ambition of a tyrannical Prince. There he every Day expected that the juſt Gods, tho' patient for a while, would at length cruſh the impious *Adraſtus*. The more his Proſperity gain'd Ground, the more irrecoverable he thought his Fall would prove; for Imprudence, when it is ſucceſsful in its Errors, and Power, when ſcru'd up to the higheſt Pitch of abſolute Authority, are the Fore-runners of the Down-fal of Kings and Kingdoms. When he was inform'd of the Overthrow and Death of *Adraſtus*, he ſhew'd no Signs of Joy, either for having foreſeen it, or for being reſcu'd from his Tyranny: He only ſigh'd for fear of ſeeing the *Daunians* in a State of Slavery.

This is the Man *Telemachus* propos'd for their King. He had for ſome Time known his Courage and Valour; for *Telemachus*, according as *Mentor* had advis'd him, was inceſſantly making Inquiry of the good and bad Qualities of all who were in any conſiderable Employment, not only among the confederate Nations who ſerv'd in this War, but even among his Enemies. He made it his principal Care every where to find out and examine (*i*) what Men had any particular Talent or Virtue.

The confederate Princes made at firſt ſome Difficulty of placing *Polydamus* on the Throne. We have experienc'd, ſaid they, how much a King of the *Daunians* is to be dreaded by his Neighbours, when he is a Lover of War, and knows how to manage it. *Polydamus* is a great Captain, and may be very dangerous to us. But *Telemachus* reply'd, 'Tis true, *Polydamus* underſtands War, but he loves Peace; and theſe are the two Things that are the moſt to be deſir'd in a Prince. A Man who is acquainted with the Unhappineſs, the Hazards, and the Difficulties of War, is much more capable of avoiding it than another, who has no Experience of them.

(*i*) Of all the Sciences this is the moſt inſtructive, and perhaps the moſt difficult. It requires even a greater Share of Judgment to know others, than to know one's ſelf.

Poly

Polydamus has learn'd to reliſh the Pleaſure of a quiet Life; he condemn'd the Enterprizes of *Adraſtus*; he foreſaw their diſmal Conſequences. A weak, ignorant, and unexperienc'd Prince ought more to be dreaded by you, (*k*) than a Man who will look into Affairs, and determine every Thing himſelf. A weak, ignorant, and unexperienc'd Prince will ſee nothing but by the Eyes of a giddy Favourite, or of a flattering, turbulent, and ambitious Miniſter; ſo that a Prince thus blinded, will engage himſelf in a War, even tho' he has no Mind to it; and you can never be ſure of him, becauſe he cannot be ſure of himſelf; he will falſify his Word to you; he will ſoon reduce you to ſuch Extremities, that you muſt either ruin him, or he you. Is it not more advantageous, more ſafe, and, at the ſame Time, more juſt and generous, to make a faithful Return to the Confidence the *Daunians* place in you, and to give them a King worthy to command them?

The whole Aſſembly receiv'd Conviction from this Speech, and they came to a Reſolution inſtantly to propoſe *Polydamus* to the *Daunians*, who were impatiently waiting for an Anſwer. When they heard the Name of *Polydamus*, they reply'd, We are now ſatisfy'd that the confederate Princes will act ſincerely by us, and perpetuate the Peace with us, ſince they are willing to grant us a Man ſo virtuous and ſo capable of governing us, to be our King. If they had propos'd to us a cowardly, vicious, effeminate, and ill-principled Perſon, we ſhould have thought they aim'd only at depreſſing us and corrupting the Form of our Government: We ſhould have ſecretly harbour'd in our Breaſt a deep Reſentment of ſo ill-natur'd and fraudulent a Piece of Conduct; but their Choice of *Polydamus* is a ſure Indication of real Candour. The Confederates, without doubt, expect nothing from us but what is juſt and honourable, ſince they concede

(*k*) A Prince of Reſolution has no Faults but his own. But a ſoft, weak Prince has, together with his own Faults, the Faults of all thoſe that direct him.

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to us a King who is uncapable of acting the leaſt Thing counter to the Liberty and Glory of our Nation. And we, in like Manner, do proteſt, in Preſence of the juſt Gods, that Rivers ſhall ſooner return to their Sources, than we will ceaſe to love ſo beneficent a People. May our moſt remote Poſterity remember the Benefit we this Day receive, and may they never forget to renew, from Generation to Generation, the Peace of the Golden Age in all the Borders of *Heſperia!*

Telemachus, after this, propos'd to beſtow on *Diomedes* the Fields of *Arpos*, to plant a Colony there. This new People, ſaid he to them, will be oblig'd to you for their Settlement in a Country which you don't at all occupy. Remember, that all Men owe each other reciprocal Love; that the Earth is too large for them; that they can't be without Neighbours; and that 'tis beſt to have ſuch as are indebted to us for their Eſtabliſhment. Be ſoften'd with the Misfortunes of a King who cannot return into his own Country. *Polydamus* and he, being united together by the Bands of Juſtice and Virtue, which are the only durable ones, will preſerve you in profound Peace, and render you formidable to all the neighbouring Nations that may entertain Thoughts of aggrandizing themſelves. You ſee, O ye *Daunians*, that we have beſtowed on you a King capable of advancing your Glory to the Skies; do you, therefore, on your Part, give up a Piece of Ground that is to you uſeleſs, ſince we aſk it of you for a King who deſerves all Manner of Relief at your Hands.

The *Daunians* reply'd, That they could deny *Telemachus* nothing, ſince it was he that procur'd them *Polydamus* for their King. Accordingly they went that Inſtant to fetch him from his Solitude, and to place him upon the Throne. But before they parted, they granted the fertile Plains of *Arpos* to *Diomedes*, to found a new Kingdom there. The Confederates were overjoy'd at this Conceſſion, becauſe *Diomedes*'s Colony of *Greeks* would add a conſiderable Weight to the confederate Forces,

Forces, if ever the *Daunians* ſhould renew the Uſurpations, of which *Adraſtus* had ſet ſo ill an Example.

All the Princes now thought of nothing but ſeparating.

Telemachus, with Tears in his Eyes, departs with his Men, after having tenderly embrac'd the valiant *Diomedes*, the wiſe and inconſolable *Neſtor*, and the fam'd *Philoctetes*, the worthy Inheritor of the Arrows of *Hercules*.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XXII.

The ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, *at his Return to* Salentum, *is ſurpriz'd to ſee the Country ſo well manur'd, and to find ſo little Magnificence in the City.* Mentor *gives him his Reaſons for this Alteration, ſhews him the Cauſes which generally hinder a State from flouriſhing, and propoſes the Conduct and Government of* Idomeneus, *as a Model for him.* Telemachus *after this, opens his Heart to* Mentor, *relating to him his Inclination for* Antiope, *the Daughter of that King.* Mentor *agrees with him as to her good Qualities, which he commends, and aſſures him that the Gods decree her for him; but that at preſent he ought to turn his Thoughts only upon going to* Ithaca, *and freeing* Penelope *from the Perſecution of her Lovers.*

THE

THE brave Son of *Ulysses* burn'd with Impatience to see *Mentor* again at *Salentum*, and to take Shipping with him for *Ithaca*, where he hoped his Father might, ere this, be arriv'd. As he drew near to *Salentum*, he was fill'd with Amazement to see all the neighbouring Country, which he had left little better than a Desart, cultivated like a fine Garden, and full of diligent Labourers: He knew this must be *Mentor*'s doing (*a*). Afterwards entering the City, he observ'd that there were fewer Artificers for Luxury and the Pleasures of Life, and a much less Appearance of Pomp and Magnificence than before. *Telemachus* was not pleas'd with this, for he was naturally fond of every Thing that look'd gay and fine; but it was not long before his Mind was possess'd with other Thoughts. He at a Distance sees *Idomeneus* coming towards him with *Mentor*: This instantly fill'd his Heart with Joy and Tenderness: Yet notwithstanding he had been successful in the War against *Adrastus*, he was afraid, lest *Mentor* should not be well-pleas'd with him; and as he came forward, he consulted *Mentor*'s Eyes, to see if they intimated nothing that might give him Occasion to upbraid himself.

First, *Idomeneus* embrac'd *Telemachus* as his own Son; afterwards *Telemachus* threw himself about *Mentor*'s Neck, and bedew'd him with his Tears. Says *Mentor* to him, I am well-pleas'd with you; you have been guilty of great Oversights; but they have serv'd to make you know yourself, and to be hereafter diffident of your own Abilities. Men often reap more Fruit from their Misdeeds than from their noblest Atchievements. Great Actions are apt to puff up the Heart, and to inspire a dangerous Presumption; whereas a Man's Miscarriages and Failures

(*a*) The Reader is not surprized at this Alteration when he finds that *Minerva* was the Author of it, and presided in this great Work. Our Poet never makes use of the Marvellous at the Expence of Probability.

make him enter into himſelf, and reſtore him the Prudence which he loſt during the Run of his good Fortune. That which remains for you to do is to praiſe the Gods, (*b*) and not to court the Praiſes of Men. Your Performances have been great; but pray ſpeak the Truth, were they done entirely by yourſelf? Did they not happen to you like ſomething unaccountably pour'd upon you from without? And were you not like to have ſpoil'd them by your Headineſs and Imprudence? Did it not ſeem to you as if *Minerva* had chang'd you into another Man beyond yourſelf, in order to make you the Inſtrument of her Atchievements? She held back all your Infirmities, and ſuperſeded your Defects; as *Neptune* does, when he ſuſpends the angry Waves and ſtops the Storm

Whilſt *Idomeneus* was eagerly aſking Queſtions of the *Cretans* who were return'd from the War, *Telemachus* gave attentive Ear to the ſage Counſels of *Mentor*. After which he caſt his Eyes on every Side with Wonder, and ſaid to him, What a Change do I ſee! It paſſes my Underſtanding: Has any dreadful Calamity befallen this Place while I was abſent? What is become of that Magnificence which ſhone out in every Part of it at my Departure? I ſee neither Gold nor Silver, nor precious Stones: The People are meanly habited: The Buildings that are carrying on are much inferior to the reſt, both for Dimenſions and Ornament; the Arts droop, and the City is become a Deſart.

To this *Mentor* reply'd ſmiling, Did you take notice of the Condition of the Country round the City? Yes, anſwer'd *Telemachus*, I ſaw the Fields were clear'd of the Brambles, and People every where employ'd in Culture. Which is beſt, adds *Mentor*, a City decorated with Marble, and ſuperb in Gold and Silver, with a Country neglected and barren; or a manur'd fertile Country, with a City ordinary in Shew and moderate

(*b*) This Maxim contains all the Duties of a Man, who is indebted to his own Merit alone for any great Proſperity.

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in its Manners? A great City full of Artificers employ'd in emaſculating Men's Minds with the Luxuries of Life, when it is ſurrounded with a Kingdom poor and ill-cultivated, is like a Monſter who has a Head of an exorbitant Bigneſs, but whoſe Body is extremely thin and depriv'd of Nouriſhment, ſo as to bear no Proportion to the Head: 'Tis the Number of People, and the Plenty of Proviſions, which makes the true Strength and true Riches of a Kingdom. *Idomeneus* has now a People innumerable, and indefatigable in Labour, who fill every Corner of his Country; ſo that his whole Country is as it were but one intire City, and *Salentum* but the Centre of it. We have tranſported out of the City into the Country the Men that were wanting to the Country, and were ſuperfluous in the City. Beſides, we have drawn hither Abundance of Foreigners. The more theſe People increaſe and multiply, the more do the Fruits of the Earth increaſe and multiply by their Labour. This ſo ſweet and peaceable a Multiplication augments his Kingdom more than a Conqueſt would do. He has laid aſide no Arts, but ſuch ſuperfluous ones as turn the Poor from applying themſelves to Things that are really wanting, and which corrupt the Rich, by occaſioning Pride and Supineneſs. But we have done no Manner of Injury to the polite Arts, nor to thoſe who have a true Genius for cultivating them. Thus *Idomeneus* is much more powerful than he was when you admired his Magnificence; that dazzling Glitter hid under it a Weakneſs and a Miſery which would ſoon have undermin'd his Empire: Now he has a greater Number of Men, and ſubſiſts them more eaſily: Theſe Men, who are accuſtom'd to Toil, Pain, and a Contempt of Life, thro' the Love they bear to good Laws, are always in a Readineſs to fight in the Defence of thoſe Lands which they with their own Hands have improv'd. This State which you think decay'd, will ſoon become the Wonder of *Heſperia*.

Remember, O *Telemachus*, that there are in the Government of a Nation, two pernicious Things, which are

ſcarce ever to be remedied. The firſt is an unjuſt and too violent Authority in Kings. The ſecond is Luxury, which vitiates the Manners of the People. When Kings have accuſtomed themſelves to know no Law but their own abſolute Will, and to give no Check to their Paſſions, they may do any Thing; but by this very Power of doing any Thing, they ſap the Foundation of their Power; they go by no certain Rules, nor are they reſtrained by any Maxims of Government; their Subjects try who ſhall flatter them moſt: They loſe their People, and have nothing left them but Slaves, whoſe Number leſſens every Day. Who ſhall tell them the Truth? Who ſhall ſet Bounds to this Torrent? Every Thing falls before it; the Wiſeſt fly away, hide themſelves, and groan in ſecret. Nothing but a ſudden and violent Revolution can bring back this deluging Power into its natural Channel. Nay, oftentimes the Means made uſe of to regulate it, have irrecoverably deſtroy'd it. Nothing ſo much threatens a fatal Fall, as an Authority that is carried too far; like a Bow too much bent, which at laſt breaks on a ſudden, if the String be not ſlackened: But who is he that will dare to ſlacken it? *Idomeneus* was in his Heart a juſt Man, yet it was this bewitching Authority that tumbled him from his Throne; but even after that, his Eyes continued hoodwinked: There was a Neceſſity for the Gods to ſend us hither to undeceive him, and to open his Eyes, that he might ſee that overſtrained, extravagant Power which does not befit the State of Man; nay, they were forced to make uſe of a Sort of Miracle to recover him from his Deluſion. The other almoſt incurable Miſchief is Luxury; as too great an Authority poiſons Kings, ſo Luxury poiſons a whole Nation. 'Tis commonly urged, that Luxury ſerves to feed the Poor at the Expence of the Rich; as if the Poor could not more profitably provide for themſelves by increaſing the Fruits of the Earth, than by ſoftening and womanizing the Rich by the Refinements of Voluptuouſneſs. Thus a whole Nation habituates itſelf to look upon the moſt ſuperfluous Things, as if they were abſolutely neceſſary,

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and thus every Day brings forth ſome new Neceſſaries of the ſame Kind, and Men can no longer live without Things which but thirty Years ago were utterly unknown to them. This Luxury is affectedly called the *Bon Gôut*, the Perfection of Arts, and the Politeneſs of a Nation. This Vice, which carries in its Womb a thouſand more, is commended for a Virtue; it ſpreads its Contagion from the King down to the very Dregs of the People; they that have any Royal Blood in their Veins are willing to imitate the King's Magnificence; the Men of Quality would mimick the King's Relations, and the middle Sort would fain equal thoſe of Quality; (for who is it that thinks amiſs of himſelf?) The loweſt Rank of Men would paſs for a middle Sort, and every one lives above his Condition; ſome for Oſtentation, and to make a Shew of their Wealth; others thro' a miſtaken Shame, and to cloke their Poverty; (*c*) even thoſe who are ſo wiſe as to condemn ſo great a Diſorder, are not ſo wiſe as to dare to be the firſt to ſtem the Tide, or to ſet contrary Examples. Thus a whole Nation falls to Ruin; all Conditions and Ranks of Men are confounded; an eager Deſire of acquiring Wealth to ſupport a vain Expence, corrupts the pureſt Minds, and nothing is regarded but how to grow rich: Poverty is counted infamous. Be learned, prudent, virtuous; inſtruct Mankind, win Battles, ſave your Country, ſacrifice all your Intereſts to the publick Good; you are deſpiſed, if your Talents are not ſet off by Pomp and Show. Even thoſe who have no Wealth, would fain appear rich, and accordingly ſpend as if they were ſo; and then they fall to borrowing, cheating, and uſing a thouſand mean Arts to get Money: But who ſhall remedy theſe Evils? The Reliſh and Habitude of a whole Nation muſt be changed; new Laws muſt be given them: And who ſhall attempt this unleſs the King ſhall prove to be ſo much of a Philoſopher, as to ſet an Example of Mo-

(*c*) Where is the wiſe Man that dares riſe up againſt the Cuſtoms of a Nation? It is no little Matter for him to condemn Them: But If he ſets up to reform them, his Reputation will be very much expoſed.

deration himſelf, and ſo put out of Countenance thoſe who love a pompous Expence, and at the ſame Time, to encourage the Prudent, who will be glad to be authorized in a decent Way of Frugality?

Telemachus, hearing this Diſcourſe, was juſt like a Man who comes out of a profound Sleep: He felt the Truth of theſe Words, and they were deeply engraven in his Heart; like as a skilful Statuary gives what Lineaments he pleaſes to a Piece of Marble, ſo as to beſtow on it Softneſs, Life, and Motion. *Telemachus* made no Anſwer; but pondering in his Breaſt all that he had been hearing, he attentively ſurvey'd the ſeveral Changes and Alterations that had been made in the City, and after a while he thus expreſſed himſelf to *Mentor*.

You have made *Idomeneus* the wiſeſt of all Kings; both he and his People are become new Creatures; and it muſt be granted, that what you have done here is infinitely greater than the Victories we have lately obtained. Chance and Strength have a great Share in the Succeſſes of War: We are forced to divide the Glory of the Battle with our Soldiers; but all you have done is performed wholly by yourſelf: You have been obliged ſingly to labour againſt a King, and his whole People, to reform them. The Succeſſes of War are always fatal and odious: But what I ſee here is the Work of a celeſtial Wiſdom; all is ſweet, all is pure, all is amiable, all beſpeaks an Authority more than human. When Men have ſet their Hearts upon purchaſing Glory, why do they not look for it in thus applying themſelves to do good? How ignorant are they of the true Nature of Glory, who hope to acquire it in ravaging the Earth and ſpilling human Blood! *Mentor* diſplayed a ſenſible Joy in his Face to ſee *Telemachus* have ſuch right Notions about Victories and Conqueſts, at an Age when it was ſo natural for him to be intoxicated with the Glory which he had acquired.

After this *Mentor* added: 'Tis true all you ſee here is good and laudable; but know, that it is poſſible to do yet better Things than theſe. *Idomeneus* curbs his Paſſions, and applies himſelf to govern his People with Juſtice;

tice; yet for all this, he commits a great many Faults, which are the unhappy Conſequences of his former Errors. When Men ſet about ſhaking off any evil Cuſtom, this Evil ſtill ſeems to adhere to them. For a long Time, there ſtill remains within them ſome of their old Leaven, a weakened Diſpoſition, inveterate Errors, and almoſt incurable Prejudices. Happy are they who never wandered out of the right Path! They may be able to do good in a much greater Perfection. The Gods, O *Telemachus*, will require more from you than from *Idomeneus*; becauſe you have been acquainted with the Truth from your Infancy upwards, and have never been abandoned to the Faſcinations of a too great Proſperity.

Idomeneus, continued *Mentor*, is wiſe and ſagacious; but he applies himſelf too much to minute Things, and does not enough meditate on the Bulk of his Affairs, in order to form Schemes. The Qualification of him who is ſet over other Men, does not conſiſt in doing all himſelf: It is an egregious Piece of Vanity to think to do any ſuch Thing, or to go about to perſuade the World that one can do it. A King ought to govern by chuſing and conducting thoſe who govern under him: He is not to deſcend into every circumſtantial Matter; for that is doing the Buſineſs of thoſe who are under him: He ought only to call them to an Account, and to know enough to be able to take the neceſſary Parts of ſuch an Account. The grand Art of governing (*d*) is to know how to chuſe and apply, according to their ſeveral Talents, thoſe that are under you; to govern thoſe that govern; to correct them, try them, encourage them, raiſe them, keep them under, change them, and have a conſtant Eye over them, regulate them, and inſpire them with good Conduct. For a Prince to examine every Thing himſelf, argues Diffidence, Littleneſs of Mind, and a Jealouſy about mean Matters,

(*d*) Experience juſtifies *Mentor*'s Maxims. What King ever governed more glorioufly than *Louis* XIV. backed by two Miniſters who had a perfect Maſtery of the Science of Particularities? Their Glory did not in the leaſt detract from that Great Prince who employed them, and there was plain to be ſeen in their Adminiſtration, that perfect Harmony which *Mentor* ſo ſtrongly recommends to *Telemachus*.

which conſumes that Time and Freedom of Spirit which is neceſſary for great Things. To form grand Deſigns, a Man muſt have a calm diſengaged Thought, ſo as to be able to conſider every Thing at Eaſe, and entirely free from all Affairs of a difficult and perplexing Nature. A Mind that is exhauſted and ſpent with too many Particularities, is like the Lees of Wine, which have neither Strength nor Flavour: They who govern by Detail, are always determined by what is before them, without extending their Views to a remote Futurity; they are always ſwayed by the Affair of the preſent Day, and that Affair being the only one that takes up their Thoughts, they are too much impreſſed and crampt by it; for no Man can paſs a ſound Judgment of Things, without comparing them all together, and marſhalling them in a certain Order, that thereby they may be reduced to a proper Connexion and Proportion. To fail in this Rule of Government is to be like a Muſician, who, thinking it enough that he has hit upon harmonious Sounds, never troubles himſelf to unite and accord them together, in order to compoſe a ſweet and raviſhing Piece of Muſick: Or like an Architect, that thinks his Buſineſs done, provided he heaps together mighty Columns, and abundance of well-cut Stones, without thinking of the Order and Proportion of the ſeveral Ornaments of his Building. When a Dining-Room is to be made, he thinks not of making a ſuitable Stair-caſe. When the Body of the Building is in Hand, he dreams not either of the Court-Yard or the Portal. His Work is nothing but a confuſed Medley of pompous Parts, which are not made to fit one another. This Work, inſtead of being for his Honour, is rather a Monument of his Shame; for it ſhews that it was done by a Workman who had not a ſufficient Compaſs of Thought to take in at once the general Deſign of his whole Work, which is the Character of a limited and ſubaltern Mind. When Man is born with a Genius confined to Particularities, he is only fit to execute Affairs under another. Depend upon it, O my dear *Telemachus*, the Government of a Kingdom demands a certain Harmony, like Muſick, and juſt Proportions, like that of Architecture. If

If you will give me Leave, I will again make uſe of the Compariſon of theſe Arts, and make you conceive what ordinary Underſtandings thoſe Men have who govern by the Detail. He who in a Concert of Muſick ſings only ſome certain Parts, tho' he ſings them perfectly well, he is no more than a Singer. He alone is the Maſter of Muſick who governs the whole Concert, and at once regulates all the Parts of it. In like Manner, he that cuts the Columns, or raiſes one Side of a Building, is but a Maſon; while he who contrives the whole Edifice, and has all the Proportions in his Hand, is alone the Architect. So thoſe who take moſt Pains, and are moſt laborious in making out the Diſpaches, are ſuch as have the leaſt Share in the governing Part; they are no more than Under-workmen. The true Genius that conducts a State, is he, who, doing nothing himſelf, cauſes every Thing to be done; he contrives, he invents, he foreſees the future, he reflects on what is paſt, he diſtributes and proportions Things, he makes early Preparations, he inceſſantly arms himſelf to ſtruggle againſt Fortune, as a Swimmer grapples with a Torrent of Water; he is attentive Night and Day, that he may leave nothing to Chance.

Do you think, O *Telemachus*, that a great Painter labours from Morning till Night, that he may diſpatch his Work the ſooner? No; ſuch Slavery and Subjection would damp the Flame of his Fancy; he would no longer work from his Genius; all muſt be done irregularly and by Sallies, according as his Reliſh moves him, and his Spirit ſtimulates him. Think you that he ſpends his Time in grinding of Colours and preparing of Pencils? No; that is the Buſineſs of his Servant. His Province is that of Thought and Contrivance; he ſtudies nothing but to ſtrike bold Strokes that may give a noble Air, Life and Paſſion to his Figures; his Head is buſied upon the Sentiments and Way of Thinking of thoſe Heroes he is about to repreſent; he tranſports himſelf into the Ages wherein they lived, and goes back into all the Circumſtances that ever attended them: To this Kind of Enthuſiaſm

thuſiaſm he muſt join a Judgment that muſt reſtrain and chaſtiſe his luxuriant Fancy, that the whole may be true, correct, and proportionable in all its Parts. Do you think, *Telemachus*, that leſs Elevation, Genius, and Effort of Thought is requiſite to make a great King, than a good Painter? Conclude then, that the Buſineſs of a King is to think to form great Deſigns, and to pitch upon ſuch as are proper Perſons to execute them under him.

Telemachus replied: Methinks I am convinced of every Thing you have been ſaying: But at this Rate, a King would be often impoſed upon, by not entering, himſelf, into Particulars of Things. No; it is you that impoſe on yourſelf, replied *Mentor:* That which hinders a Prince from being impoſed upon, is a general Knowledge of Government: Thoſe who have no Principles to go by in Buſineſs, and have no true Diſcernment, go always as it were groping in the dark, and it is owing to Chance if they don't miſtake their Way. They don't ſo much as know what it is they are looking for, nor which Way they ought to ſteer their Courſe; they only know how to be diſtruſtful, and they ſooner diſtruſt honeſt Men that contradict them, than Knaves that flatter them. On the contrary, they that have Principles of Government, and who are well-skilled in Men, knew what they ought to expect from them, and the Means to attain it. They perceive, at leaſt in groſs, whether the Perſons they make uſe of are Inſtruments proper for their Purpoſe, and whether they conceive their Intentions ſo far as to be able to hit the Mark they aim at. Beſides, as they don't concern themſelves with tedious Particulars, they have their Minds more at Liberty to ſurvey at once the main of the Work, and to obſerve whether it advances towards its principal End: If they make any Miſtakes, they ſcarce ever happen to be material ones. Again, they are above thoſe little Jealouſies that are the Badges of a narrow Spirit, and a grovelling Soul: They very well know that there's no avoiding being deceived ſometimes in great Affairs, becauſe they muſt make uſe of Men for their

their Inſtruments, (*e*) and that Men are often ſubject to Error and Deceit. More may be loſt by the Irreſoluteneſs attending Diffidence, than would be loſt by ſuffering one's ſelf to be in ſome Meaſure impoſed upon. He is very happy who is deceived only in inconſiderable Things; great ones will not fail to take their own Courſe: And this is the only Thing that a great Man ſhould be under any Concern for. He ought ſeverely to puniſh Deceit when it is diſcovered; but a Man that will not be really deceived, muſt reckon upon meeting with ſome Deceit. A Workman in his Shop ſees every Thing with his own Eyes, and does every Thing with his own Hands. But a King that has wide Dominions, can neither do nor ſee every Thing: He ought to do only thoſe Things that no other can do under him. He ought to ſee only ſuch as are of the greateſt Importance.

In fine, ſays *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, you are belov'd by the Gods, who are preparing for you a Reign that ſhall be repleniſh'd with Wiſdom; all that you ſee here is intended, not ſo much for *Idomeneus*'s Glory, as for your Inſtruction. All theſe prudent Eſtabliſhments, which you admir'd in *Salentum*, are but a Shadow of what you ſhall one Day do in *Ithaca*, if by your Virtues you anſwer the Purpoſes of your high Deſtiny. 'Tis Time we thought of going hence; *Idomeneus* keeps a Ship ready for our Return.

Telemachus, upon this, did, tho' not without ſome Difficulty, unboſom to his Friend a certain Inclination he had, which made him loth to depart from *Salentum*. You will blame me, perhaps, ſaid he, for too eaſily entering into Engagements in the Places thro' which I paſs: But my Heart wou'd continually upbraid me, if I ſhould conceal from you that I love *Antiope*, the Daughter of *Idomeneus*. It is not, O my dear *Mentor*, ſuch a blind Paſſion as you cured me of in *Calypſo*'s Iſland: I well know the Depth of the Wound Love made in my

(*e*) *The greateſt of all Errors*, ſays a certain celebrated Author, *is to go about to reform all Errors*. Certain neceſſary Evils will be tolerated in a wiſe Government.

Soul,

Soul, when I was with *Eucharis:* I cannot yet utter her Name without Concern: Time and Abſence have not been able to expunge it from my Heart: This ſad Experience teaches me to be diſtruſtful of myſelf: But as for *Antiope*, what I feel on her Account, is nothing like the other: It is not an amorous Phrenzy; it is Judgment, it is Eſteem, it is Perſuaſion: O how happy ſhould I be in paſſing my Life with her! If ever the Gods reſtore my Father to me, and permit me to chuſe a Wife, *Antiope* ſhall be the Perſon: What in her charms me is her Silence, her Modeſty, her Reſervedneſs, her aſſiduous Induſtry in embroidering and working of Wool; her Application in managing her Father's Houſe ſince her Mother's Death; her Contempt of gaudy Apparel; her Forgetfulneſs, or rather Ignorance ſhe ſeems to be in of her own Beauty. When *Idomeneus* commands her to lead up the Dances of the young *Cretan* Maidens to the warbling Flutes, one would take her for ſmiling *Venus* accompanied with the Graces: When he carries her to hunt with him in the Foreſt, ſhe looks as majeſtick, and is as dexterous at handling the Bow, as *Diana* amidſt her Nymphs; herſelf alone does not know it, while all the World admires it. When ſhe enters into the Temple of the Gods, and bears the ſacred Offerings on her Head in Baskets, one would think ſhe were the very Deity that inhabits the Temple. With what Awe, with what Devotion have we ſeen her offer Sacrifices, and avert the Anger of the Gods, when ſome Crime was to be expiated, or ſome dreadful Omen to be deprecated? In fine, when one ſees her with a Company of her Maidens, holding in her Hand a golden Needle, one would think *Minerva*'s ſelf were deſcended to Earth in a human Form, to inſpire Men with curious Arts: She cheers up others to Work; ſhe renders Labour pleaſant to them by the Sweetneſs of her Voice, when ſhe ſings the miraculous Stories of the Gods. She ſurpaſſes the moſt exquiſite Painting by her delicate Embroideries. Happy the Man whom kindly *Hymen* ſhall unite to her! He will have nothing to fear but to loſe her and ſurvive her. My dear *Mentor*, I call the

the Gods to witneſs that I am ready to be gone: I ſhall love *Antiope* as long as I live; but ſhe ſhall not retard my Return to *Ithaca* one Moment. If another ſhould enjoy her, I ſhould paſs the reſt of my Days in Sorrow and Bitterneſs: But in ſhort I am reſolved to leave her, tho' I know my Abſence may endanger me to loſe her. I am unwilling to diſcover my Paſſion either to her or to her Father; for I think I ought not to make a Declaration of it to any but you, 'till *Ulyſſes*, reinſtated on his Throne, gives me his Conſent. You may, by this, my dear *Mentor*, be convinc'd, that my preſent Impreſſion is vaſtly different from that blind Paſſion I had for *Eucharis*.

Mentor reply'd; O *Telemachus*, I allow there is a Difference; *Antiope* is gentle, plain-hearted, prudent; her Hands deſpiſe not Labour; ſhe foreſees Things at a great Diſtance; ſhe provides againſt all Contingencies; ſhe knows how to be ſilent; ſhe acts regularly without a Hurry; ſhe is everlaſtingly employ'd, but never embarraſs'd, becauſe ſhe does every Thing in its due Seaſon; the good Order of her Father's Houſe is *(f)* her Glory, it adds a greater Luſtre to her than her very Beauty: Tho' the Care of all lies upon her, and ſhe is charg'd with the Burden of reproving, refuſing, ſparing, (Things that make almoſt all other Women hated) ſhe has acquired the Love of all the Houſhold; and this, becauſe they find not in her either Paſſion, or Conceitedneſs, or Levity, or Humour, as in other Women: With a ſingle Glance of her Eye they know her Meaning, and are afraid to diſpleaſe her: The Orders ſhe gives are plain; ſhe commands nothing but what may be performed; ſhe reproves with Kindneſs, and even amidſt her Reprehenſions, ſhe finds Room to give Encouragement to do better: Her Father's Heart repoſes itſelf upon her, as

(f) There was now nothing wanting in *Telemachus*, but the Glory which is ſo rarely to be met with, that *of being wiſe in his Love*. *Antiope*'s Picture is drawn from the Principles laid down by our Author, in his Treatiſe of the *Education of a Daughter*.

a Traveller, fainting under the Sun's ſultry Rays, repoſes himſelf upon the tender Graſs beneath a ſhady Tree. You are in the Right, O *Telemachus*; *Antiope* is a Treaſure worthy to be ſought for, even in the moſt remote Regions. Her Mind, no more than her Body, is never trim'd with vain gaudy Ornaments: Her Fancy, tho' full of Life, is reſtrain'd by her Diſcretion; ſhe never ſpeaks but when there is an abſolute Occaſion; and when ſhe opens her Mouth, ſoft Perſuaſion and genuine Graces flow from her Lips. The Moment ſhe begins to ſpeak every Body elſe is ſilent, which throws a baſhful Confuſion into her Face; ſhe could find in her Heart to ſuppreſs what ſhe was about to ſay, when ſhe perceives that ſhe is ſo attentively liſten'd to: For my Part, I have ſcarce ever heard her ſpeak.

You may remember, O *Telemachus*, when her Father one Day made her come in, how ſhe appear'd with her Eyes caſt down, cover'd with a large Veil, and ſpoke no more than juſt enough to moderate the Anger of *Idomeneus*, who was going to inflict a rigorous Puniſhment upon one of his Slaves. At firſt ſhe took Part with him in his Trouble; then ſhe calm'd him; at laſt ſhe intimated to him what might be alledged in Excuſe of the poor Wretch, and without letting the King know that he was tranſported beyond due Bounds, ſhe inſpir'd into him Sentiments of Juſtice and Compaſſion. *Thetis*, when ſhe ſooths old *Nereus*, does not appeaſe with more Sweetneſs the raging Billows. Thus *Antiope*, without aſſuming any Authority, and without taking Advantage of her Charms, will one Day manage the Heart of a Husband, as ſhe now touches her Lyre, when ſhe would draw from it the moſt melting Sounds. Once again, I tell you, *Telemachus*, your Love for her is well-grounded; the Gods deſign her for you; you love her with a rational Affection; but you muſt wait till *Ulyſſes* grant her to you. I commend you for not having diſcover'd your Sentiments to her; but know, that if you had taken any By-methods to let her know your Deſigns, ſhe would have rejected them, and ceaſed to have had a Value for you; ſhe

ſhe will never promiſe herſelf to any one, but leave herſelf to be diſpoſed of by her Father; ſhe will never take for her Spouſe a Man that does not fear the Gods, and who does not acquit himſelf of all the Duties that are incumbent upon him. Have you not obſerved as well as I, that ſhe appears leſs in Sight than ſhe uſed to do, and caſts her Eyes more to the Earth ſince your Return. She knows all the Succeſſes that have attended you in the War; ſhe is not ignorant either of your Birth, or of your Adventures, or of any Thing that the Gods have done for you; and 'tis this that renders her ſo ſhy and ſo reſerved. Come, let us go, *Telemachus*, let us go to *Ithaca*; there remains now nothing more for me to do but to bring you to your Father, and to put you into a Condition to obtain a Bride worthy of the Golden Age. Were ſhe a Shepherdeſs on the froſty *Algidus*, inſtead of being a Daughter of the King of *Salentum*, you would be the happieſt of Men in the Enjoyment of her.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XXIII.

The ARGUMENT.

IDOMENEUS *fearing the Departure of his two Guests, proposes to* Mentor *several knotty Affairs, which he tells him he cannot settle without his Assistance.* Mentor *instructs him how to proceed for the Future, and continues firm in his Resolution, that* Telemachus *should return to* Ithaca. Idomeneus *makes another Trial to retain them, by stirring up the Passion of this latter for* Antiope; *he engages them in a Hunting-Match, to which he carries his Daughter with him. She had been torn to Pieces by a wild Boar, but that* Telemachus *saves her.*

her. After this, he finds in himself a great Repugnance to leave her, and to bid the King her Father Farewel. But being encouraged by Mentor, *he conquers his own Weakness, and embarks for* Ithaca.

IDOMENEUS, who could not bear the Thoughts of parting with *Telemachus* and *Mentor*, made it his whole Study how he might keep them longer. He represented to *Mentor*, that without his Assistance he could not decide a certain Difference that was arisen between *Diophanes*, the Priest of *Jupiter Conservator*, and *Heliodorus*, the Priest of *Apollo*, concerning the Presages drawn from the Flight of Birds, and the Entrails of Victims. Why, reply'd *Mentor*, should you concern yourself with sacred Affairs? Leave the Decision of them to the *Hetrurians*, who have the Tradition of the most antient Oracles, and are the inspired Interpreters of the Gods. Employ your Authority only in stifling such Disputes at their very Birth. Be guilty neither of Partiality nor Prejudice. Do you only support the Decision when it shall be given. Remember that a King ought to be resignedly subject to Religion, and never undertake to regulate it (*a*). Religion comes from the Gods; it is above all Kings. If Kings interfere in Matters of Religion, instead of protecting it, they will enslave it. Kings are so powerful, and other Men so weak, that every Thing will be in Danger of being alter'd at the King's Pleasure, if he is allow'd to meddle in Questions relating to sacred Things. Leave therefore a

(*a*) A Prince cannot act any Part so much out of Character, as that of Doctor. The *Portugueſe* boded no Good from the Reign of Don *Sebaſtian*, when they saw the young Prince strenuously dispute in every Thesis that was argued at *Lisbon*, and place his Glory in bearing away the Palm in such Tongue-Battles. [2. Whether this is not to colour over the Old *French* King's Want of Learning, insomuch that he could hardly write or read?]

free

free Deciſion of theſe Points to the Friends of the Gods, and do you confine your Power to correct thoſe who ſhall diſobey their Judgment when pronounc'd.

Then *Idomeneus* complain'd of the Perplexity he was in with a great Number of Law-Suits between private Perſons, which he was preſs'd to hear. Decide all new Queſtions, anſwer'd *Mentor*, which are likely to eſtabliſh general Maxims of Juriſprudence, and to be brought as Precedents in the Interpretations of the Laws; but never undertake to try private Cauſes. They will beſiege you in whole Multitudes. You will be the only Judge of all your People. All the other Judges, who are appointed under you, will be wholly uſeleſs. You will be quite oppreſs'd beneath the Weight of them, and theſe petty Buſineſſes will take up that Time which ought to be employ'd in greater, and yet you will never be able of yourſelf to diſpatch even thoſe petty ones. Be very cautious, therefore, how you throw yourſelf into ſuch Perplexity. Refer the Affairs between private Perſons to the Under-Judges: And do nothing yourſelf, but what no other Man can do to eaſe you. You will then acquit yourſelf as a King ought to do.

I am alſo preſs'd, ſaid *Idomeneus*, to mediate certain Marriages. Some Men of noble Birth, that have ſerv'd me in all my Wars, and loſt very great Eſtates by ſo doing, think it would be a kind of Recompence, if they might marry certain rich young Ladies: A Word from me would procure them thoſe Settlements.

It is true, reply'd *Mentor*, it would cauſe you no more than a Word. But that very Word would coſt you too dear. Would you deprive their Parents of the Liberty and Comfort of chuſing their Sons-in-Law, and conſequently their Heirs? This would be bringing every Family into the moſt intolerable Slavery. You would be anſwerable for all the domeſtick Misfortunes of your People. Marriages have generally Thorns enough in them, without imbittering them with this farther Hardſhip. If you have faithful Servants to reward,

(*b*) give

(*b*) give them ſome of the Lands that are uncultivated: To theſe add Ranks and Honours proportionable to their Condition and Service; and if it is neceſſary, make them Preſents out of what you may ſave in your Expences: But never pay your Debts by ſacrificing Ladies of Fortune contrary to the Inclination of their Parents.

Idomeneus ſoon proceeded from this Queſtion to another. The *Sybarites*, ſaid he, complain of our having uſurp'd ſome Lands belonging to them, and beſtowing them as Waſtes on the Strangers that we have lately drawn hither, in order to grub them up and till them. Shall I give Way to theſe People? If I do ſo, every one will think that it is but forming Pretenſions upon us, and they ſhall have them comply'd with.

It is not juſt, reply'd *Mentor*, to believe the *Sybarites* in their own Cauſe. But neither is it juſt to believe you in yours. Whom then ſhall we believe, anſwer'd *Idomeneus?* We are not to believe either of the two Parties, anſwer'd *Mentor*. The wiſeſt Courſe is to chuſe for your Arbitrator ſome neighbouring Power, that cannot be ſuſpected of Partiality to either. Such are the *Sipontines*. They have no Intereſt contrary to yours. But am I oblig'd, anſwer'd *Idomeneus*, to truſt to an Arbitrator? Am not I King? Is a Sovereign oblig'd to ſubmit to Strangers for the fixing the Bounds of his Territories?

Mentor reply'd: Since you are reſolved to ſtand firm in the Juſtification of your Title, it is plain you yourſelf are perſuaded that your Right is good: On the other hand, the *Sybarites* are as reſolute as you. They maintain that their Right is undoubted. In this wide Oppoſition of Opinions, either an Arbitrator, choſen by both Parties, muſt reconcile the Difference, or the Sword decide it. There is no third Expedient. If you were to go into a Republick which had neither Magiſtrates nor Judges, and where every Family ſhould think it lawful to do themſelves Juſtice by Force of Arms in all their Preten-

(*b*) A Prince who is liberal at the Expence of other People, makes himſelf odious by his Favours.

ſions

ſions upon their Neighbours, (*c*) you would pity the Miſery of ſuch a Nation, and be ſtruck with Horror at that dreadful Confuſion, where every Family is worrying its Neighbour. Do you imagine that the Gods would look with leſs Horror upon the World, which is but a larger Republick, if every Nation in it, which is no more than a great Family, ſhould right themſelves by Violence in all their Claims upon their Neighbours? A private Man, who poſſeſſes a Field as the Inheritance of his Anceſtors, can maintain it only by the Authority of the Laws, and the Judgment of the Magiſtrate. He would be very ſeverely puniſhed, as a Stirrer up of Sedition, if he ſhould keep by Force what Juſtice had beſtowed upon him. Do you think that Kings are allowed to run immediately to Arms for the Defence of their Pretenſions, without having firſt tried all Methods of Gentleneſs and Humanity? Is not Juſtice more ſacred and more inviolable to Kings, in relation to whole Countries, than to Subjects, in relation to a petty Field? Shall a Man be a Villain, an Oppreſſor, that ſeizes only upon a few Acres of Land? And ſhall he be a juſt Man, a Hero, that invades whole Provinces? If we are apt to be prejudiced, to be ſelfiſh, to be blind in the inconſiderable Affairs of private Perſons, ought we not much more to apprehend our being biaſſed and hoodwinked in the great Affairs of the State? Shall we truſt ourſelves in a Matter where we have ſo much Reaſon to be diffident of our own Judgment? How cautious and timorous ought we to be of falling into a Miſtake, in a Caſe where the Error of one Man has ſuch frightful Conſequences? A King's flattering himſelf vainly in the fanſied Right of his Pretenſions, often occaſions Plunderings, Famines, Maſſacrees, Plagues, Depravation of Manners, whoſe fatal Conſequences reach down to the

(*c*) Such was the Barbarouſneſs of our [the *French*] Nation in the early Times of the Monarchy. The whole Kingdom was turn'd into one vaſt Field of Battle by the great Lords continually fighting with one another; and it is very extraordinary that a certain wiſe Author ſeems to lament the Loſs of ſuch a ſort of Government.

re-

remoteſt Ages. Since a King generally draws ſo many Flatterers about him, ought he not couſtantly to fear that he ſhould be flatter'd upon theſe Occaſions? On the contrary, if he agrees upon an Arbitrator to end the Difference, he ſhews his Equity, his good Faith, his Moderation. He publiſhes the ſolid Reaſons upon which his Cauſe is grounded. The Arbitrator, whom he chuſes, is a friendly Moderator, and not a rigorous Judge. You do not blindly ſubmit yourſelf to his Deciſions, but only ſhew a great Reſpect for his Opinion. He does not pronounce Sentence as a ſupreme Judge, but makes Propoſals to the two Parties, and each ſacrifices ſomething by his Advice to preſerve the publick Peace. If a War follows, after all this Care in the King to avoid it, he then is ſure of having on his Side, at leaſt the Teſtimony of his Conſcience, the Eſteem of his Neighbours, and the juſt Protection of the Gods. *Idomeneus*, convinced by theſe Arguments, conſented, that the *Sipontines* ſhould be Mediators between him and the *Sybarites*.

Then the King ſeeing that all theſe Endeavours to detain the two Strangers were ineffectual, try'd to hold them by a ſtronger Tie. He had obſerv'd, that *Telemachus* lov'd *Antiope*, and he hoped to engage him by this Paſſion. With this View, he made her ſing at divers Feaſts. She did it only in Obedience to her Father; but with ſo much Modeſty and Reluctance, that it was eaſy to perceive the Pain ſhe ſuffered in obeying. *Idomeneus* went ſo far as to bid her ſing the Victory gain'd over the *Daunians* and *Adraſtus*: But ſhe could not prevail with herſelf to ſing the Praiſes of *Telemachus* before his Face. She reſpectfully excuſed herſelf from doing it, and her Father knew not how to conſtrain her. Her ſoft melodious Voice ſunk to the Heart of the young Son of *Ulyſſes*: His very Soul was moved. *Idomeneus*, whoſe Eyes were fix'd upon him, enjoy'd the Pleaſure of obſerving his Diſorder. But *Telemachus* would not ſeem to perceive the King's Deſign. He could not help being very much touch'd upon ſuch an Occaſion. But his Reaſon held in his Paſſions, and he was no longer the ſame

Telemachus

Telemachus that was formerly Slave to a tyrannical Love in *Calypſo*'s Iſland. While *Antiope* ſung, he kept a profound Silence. As ſoon as ever ſhe had done, he turn'd the Diſcourſe upon ſome other Subject.

The King, finding he cou'd not ſucceed in his Deſign this Way, reſolv'd, for a laſt Trial, to make a great Hunting-match, where his Daughter ſhould have the Pleaſure of being preſent. *Antiope* wept, being unwilling to go to it. But ſhe could not refuſe to ſubmit to the abſolute Command of her Father. She mounts upon a foaming thundering Horſe, like one of thoſe which *Caſtor* broke to Battle. She governs him with Eaſe. A Troop of young Maidens follow her with Joy. She appears in the midſt of them like *Diana* in the Foreſts. The King ſees her, and could never look off her. While he beholds her he forgets all his paſt Misfortunes. *Telemachus* ſees her too. He is more charmed with the Modeſty of *Antiope*, than with her Dexterity and all her Graces.

The Dogs purſu'd a Boar of an enormous Size, and furious, like that of *Calydon*. His long Briſtles were hard and ſtiff as Spikes; his glaring Eyes were full of Blood and Fire. His Breathing was heard from far, like the hollow Noiſe of the ſeditious Winds, when, in order to allay a Tempeſt, *Æolus* recals them into a Cave. His long Tuſhes, crooked like the ſharp Sickle of the Reaper, cut the Trunks of the Trees. All the Dogs that durſt come near him, were torn to Pieces. The boldeſt Hunters, while they purſu'd him, were afraid to overtake him. *Antiope*, who rode as ſwift as the Winds, fear'd not to attack him near at Hand. She launches her Dart, which enters above his Shoulder. The Blood of the raging Beaſt ſtreams out, and makes him more furious. He turns towards her that wounded him. Immediately *Antiope*'s Horſe, notwithſtanding all his Courage, ſtarts, and gives back. The monſtrous Boar flings himſelf upon him, like thoſe heavy Machines which ſhake the Walls of the ſtrongeſt Towns. The Courſer ſtag-

ſtaggers, and is beaten down. *Antiope* ſees herſelf upon the Ground, out of a Condition to avoid the fatal Tuſh of a Boar enrag'd againſt her. But *Telemachus*, alarm'd at the Danger *Antiope* was in, throws himſelf off his Horſe: Quicker than Lightening he flies between the ſprawling Horſe and the Boar, juſt ready to revenge the Loſs of his Blood. He brandiſhes his long Spear, and buries it almoſt intirely in the Flank of the frightful Monſter, which falls to the Earth foaming with Madneſs.

Telemachus cuts off the Head of the Beaſt, which is ſtill dreadful to behold, and which frightens all the Hunters. He preſents it to *Antiope*. She bluſhes, and conſults the Eyes of her Father, who having but a Moment before been in the utmoſt Terror at the Danger of his Daughter, is tranſported with Joy at her Deliverance, and makes a Sign to her to accept the Preſent. As ſhe takes it, ſhe ſays to *Telemachus*, I, with Acknowledgment, receive of you a Gift more valuable than this: For I owe you my Life.

Scarce had ſhe ſpoken, but ſhe fear'd ſhe had ſaid too much. She turn'd her Eyes to the Earth; and *Telemachus* ſeeing her Confuſion, durſt ſay no more than theſe Words: Happy the Son of *Ulyſſes* in having ſav'd ſo precious a Life! But more happy yet, might he paſs the reſt of his with you! *Antiope*, (*d*) without returning any Anſwer, ſuddenly rejoin'd her young Companions, and remounted her Horſe.

Idomeneus would that Moment have promiſed his Daughter to *Telemachus*, but he hoped to enflame his Paſſion more by leaving him in an Uncertainty, and thought the Deſire of ſecuring his Marriage with her, would keep him longer at *Salentum*. Thus *Idomeneus* reaſon'd in himſelf; but the Gods make Sport of the Wiſdom of Men. What he fanſy'd would ſtay *Telemachus*, was the very Thing

(*d*) The Manners of the preſent Age agree ſo little with *Antiope*'s reſerv'd Behaviour, that her Character will doubtleſs be thought ſomewhat rude and unciviliz'd. But the Author was of Opinion, a young Lady is no farther Virtuous, than as ſhe fears to expoſe her Virtue.

that made him in Haſte to be gone. The Emotion he already began to feel, threw him into a juſt Diffidence of himſelf. *Mentor* redoubled his Care, to give him an Impatience to return to *Ithaca*, and at the ſame Time preſs'd *Idomeneus* to give him leave to depart.

The Ship was already prepar'd; for *Mentor*, who regulated every Moment of *Telemachus*'s Life, in order to raiſe him to the higheſt Degree of Glory, ſuffered him to ſtay in every Place juſt ſo long as was neceſſary to exerciſe his Virtue, and to gain him Experience.

Mentor had taken care to cauſe the Veſſel to be prepar'd preſently after *Telemachus*'s Arrival; but *Idomeneus*, who could not without great Reluctancy ſee them prepare for their Voyage, fell into a mortal Sorrow and moſt deplorable Melancholy, when he ſaw his two Gueſts, who had been ſo helpful to him, about to forſake him. He ſhuts himſelf up in the moſt retir'd Apartments of his Houſe; there he eas'd his Heart in ſighing and pouring out Floods of Tears: He refus'd to eat; Sleep had no Power to charm his acute Sorrows; he pin'd away, he wither'd in this uneaſy Condition, like a well-grown Tree which covers the Earth with the Shadow of its thick ſpreading Bows, when a Worm begins to gnaw the Stock of it in thoſe refin'd Channels thro' which the Sap is convey'd to nouriſh it: This Tree, which the Winds were never able to looſen, and which the fruitful Earth takes delight to nouriſh in her Boſom, which the Wood-man's Ax never dared to wound, yet now languiſhes and droops, and all the while the Cauſe of its Decay lies undiſcover'd; it fades and ſheds its Leaves that were its Glory and Ornament; it has nothing now to ſhew but its Trunk, cover'd with a Bark that gapes with frequent Flaws, together with dry and ſapleſs Branches. Thus far'd it with *Idomeneus* in his Sorrow.

Telemachus was melted, but durſt not ſpeak to him; he dreaded the Day of his Departure; he ſought Pretexts to retard it, and had continued a long Time in this Unreſolvedneſs, if *Mentor* had not thus ſpoke to him: I am glad to ſee this Change in you; you were naturally

ly rugged and ſtiff, not ſuffering your ſelf to be moved by any Thing but your own Conveniencies and Advantages; but you are at length become human, and by undergoing Misfortunes yourſelf, you have learnt to ſympathize with others under the like Circumſtances. Without this Compaſſionateneſs, a Man has neither Goodneſs nor Virtue, nor Capacity to govern others; but you muſt not carry it too far, nor fall into a weak unmanly Paſſion. I would willingly ſpeak to *Idomeneus*, to get his Conſent for your Departure, and would ſave you the Trouble of ſo melancholy a Converſation; but I would not have either an indecent Shame, or a Timorouſneſs over-rule your Heart. You muſt accuſtom yourſelf to blend Courage and Firmneſs of Mind with a tender and ſenſible Friendſhip: You ſhould fear to afflict Men without an unavoidable Neceſſity; you ſhould take Part in their Troubles when you cannot avoid making them uneaſy, and ſoften as much as you can the Severity of the Blow which it is impoſſible for you entirely to withhold. 'Tis for that very Reaſon, anſwer'd *Telemachus*, that I would rather *Idomeneus* knew the Time of our Departure from your Mouth than mine.

To which *Mentor* immediately reply'd; You are deceiv'd, my dear *Telemachus*; you are like the Children of Kings, who are tenderly brought up in Purple; they expect every Thing to be done their own Way, and would have the whole Syſtem of Nature pay Obedience to their Humours; and yet have not Reſolution enough to oppoſe any Perſon to his Face. It is not that they care ſo much for Mankind, or that they are tender of grieving them, out of a Principle of Goodneſs; but they do it with an Eye to their own Conveniency; they are not willing to ſee any ſorrowful diſſatisfy'd Faces about them; they are under no Concern for the Troubles and Miſeries of Men, provided they are not before their Eyes, or ſounding in their Ears: Diſcourſes on ſuch Subjects are offenſive to them, and damp their Pleaſure. To pleaſe them, they muſt be continually told, that all Things go well; and, while they are wallowing in Delights, they are unwilling to hear or ſee any Thing

that may interrupt their Mirth: If there is Occaſion to reprehend, correct, and undeceive any one, to oppoſe the Pretenſions and Paſſions of an unjuſt and troubleſome Man, they always employ ſome other to do it, rather than ſpeak themſelves with a gentle Firmneſs of Mind upon ſuch Occaſions. They are ready to ſuffer the moſt unjuſt Favours to be extorted from them, and ſpoil the moſt important Affairs, for want of Reſolution to act againſt the Sentiment of thoſe with whom they have to do every Day. This Weakneſs, which every Body perceives in them, puts every Body upon caſting about how to make their Advantage of it; they teize them, they importune them, they tire them out, and by this worrying them they gain their Ends; they begin with flattering them and extolling them to the Skies, to inſinuate themſelves the better; but ſo ſoon as ever they have wrought themſelves into their Confidence, and are placed near their Perſons in ſome conſiderable Authority, they lead them whether they pleaſe, they impoſe the Yoke upon them, under which they groan, and are often inclin'd to ſhake it off, but ſtill they wear it as long as they live: They are ſo jealous of their Honour, as not to endure to be thought to be govern'd by others, but yet they are continually govern'd by others, nor can they tell how to do without it; for they are like thoſe feeble Vines, which not being able to ſupport themſelves, creep round about the Trunk of ſome large Tree.

I cannot ſuffer you, O *Telemachus*, to fall into this Fault, which renders a Man ſo unapt for Government. You, who are ſo tender as not to dare to ſpeak to *Idomeneus*, will be no longer touch'd with his Sorrows when once you have got out of *Salentum*. It is not ſo much his Trouble that ſoftens you; 'tis his Preſence that embaraſſes you. Go, ſpeak yourſelf to *Idomeneus*; learn on this Occaſion to be tender-hearted and ſteady-minded at the ſame Time; let him know the Concern you feel in parting from him; but let him know too, with a reſolv'd Air, and a poſitive Tone of Voice, the Neceſſity of your Departure.

Tele-

Telemachus durſt neither any longer oppoſe *Mentor*, nor go to *Idomeneus*; he was aſham'd of his Fear, and yet had not the Courage to overcome it: He paus'd, then made a Step or two, then immediately return'd, to alledge to *Mentor* ſome new Reaſons of Delay: But *Mentor*'s Look alone depriv'd him of Speech, and put to flight all his fair Pretences. Is this, ſaid *Mentor* ſmiling, the mighty Conqueror of the *Daunians*, the Deliverer of the great *Heſperia*, the Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, who is to be, after him, the Oracle of *Greece?* He dares not tell *Idomeneus* that he can no longer put off his Return into his Country to ſee his Father! O ye People of *Ithaca*, how unhappy will ye one Day be, if you have a King who is over-rul'd by an indecent Shame, and who ſacrifices his greateſt Intereſt to his Weakneſs in Matters of the moſt inconſiderable Conſequence! See *Telemachus*, what a Difference there is between Valour in the Field, and Courage in Buſineſs: You did not fear the Arms of *Adraſtus*, and yet now you are afraid of the Sorrows of *Idomeneus:* It is this that diſhonours Princes who have perform'd the greateſt Actions. After they have appear'd to be Heroes in War, they ſhew themſelves the meaneſt of Men upon common Occaſions, wherein others ſupport themſelves with Vigour.

Telemachus, convinc'd of the Truth of theſe Words, and ſtimulated with this Reproach, went hnrrying out, and would no longer give Ear to his Affections. But he ſcarce enter'd into the Room where *Idomeneus* was ſitting with downcaſt Eyes, languiſhing and devour'd with Sorrow, but they were both afraid of each other; they durſt not look one upon another; they underſtood one another without ſaying any Thing, and each dreaded the other's breaking Silence; they both of them fell a weeping. After a while *Idomeneus*, urg'd with Exceſs of Sorrow, cry'd out, To what Purpoſe is Virtue courted, if ſhe ſo ill requites thoſe who love her? After my Weakneſs has been remonſtrated to me, I am forſaken: Well! I muſt relapſe into all my former Misfortunes; ſpeak no more to me of governing well; no, I am not able to do it; I

am weary of Mankind. Whither would you go, *Telemachus?* Your Father is dead, you in vain ſeek for him. *Ithaca* is become a Prey to your Enemies; they will deſtroy you if you return thither, you will find that one or other of them has marry'd your Mother. Remain here. You ſhall be my Son-in-Law and my Heir. You ſhall reign after me: Nay, during my Life, you ſhall have an abſolute Power in my Kingdom. My Confidence in you ſhall be unbounded; but if you are inſenſible to all theſe Avantages, at leaſt, leave *Mentor* with me, who is my only Reſource. Speak; anſwer me; harden not your Heart; take pity on the moſt miſerable Man in the World. What! do you ſay nothing? Ah! too plainly I ſee how cruel the Gods are to me; I felt it leſs ſeverely even in *Crete*, where I was ſo unhappy as to ſlay my only Son.

At laſt *Telemachus* reply'd with a diſorder'd and timorous Voice: I am not at my own Diſpoſal; the Deſtinies recal me into my Country. *Mentor*, who is indued with the Wiſdom of the Gods, commands me in their Name to be gone. What would you have me do? Muſt I renounce my Father, my Mother, and that which ought to be much dearer to me, my Country? Being born to Royalty, I am not deſtin'd to a ſedate calm Life, nor to follow my own Inclinations. Your Kingdom is more wealthy and powerful than that of my Father. But I ought to prefer what the Gods decree for me, before what you have had the Generoſity to offer me. I ſhould think myſelf too happy, if I had *Antiope* for a Wife, even without any Hopes of your Kingdom. But to make myſelf worthy of her, I muſt go where my Duty calls me, and my Father muſt be the Perſon that demands her of you. Did you not promiſe to ſend me back to *Ithaca?* Was it not upon this Promiſe that I, with the Confederates, fought for you againſt *Adraſtus?* 'Tis Time for me to think of redreſſing my domeſtick Misfortunes: The Gods, who have given me to *Mentor*, have alſo given *Mentor* to the Son of *Ulyſſes*, to make him fulfil the Decrees of Fate. Would you have me loſe *Men-*

tor,

tor, after having loſt all Things beſides? I have now neither Eſtate, nor Retreat, nor Father, nor Mother, nor any certain Country to fly to; I have a only a wiſe virtuous Man left me, who is the moſt precious Gift of *Jupiter*: Be you yourſelf Judge whether I can forego ſuch a Treaſure, and conſent to his leaving me. No, I would ſooner die; take, take my Life, that's a Trifle, but take not *Mentor* from me.

As *Telemachus* proceeded in his Diſcourſe, his Voice enlarg'd itſelf, and his Timorouſneſs went off. *Idomeneus* knew not what to anſwer, and could not find in his Heart to grant what the Son of *Ulyſſes* ask'd of him. When he could no longer ſpeak to him, he, by his Looks and Geſtures, endeavour'd to move his Compaſſion. At the ſame Moment he ſaw *Mentor* appear, who gravely addreſs'd himſelf to him in theſe Terms: Do not afflict yourſelf: We indeed leave you; but Wiſdom, which preſides in the Councils of the Gods, will always continue with you: Do but believe yourſelf happy, in that *Jupiter* has ſent us hither to ſave your Kingdom, and to recover you from your erroneous Digreſſions. *Philocles*, whom we have reſtor'd to you, will ſerve you faithfully. The Fear of the Gods, the Reliſh of Virtue, the Love of the People, and Compaſſion for the Unhappy, will always prevail in his Heart. Hearken to him, and make uſe of him without Diſtruſt or Jealouſy. The greateſt Piece of Service you can do yourſelf, is to oblige him to tell you your Faults freely, and without any varniſhing. The greateſt Courage of a good King conſiſts in ſeeking true Friends, who may ſhew him his Miſtakes. Provided you are indued with this kind of Courage, our Abſence cannot hurt you, and you will live happily; but if Flattery, which inſinuates like a Serpent, ſhould again find a Way to your Heart, to make you diſtruſt the moſt diſintereſted Counſels, you are undone. Don't ſuffer yourſelf to be overcome with Sorrow, but reſolutely yield to the Guidance of Virtue. I have told *Philocles* all that he ought to do for your Aſſiſtance, and have caution'd him never to make a wrong Uſe of your Con-

fidence in him: I can take upon me to anſwer for him; the Gods have given him to you, as they have given me to *Telemachus*. Every one ought courageouſly to follow where his Deſtiny leads; 'tis of no Uſe to wail and lament. If ever you have Occaſion for my Help, after I have reſtor'd *Telemachus* to his Father and his Country, I will come and viſit you again; and indeed what can I do that can give me a greater Pleaſure? I neither ſeek Riches nor Authority upon Earth; I am only deſirous to aſſiſt thoſe that are Seekers of Juſtice and Virtue. Can I ever forget thoſe Inſtances of Confidence and Friendſhip I have found from you?

At theſe Words, *Idomeneus* was of a ſudden become another Man; he felt his Mind grow calm, like the Sea, when *Neptune*, with his Trident, quells the tumultuous Waves and the moſt low'ring Tempeſts: There only remain'd in him a quiet and peaceable Sort of Regret, which was rather a Sentiment of Tenderneſs, than an acute Sorrow. Courage, Confidence, Virtue, and the Hope of the Aſſiſtance of the Gods, began to revive within him.

Well then, ſaid he, my dear *Mentor*, I find I muſt loſe every Thing, and not be diſcourag'd; at leaſt, remember *Idomeneus*, when you are arriv'd at *Ithaca*, where your Wiſdom will bring down Bleſſings ſhowering on your Head. Forget not that *Salentum* was the Work of your Hands, and that you have left an unfortunate King there, who has no Hope but in you. Farewel, O worthy Son of *Ulyſſes*, I will retard you no longer: Far be it from me to reſiſt the Gods, who lent me ſo great a Treaſure; and farewel, *Mentor*, the greateſt and wiſeſt of all Men (if however Humanity is able to do what I have ſeen in you, and if you are not ſome Deity under a borrow'd Form to inſtruct weak and ignorant Men); go and conduct the Son of *Ulyſſes*, who is more happy in having you with him, than in having been the Conqueror of *Adraſtus*: Farewel both of you; I dare ſpeak no more; forgive my Sighs; go, live, and be happy together. I once poſſeſs'd you! O glorious Days! too happy Days! Days which I knew not how ſufficiently to value!

Days

Days that have too rapidly paſs'd away, ye will never more return; never will my Eyes again ſee what they now behold.

Mentor took this Moment for their parting; he embrac'd *Philocles*, who bath'd him with his Tears, without being able to ſpeak a Word. *Telemachus* would have taken *Mentor* by the Hand, in order to get away from *Idomeneus*; but this laſt, taking his Way towards the Haven, plac'd himſelf between *Mentor* and *Telemachus*: He gaz'd upon them; fetch'd deep Sighs; he began to ſpeak, but his Words were cut off by frequent Sobbings, ſo that he could not accompliſh a Period.

And now confus'd Murmurs are heard upon the Shore, which is cover'd with Mariners; the Ropes are pull'd, the Sails are hoiſted, and a favourable Wind ſprings up. *Telemachus* and *Mentor*, with Tears in their Eyes, take their Leave of the King, who preſſes them a long Time in his Arms, and follows them with his Eyes as far as he can poſſibly ſee them.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XXIV.

The ARGUMENT.

During their Voyage, Telemachus *propoſes ſeveral Difficulties to* Mentor *upon the Art of Government; and, among others, that of knowing Mankind, and of employing the Good without being deceiv'd by the Bad. Their Converſation is hardly ended, when a Calm obliges them to come to Anchor in a little Iſland where* Ulyſſes *had juſt landed before. There* Telemachus *ſees him, and ſpeaks to him without knowing him; but after he had ſeen him embark, he feels a ſecret Uneaſineſs, for which he can aſſign no Cauſe.* Mentor *diſcovers it to him, comforts him, aſſures him he ſhall quickly be with his Father again, and makes a farther Trial of his Piety and Patience, by delaying his Departure 'till he has made a Sacrifice to* Minerva.

Then

Then the Goddeſs Minerva, *(till now conceal'd beneath the Shape of* Mentor) *reſumes her divine Form, and lets him know who ſhe is. She gives* Telemachus *her laſt Inſtructions, and then diſappears. After which* Telemachus *arrives at* Ithaca, *and finds again his Father* Ulyſſes *in the Houſe of the faithful* Eumæus.

ALREADY the Sails begin to fill; they weigh Anchor, and the Land ſeems to fly from them; already the experienc'd Pilot ſees at a Diſtance the Mountain of *Leucatè*, whoſe Head wraps itſelf in a whirling Cloud of freezing Sleet; he likewiſe beholds the *Acroceraunean* Hills, which ſtill rear up their haughty Brow to Heaven, tho' they have been ſo often batter'd with Thunder.

As they ſail'd, *Telemachus* ſaid to *Mentor*; Methinks I now conceive the Methods of Government which you have explain'd to me. At firſt they had the Appearance of a Dream; but by Degrees, they unravel themſelves in my Mind, and exhibit themſelves clearly to me; as all Objects ſeem dark at the firſt Glimmerings of *Aurora*, and afterwards look as if they were coming out of a Chaos, when the Day inſenſibly gaining Strength, diſtinguiſhes them, and reſtores them as it were their natural Shapes and Colours. I am fully perſuaded that the eſſential Point of Government is to diſcern well the different Characters and Inclinations of each Man's Spirit; to make a prudent Choice, and to apply them according to their ſeveral Talents; but I want to know how to acquire this Skill in Men.

To this *Mentor* anſwer'd: You muſt ſtudy Men, if you would know them; and in order to know them, you muſt (*a*) converſe with them. Kings ought to have frequent Converſe with their Subjects, to make them talk, to

(*a*) What muſt we think of thoſe Oriental Princes, who, in order to render themſelves more venerable and awful, do as it were impriſon themſelves in their Palaces, from whence if

to conſult them, to make Trial of them by ſmall Employments, that they may thereby know whether they are capable of higher Functions. How, my dear *Telemachus*, did you in *Ithaca* attain your Skill in Horſes? It was by often ſeeing them, and by obſerving their Faults and their Perfections, in Company with Men that had Experience in them: Juſt ſo you ſhould be often talking of the good and bad Qualities of Men, and make this the Subject of your Diſcourſe, with other wiſe and virtuous Perſons, who have long ſtudy'd their Characters; you will inſenſibly learn what they are fit for, and what you may expect from them. Who is it that taught you how to know good and bad Poets? It was frequent Reading and Reflection with ſuch Perſons as had a true Taſte that Way. Who is it that procur'd you that Judgment in Muſick? It was the ſame Application of Mind in obſerving excellent Muſicians. How can any one hope to govern Men well, if he does not know them? And how ſhould he know them, if he does not converſe with them? To ſee them in publick is not converſing with them; for on ſuch Occaſions there is nothing ſaid on either Side but Things indifferent and prepar'd with Art. The Buſineſs is to converſe with them in private, to fiſh up from the Bottom of their Souls all the ſecret Springs that lie lurking there; to feel them on every Side, and to ſound their Maxims thoroughly. But in Order to judge well of Men, you muſt firſt apply yourſelf to know what they ought to be: You ſhould know what true and ſolid Merit is, that you may diſcriminate ſuch as have it from ſuch as have it not. Men are continually talking of Merit and of Virtue, without knowing well what Virtue and Merit are. They are only fine Words, indetermin'd Phraſes in the Mouths of moſt of thoſe who are proud of repeating them every Minute. You muſt be furniſh'd with certain Principles of Juſtice, Reaſon, and

if they ever ſtir out, it is only to receive a Sort of Adoration? Is it becauſe they rather chuſe to be the Idols than the Kings of their People?

Virtue,

Virtue, whereby to know who are reaſonable and virtuous: You muſt be acquainted with the Maxims of a good and wiſe Government, that you may diſcern the Men who act by theſe Maxims, from thoſe who depart from them thro' a falſe Subtilty: In a Word, to take the Dimenſions of many Bodies, one ought to have a fix'd Meaſure; and, in like Manner, to form a right Judgment, a Man ought to have certain Principles, to which all is reducible: He ought to know exactly what is the Deſign of human Life, and what End ought to be propos'd in governing Mankind. This ſole and eſſential Aim is for a Man never to deſire Authority and Grandeur for his own (*b*) Sake, (which only tends to gratify a tyrannical Pride) but to ſacrifice himſelf to the infinite Cares of Government, in order to render Men good and happy; otherwiſe he walks in the dark, and in an Uncertainty all the whole Courſe of his Life: He goes like a Ship adrift in the open Sea without a Pilot, and without conſulting the Stars, and without knowing any of the neighbouring Coaſts, and therefore cannot avoid being wreck'd.

Oftentimes Princes, for want of knowing wherein true Virtue conſiſts, are ignorant of what they ought to look for in Men: True Virtue, they think, has ſomething in it that is rough, auſtere, and foreign to them; this frightens and ſours them, and ſo they turn themſelves toward Flattery, and from that Time they can no longer find either Sincerity or Virtue; ever afterwards they purſue a vain Shadow of falſe Glory, which makes them unworthy of the true; they ſoon get a Cuſtom of believing there is no ſuch Thing as true Virtue upon Earth; for though good Men very well know ill Men, yet ill Men cannot diſcern the good, nor bring themſelves to believe there are any ſuch in the World. Princes of this Charac-

(*b*) *The Shepherd is only for his Sheep, the Maſter only for his Scholars*, ſays *Plato*, and from thence concludes that the King is made for the Subjects, and not the Subjects for the King.

ter

ter can do nothing but diſtruſt every body alike; they hide themſelves, lock themſelves up, are jealous upon the leaſt Trifle; they are afraid of Mankind, and Mankind is afraid of them; they fly the Light, and dare not appear in their natural Condition; though they deſire not to be known, they can't help being ſo; for the malicious Curioſity of their Subjects dives into Gueſſes at every Thing; but they themſelves know no body. The ſelfiſh Crew that beſieges them, are overjoyed to ſee them inacceſſible to others. Kings that are inacceſſible to Men, are alſo inacceſſible to Truth. Thoſe about them take extreme Delight in blackening, by infamous Reports, and driving from the Court every Thing that is capable of opening the Prince's Eyes.

Such Kings paſs their Lives in a ſavage unhuman Kind of Grandeur; and being inceſſantly afraid of Impoſture, they are always ſure to be inevitably impoſed upon; and deſerve to be ſo. When one ſpeaks only to a ſmall Number of People, one is liable to receive all their Prejudices and Paſſions. Good Men themſelves have their Failings and Prejudices. A Prince is at the Mercy of Tale-bearers, a vile and malignant Tribe of Men, whoſe Food is Venom, and who poiſon the moſt innocent Things; they make Mountains of Mole-hills; they will invent Miſchief if none is ready made to their Hands; they, for their own Intereſt, play with the Diffidence and unbecoming Curioſity of a weak and jealous Prince.

Therefore, O my dear *Telemachus*, ſtudy Men, examine them, make them talk one of another, try them gradually, but be not implicitly ſwayed by any; make Improvement of your Experience, when you happen at any Time to be deceived in your Judgment, for you will infallibly be deceived ſometimes; let that be a Leſſon to you not to judge too haſtily of any one, either well or ill, for both Miſtakes are very dangerous: The Wicked are too ſubtle and deep not to ſurpriſe the Good by their ſpecious Pretences. Thus your paſt Errors will afford you very uſeful Inſtructions. When you find any Man has a peculiar Talent, and is withal virtuous, make uſe of him without

out Reſerve; for Men of Honour love to have their Integrity taken notice of; they are fonder of Eſteem and Confidence than Riches. But take care you do not ſpoil them by giving them an unbounded Power. Many a one has loſt his Virtue, becauſe his Maſter heaped on him too much Authority and Wealth: He who is ſo much beloved of the Gods, as to find in a whole Kingdom two or three true Friends, Men of ſolid Wiſdom, ſtaunch Virtue, will ſoon by their Means find other Perſons that reſemble them, to fill up their inferior Places. Thus a Prince may, by a few good Men whom he can truſt, learn what he cannot of himſelf diſcern in other Men.

But is it adviſeable, ſaid *Telemachus*, to employ ill Men that have Abilities and a Talent for Buſineſs, as I have often heard ſay it is? There is, ſaid *Mentor*, oftentimes a Neceſſity to make uſe of them. When a Nation is in a Ferment and Diſorder, there are often found crafty Knaves in Authority: They are poſſeſs'd of conſiderable Poſts, which they cannot eaſily be put out of; they have acquired the Confidence of certain powerful Perſons, who muſt be humoured: Nay, theſe very wicked Men themſelves muſt be humoured; becauſe they are dreaded, and have it in their Power to raiſe Diſturbances at Pleaſure. 'Tis proper therefore to continue them for a Time, but ſtill with a Deſign to render them uſeleſs by Degrees. As for real and intimate Confidence, beware of ever repoſing it in them; for they may abuſe it, and hold you faſt (in ſpite of all you can do) by the Secrets you have committed to them; a Chain more hard to be broken than any made of Iron! Send them upon Negotiations that are only temporary, be civil to them, engage them to be faithful to you, by ſeeming to indulge even their Paſſions, for you will never hold them by any other Handle; but do not let them into your more ſecret Deliberations; have ſome Engine always ready to move them at your Pleaſure, but never commit to them the Key either of your Heart or of your Affairs. When a State comes to be ſettled, and is under the Conduct of wiſe and good Men whom you may depend upon, thoſe ill Men that you

you are forced to employ, will by degrees become uſeleſs, (*c*) and even then you ſhould not diſcontinue to treat them well; for you ſhould never be ungrateful, even to ill Men: But at the ſame Time that you ſhew them Civilities, you ſhould endeavour to make them good; and while you connive at their Faults as human Frailties, you ought not to let paſs unpuniſhed the Evils they would openly commit if they were let alone. After all, there is an Evil in the very Good that is done by ill Men, and though this Evil often becomes inevitable, you ſhould however endeavour by Degrees to put a Stop to it. A wiſe Prince, who aims at good Order and Juſtice in all his Views, will in Time be able to lay aſide corrupt and fraudulent Men, and to do his Buſineſs without them: He will find enough good Men of a ſufficient Capacity to ſerve him.

But it is not enough for him to find good Subjects in a Nation; he ſhould form ſuch himſelf. This, anſwered *Telemachus*, muſt be attended with great Difficulties. Far otherwiſe, replied *Mentor*; your Application and Diligence in looking out for Men of Abilities and Virtue, in order to make their Fortunes, will be a Spur to all ſuch as have a Talent and a Spirit; ſo that they will all ſtrive to recommend themſelves to your Notice. How many Men are there that languiſh in an obſcure and unactive Life, who would become great Men, were they excited by Emulation and Hope of Succeſs, to exert themſelves in Buſineſs? How many Men are there, whoſe Miſery and Incapacity to raiſe themſelves by their Virtue, tempt them to do it by criminal Methods? If therefore you annex Rewards and Honours to Genius and Virtue, how many good Subjects will form themſelves, and produce to publick View their ſeveral Merits? But how many will you form, in making them aſcend Step by Step from the loweſt to the higheſt Employments? You will hereby

(*c*) This is one of the greateſt Advantages of Peace; at the ſame Time that it ſettles a Prince firmly on his Throne, it puts him in a Condition to make a free Uſe of his Sceptre (Prerogative:) But in a civil War, ſays *Homer*, Bad Men run away with all the Poſts of Profit and Honour.

exerciſe

exerciſe their Talents, you will fathom the Depth of their Underſtanding, and diſcover the Sincerity of their Virtue. Thoſe that ſhall riſe to the higheſt Places, will be ſuch as have been brought up in the loweſt ones under your own Eye. You will have followed them, Step by Step, thro' the whole Courſe of their Lives. You will thereby be able to judge of them, not by their Words, but by the Series of their Actions.

While *Mentor* was reaſoning thus with *Telemachus*, they perceived a *Phæacian* Ship, that had put in at a ſmall Iſland that was deſolate and wild, and ſurrounded with frightful Rocks. And now the Winds were huſhed; even the gentle *Zephyrs* ſeem'd to hold their Breath; the whole Sea became ſmooth like a Looking-Glaſs; the flagging Sails could no longer give Life to the Veſſel, and the Rowers were ſo fatigu'd they could ſcarce make any Riddance; ſo that they were under a Neceſſity of landing in this Iſland, which was, indeed, rather a prodigious Rock than a habitable Place; in other Weather, leſs calm, there would be no approaching it without the greateſt Danger. Thoſe *Phæacians*, who waited for the Wind, appeared no leſs impatient than the *Salentines* to proſecute their Voyage. *Telemachus* advances towards them upon this craggy Shore; he asks the firſt he meets, whether he had not ſeen *Ulyſſes*, King of *Ithaca*, in the royal Palace of *Alcinous*.

The Perſon he thus accidentally accoſted was not a *Phæacian*, but an unknown Stranger, who had a majeſtick Air, but withal ſad and diſconſolate: He ſeemed to be full of Thought, and ſcarce heard *Telemachus*'s Queſtion at firſt; but at length he made this Reply: You are not miſtaken; *Ulyſſes* has been received by King *Alcinous*, as being in a Place where *Jupiter* is feared, and Hoſpitality exerciſed; but he is not there now, and therefore it would be in vain for you to look for him; he is gone to ſee *Ithaca* again, if the appeaſed Deities will at laſt ſuffer him once again to ſalute his Domeſtick Gods. Scarce had the Stranger pronounced theſe melancholy Words, but he fled into a little Thicket that was on the

Top

Top of the Rock, from whence he, with a ſad Aſpect, viewed the watry Deep, flying from all the Men he ſaw, and ſeeming troubled that he could not get away. *Telemachus* looked wiſtfully on him, and the more he looked, the more he was moved and aſtoniſhed. This unknown Perſon, ſaid he to *Mentor*, has anſwered me like one that is full of Pain and Anxiety, and hears with Uneaſineſs every Thing that is ſaid to him: I pity the Unfortunate, ever ſince I was ſo myſelf, and I find my Heart ſtrongly biaſſed to this Man, though I know not why: He was not over-courteous to me, ſcarce would he vouchſafe to hearken to me, or anſwer me, and yet I can't help wiſhing his Troubles were at an End. *Mentor* with a Smile replied; You ſee what the Misfortunes of Life are good for; they take down the Pride of Princes, and render them ſenſible of other Men's Afflictions. When they have indeed taſted nothing but the ſweet Poiſon of Proſperity, they fancy themſelves to be Gods; Mountains muſt become Plains to gratify their Humour; they look upon Men as nothing; they are for ſporting with the whole Frame of Nature. When they hear any one ſpeak of Suffering, they know not what it means; 'tis all a Dream to them; they never ſaw the Difference between Good and Evil. Nothing but Misfortune can give them Humanity, and change their Hearts of Flint into Hearts of Fleſh; then they find they are but Men themſelves, and are taught to be tender of other Men, who are like themſelves. If your Heart is moved with ſo much Pity for a Stranger, becauſe you find him wandering on the Shore like yourſelf, how much more Compaſſion ought you to have for the People of *Ithaca*, if you ſhall hereafter ſee them ſuffer! That People whom the Gods will commit to you, as a Flock to a Shepherd, will perhaps become miſerable through your Ambition, or Pride, or Imprudence; for a Nation never ſuffers but through the Miſdeeds or Defects of their Kings who ought to watch over them, to ſecure them from Miſery.

While *Mentor* was ſpeaking thus, *Telemachus* was ſwallow'd up with Trouble, and, after a while, with ſome Emotion

Emotion, reply'd; If all this be true, the Condition of a King is very miſerable: He is Slave to all thoſe he ſeems to command; he is not ſo much made to command them, as he is to ſerve them; he owes himſelf entirely to them; he is burthen'd with all their Cares; he is every Man's Man; he muſt comply with their Weakneſſes, correct them like a Father, render them wiſe and happy: The Authority he ſeems to have is not his own: He can do nothing, either for his own Glory or Pleaſure; his Authority is that of the Laws, which he muſt obey himſelf, to ſet an Example to his Subjects; properly ſpeaking, he is only the Defender of the Laws to make them reign: He muſt watch and labour to maintain thoſe Laws; he has the leaſt Liberty and Repoſe of any Man in his Kingdom. He is a Slave that ſacrifices his own Repoſe and Liberty for the Sake of the publick Liberty and Felicity.

It is very true, reply'd *Mentor*, a King is made a King only to take care of his People, as a Shepherd does of his Flock, or a Father does of his Family. But, my dear *Telemachus*, do you think him unhappy for having ſo much Good to do to ſo many People: He reſtrains ill Men by Puniſhments, encourages the Good by Rewards; he repreſents the Gods, in thus conducting all Mankind to Virtue. Has he not Glory enough in cauſing the Laws to be obſerv'd? That of ſetting himſelf above the Laws is but a falſe Glory, and breeds nothing but Horror and Contempt: If he is a vicious Man, he cannot but be miſerable; for he can find no Tranquillity amidſt his Paſſions, and in his Vanity: If he be a good Man, he taſtes the pureſt and moſt ſubſtantial of all Pleaſures, in labouring the Cauſe of Virtue, and thereby expecting from the Gods an everlaſting Recompence.

Telemachus, whoſe Mind was troubled with a ſecret Uneaſineſs, ſeem'd never before to have comprehended theſe Maxims, tho' he was full of them, and had himſelf taught them to others. A ſullen Humour gave him a Spirit of Contradiction and Subtilty, contrary to his true Sentiments, and made him reject the Truth which *Mentor* explain'd to him.

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Telemachus oppoſed to theſe Reaſons the Ingratitude of Men. What! ſaid he, to take ſo much Pains to endear one's ſelf to thoſe Men, who, perhaps, will never love us, and to ſhew Kindneſs to ſuch worthleſs Wretches as will make uſe of the very Favours they have receiv'd, to do us a Miſchief! *Mentor* anſwer'd: You muſt reckon upon meeting with Ingratitude from Men, and yet you muſt not omit to do them Good; you ought to ſerve them, not ſo much for their own Sake, as out of Love to the Gods who command it: The Good that is done is never loſt; if Men forget it, the Gods remember and reward it: Beſides, if the Bulk of Mankind is ungrateful, there are always ſome virtuous Men, upon whom your Virtue will make an Impreſſion; nay, the very Multitude, as fickle and capricious as they are, never fail ſooner or later, to do ſome Kind of Juſtice to Men of real Virtue. But would you hinder Men from being ungrateful? Do not ſolely apply yourſelf to render them powerful, rich, formidable in Arms, happy in Pleaſures: Such Glory, ſuch Plenty, ſuch Pleaſures, corrupts them; it makes them but the more wicked, and conſequently, the more ungrateful. 'Tis making them a fatal Preſent; 'tis offering them a pleaſing Poiſon. But apply yourſelf to reform their Manners, to inſtil into them Juſtice, Sincerity, Fear of the Gods, Humanity, Fidelity, Moderation, Diſintereſtedneſs. In making them Good, you will prevent their being ungrateful (*e*). You will give them the true Good, namely Virtue; and Virtue, if it be ſolid, will always engage them to him who ſhall have inſpir'd them with it. Thus by giving them the true Good, you will do good to yourſelf, and be freed from all Fear of meeting with Ingratitude. Is it to be wonder'd at that Men ſhould prove ungrateful to ſuch Princes as never exerciſed them in any Thing but Injuſtice, boundleſs Ambition, Jealouſy againſt their Neighbours, Hard-hearted-

(*e*) It is *Socrates*'s Thought handed down to us by *Xenophon*: *Take effectual Pains to make Men Virtuous, and you'll never have any cauſe to complain of their Ingratitude*, ſaid that Philoſopher.

neſs,

neſs, Pride, and Inſincerity? As a Prince has taught them, ſo he muſt expect to find them, and no otherwiſe. But if, on the contrary, he has labour'd, by his own Example, as well as Authority, to render them good, he will find the Fruit of his Labour in their Virtue, or, at leaſt, he will find in his own, and in the Friendſhip of the Gods, ſufficient Matter of Conſolation for all his Diſappointments.

Scarce was this Diſcourſe ended, but *Telemachus* advanc'd with Impatience towards the (*f*) *Phæacians* belonging to the Ship, which lay upon the Shore. He addreſs'd himſelf to an old Man among them, and aſked from whence they came, whether they were going, and if they had not ſeen *Ulyſſes*? The old Man anſwer'd: We come from our Iſland, which is that of the *Phæacians*: We are going to fetch Merchandiſes from *Epirus*: *Ulyſſes*, as you have already been told, has been in our Country. But he is gone.

Who, adds *Telemachus* immediately, is that melancholy Man that ſeeks out the moſt ſolitary Places, while he waits for the Departure of your Ship? That, replies the old Man, is a Stranger, who is unknown to us; but they ſay his Name is *Cleomenes*; that he is a Native of *Phrygia*; that an Oracle foretold to his Mother, before his Birth, that he ſhould come to be a King, provided he did not ſtay in his own Country; and that if he did ſtay there, the Wrath of the Gods ſhould fall upon the *Phrygians* in a dreadful Plague.

As ſoon as he was born, his Parents gave him to ſome Mariners, who carried him into the Iſland of *Lesbos*: There he was bred up in private, at the Charge of his Country, whoſe Intereſt it was ſo much that he never ſhould come home again. He ſoon grew tall, ſtrong, agreeable, and expert at all the Exerciſes of the Body. He even apply'd himſelf with a great deal of Taſte and Ge-

(*f*) It was in the Iſland of the *Phæacians* that *Ulyſſes* took Shipping in order to return to *Ithaca*. This Poem is, as it were, enchaſed into the Odyſſey. The Author could not more happily have follow'd the Rule laid down by *Horace* in his Art of Poetry, as to his Choice of a Fable.

nius

nius to the Sciences and liberal Arts; but no Country would ſuffer him to ſtay among them.

The Prediction concerning him became famous. He was quickly known where-ever he went. In all Parts the Kings were afraid he ſhould rob them of their Diadems. Thus he has wander'd from his Youth, and can find no Spot of Earth where he may have leave to fix. He has often gone to Nations very remote from his own; but he is ſcarce arriv'd in any City before his Birth is diſcover'd, and the Oracle relating to him. It is in vain that he conceals himſelf, and chuſes in every Place ſome obſcure Kind of Life; his Talents always ſhine out, it's ſaid, in ſpite of himſelf, either for War, or for Letters, or for the moſt important Affairs. In every Country there always offers ſome unforeſeen Occaſion that draws him out, and ſhews him to the Publick. His Merit is all his Misfortune. That makes him terrible, and ſhuts him out from all the Countries where he would reſide. It is his Fate to be eſteem'd, belov'd, admired every where, and at the ſame Time to be thrown out of all the known Parts of the Earth.

He can now no longer be call'd young, and nevertheleſs he has not yet been able to find any Coaſt, either of *Aſia* or of *Greece*, where they would ſuffer him to live in any Repoſe. He ſeems to be without Ambition, and deſires no Splendor of Fortune. He would think himſelf exceeding happy if the Oracle had never promiſed him Royalty. He has now no Hopes left of ever reviſiting his own Country, for he knows he ſhould only carry Mourning and Tears into every Family. The Royalty itſelf for which he ſuffers is not at all deſirable in his Eyes: Yet, contrary to his own Inclination, he is forc'd by a cruel Fatality, to purſue it from Kingdom to Kingdom, and it ſeems to fly before him, to make Sport of this unhappy Man quite down to his old Age. Fatal Preſent of the Gods, which clouds his brighteſt Days, and brings him nothing but Uneaſineſs and Fatigue in old Age, when weak Man has need of Repoſe only!

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He now ſays he is going to *Thrace*, to find out ſome ſavage and lawleſs People, whom he may aſſemble, reform, and govern for ſome few Years; after which, the Oracle being accompliſh'd, there will be no Occaſion to ſtand in Fear of him in the moſt flouriſhing Kingdoms. He then intends to retire at his Eaſe into ſome Village of *Caria*, and there give himſelf wholly up to Agriculture, which he paſſionately loves. He is a Man of great Wiſdom and Moderation, he fears the Gods, has a thorough Knowledge of Men, and knows how to live quietly with them, without eſteeming them. This is what we are told of this Stranger, whoſe Adventures you are ſo deſirous to be acquainted with.

While they were thus converſing, *Telemachus* often turns his Eyes towards the Sea, which began to be in a Ferment; the Winds heav'd up the Waves, which came daſhing againſt the Rocks; and whitening them with their Foam: Upon this the old Man ſays to *Telemachus*; I muſt depart. My Companions cannot ſtay for me. Saying theſe Words, he runs towards the Shore; the *Phæacians* embark; a confuſed Noiſe is heard on the Shore, occaſion'd by the Eagerneſs of the Mariners to put to Sea.

That unknown Perſon, named *Cleomenes*, had been wandering ſome Time up and down the Iſland, climbing to the Top of every Rock, and from thence ſurveying the immenſe Space of the Seas, with a profound Dejection of Mind. *Telemachus* had not loſt Sight of him, but watch'd every Step he took. His Heart was melted with Pity for a virtuous Man, wandering, unhappy, decreed for the greateſt Things, and yet ſerving for the Sport of a rigorous Fortune far from his native Country. At leaſt, ſays he to himſelf, it is probable I may once more ſee *Ithaca* again: But this *Cleomenes* can never return to *Phrygia*. The Example of a Man yet more unfortunate than himſelf mitigated the Grief of *Telemachus*.

After a while, this Man ſeeing his Ship ready to ſet ſail, deſcended from thoſe ſharp-pointed Rocks, with as much

much Speed and Agility as *Apollo* in the Foreſts of *Lycia*, when having ty'd up his flaxen Locks, he ſcours over the Precipices in Chace of the Stags and wild Boars. And now this unknown Perſon is embarked, his Ship cuts its Way thro' the brackiſh Flood, and flies from the leſſening Shore.

And now a ſecret Impreſſion of Grief ſeizes *Telemachus*'s Heart; he is uneaſy without knowing why: Tears trickle down his Face, and nothing is ſo pleaſant to him as weeping. At the ſame Time he ſees all the *Salentine* Mariners faſt aſleep on the Graſs; they were weary and depreſs'd; gentle Repoſe had inſinuated itſelf into all their Limbs, and all the humid Poppies of the Night were, by *Minerva*'s Power, ſtrew'd upon them in the Middle of the Day. *Telemachus* is aſtoniſhed to ſee this univerſal Drowſineſs of the *Salentines*, while the *Phæacians* were ſo diligent to improve the Opportunity of a fair Wind; but he is yet more mindful to view the *Phæacian* Ship that is ready to put to Sea, than to go to wake the *Salentines*. Some unaccountable Attractive faſten'd his Eyes to that Ship, which was now departed, and of which he can now ſee nothing but the Sails, which caſt a glimmering Whiteneſs from the azure Deep; nay, he is ſo intent that he does not hear *Mentor* ſpeak to him; he is in an Extaſy, like that of the *Menades*, when they hold the *Thyrſus* in their Hands, and make their frantick Shouts reſound from the Banks of the *Hebrus* and the Mountains of *Rhodope* and *Iſmarus*.

At laſt he began to come out of this Sort of Enchantment, and the Tears again roll'd down from his Eyes. Upon this, ſays *Mentor* to him, I do not wonder, my dear *Telemachus*, to ſee you weep; tho' the Cauſe of your Sorrow is unknown to you, it is not ſo to *Mentor*; it is the Voice, the Operation of Nature, 'tis ſhe that melts your Heart. The Stranger who gave you ſo lively an Emotion, is no other than the great *Ulyſſes*. What the old *Phæacian* related to you of him, under the Name of *Cleomenes*, is nothing but a Fiction, invented the better to conceal your Father's Return into his Kingdom. He

is going to *Ithaca*, and is already very near the Harbour, and at laſt ſees again that long-deſired Place. Your Eyes have ſeen him, as it was formerly foretold you ſhould, but without knowing him: You ſhall ſoon ſee him and know him, and he ſhall know you; but the Gods did not allow that That ſhould be done out of *Ithaca:* His Heart felt no leſs Perturbation than yours; but he is too wiſe to diſcover himſelf to any Mortal in a Place where he might be expos'd to the Treachery and the Inſults of *Penelope*'s cruel Lovers. *Ulyſſes*, your Father, is the wiſeſt of all Men; his Heart is like a deep Well; his Secrets are not to be drawn out of him. He loves Truth, and never ſpeaks any Thing that offends againſt it; but he never ſpeaks it unleſs there be Occaſion: Wiſdom, like a Seal, always keeps his Lips ſhut from uttering any unneceſſary Words. How often was he diſorder'd in ſpeaking to you! How often did he do Violence to himſelf to avoid your knowing him! What Anguiſh did he not feel in ſeeing you! And this was the Cauſe of his Melancholy and Sadneſs.

During this Diſcourſe *Telemachus* diſſolved into Tears; deep interrupting Sobs hinder'd him at firſt from making any Anſwer. After a while he burſt out into theſe Words: Alas! my dear *Mentor*, I found ſomething nameleſs in that Stranger, that ſtrongly engaged me to him, and made a Yearning in all my Bowels. But why did you not tell me before he went away, that it was *Ulyſſes*, ſeeing you knew him? Why did you let him go without ſpeaking to him, and without intimating that you knew him? What is the Myſtery of this? Am I always to be unhappy! Will the incens'd Gods for ever hold me like thirſty *Tantalus*, whoſe greedy Lips are ſtill amus'd by the fugitive deceitful Water? O *Ulyſſes*, *Ulyſſes*, have you eſcaped me for ever? O I ſhall never ſee him more! He will fall into the Ambuſcades that *Penelope*'s Lovers have prepar'd for him. O had I follow'd him, then at leaſt I had died with him? O *Ulyſſes*, *Ulyſſes*, even tho' you eſcape the Fury of a freſh Storm, (for I have every Thing to fear from adverſe Fortune) I tremble leſt

when you arrive at *Ithaca*, you ſhould meet with the ſame ſad Fate as *Agamemnon* did at *Mycenæ*. But why, dear *Mentor*, did you envy my Happineſs? I ſhould now have been embracing him; I ſhould have been already with him in the Port of *Ithaca*, and we ſhould have fought together to conquer all our Enemies. *Mentor* reply'd, ſmiling: See, my dear *Telemachus*, how the Mind of Man is formed. You are in the utmoſt Dejection and Grief becauſe you ſaw your Father without knowing him. What would you have given but Yeſterday to have been certain that he was not dead? Now you are aſſured of that Point by the Teſtimony of your own Eyes; and this Aſſurance, which ought to give you infinite Pleaſure, leaves you in Sorrow. Thus the froward Heart of Mortals always looks upon that as nothing, which is moſt deſired, as ſoon as ever it is in Poſſeſſion of it; and is ingenious to torment itſelf, becauſe it does not continue to poſſeſs it. It is to exerciſe your Patience that the Gods hold you thus in Suſpence. You look upon this Time as loſt; but know that it is the moſt uſeful Part of your Life; theſe Troubles ſerve to exerciſe you in the moſt neceſſary of all Virtues for thoſe that are to command others. We muſt be patient if we would acquire the Maſtery of ourſelves and of others. Impatience, which ſeems to be the Vivacity and Strength of the Soul, is only its Weakneſs and Impotence to ſuffer Pain. He that cannot wait and ſuffer, is like one that cannot keep a Secret; both of them want Firmneſs of Mind to contain themſelves, as a Man that runs a Race in a Chariot, and has not a Hand ſtrong enough to ſtop at proper Times his fiery Courſers. They ceaſe to obey the Bridle, they run headlong down a Precipice, and the weak Man, whom they run away with, is daſh'd in Pieces by the Fall. Thus an impatient Man, by his wild ungovernable Appetites, is flung into an Abyſs of Misfortunes; the more abſolute his Authority is, the more fatal to himſelf is his Impatience. He will not wait; he will not give himſelf Time to meaſure any Thing; he forces all Things to gratify his Wiſhes;

Wiſhes; he tears off the Boughs to gather the Fruit before it is ripe; he breaks down the Gates rather than ſtay till they are open'd; he will needs be reaping when the wiſe Husbandman is but ſowing; all he does in haſte and prepoſterouſly is ill done, and can have no longer Duration than his fickle Fancy. Such are the ſenſeleſs Projects of a Man who thinks he is able to do every Thing, and who gives the Reins to his fickle Deſires, in the Abuſe of his Power. 'Tis to teach you to be patient, my dear *Telemachus*, that the Gods thus exerciſe your Patience, and ſeem to make their Sport of you in the wandering Life wherein they ſtill detain you. The Bleſſings you hope for, juſt ſhew themſelves to you, and then fly away like an airy Dream, which vaniſhes as ſoon as a Man awakes: And this is done to inſtruct you that the very Things you fancy you hold faſt in your Hands, may eſcape from you in an Inſtant. The wiſeſt Leſſons you can have from the Mouth of *Ulyſſes*, will not be ſo uſeful to you as his long Abſence, and the Sufferings you have gone thro' in ſeeking him.

Then *Mentor* was reſolved to put *Telemachus*'s Patience to one more Trial, greater than the laſt. Juſt as the young Man was going to haſten the Mariners, with a ſtrong Deſire to depart, *Mentor* ſtopp'd him ſhort, and engaged him to make upon the Shore a Sacrifice to *Minerva*. *Telemachus*, with great Docility, does what *Mentor* orders. They raiſe two Altars of Turf; the Incenſe ſmokes; the Blood of the Victims flows: *Telemachus* breathes forth tender Sighs towards Heaven; he acknowledges the powerful Protection of the Goddeſs. Scarce is the Sacrifice ended, but he follows *Mentor* into the dusky Paths of a little neighbouring Wood. There, he of a ſudden perceives the Countenance of his Friend aſſume a new Form. The Wrinkles of his Forehead diſappear'd, as the Shades of Night vaniſh, when the the roſy-finger'd Morn unbars the Gates of the Orient, and inflames the whole Horizon. His hollow and ſevere Eyes were turned to a celeſtial Blue, and fill'd with di-

vine Fire. His griſly undreſs'd Beard was no longer ſeen. Noble and majeſtick Lineaments, mix'd with Sweetneſs and Grace, preſented themſelves to the Eyes of the aſtoniſh'd *Telemachus*. He ſaw a Woman's Countenance, with a Complexion finer than that of a tender Flower juſt opening to the Sun: He ſaw thereon the Lilly's Whiteneſs mix'd with the blooming Roſe's Vermilion. All over her Face flouriſhes an eternal Youth, majeſtically plain and unaffected. An ambroſial Odour diffuſes itſelf from her flowing Treſſes. Her Garment gliſters like thoſe lively Colours with which the Sun, when he riſes, paints the dusky Arches of Heaven, and the Clouds that he has juſt been gilding. This Deity does not touch the Ground with her Foot, but ſhoots fleeting thro' the Air, as a Bird cleaves it with his Wings. In her ſtrong Hand ſhe holds a brilliant Spear, capable of ſtriking Terror into the moſt warlike Cities and Nations: *Mars* himſelf would have trembled at it. Her Voice is ſweet and mild, but commanding and inſinuating. Her every Word is like a fiery Dart that pierc'd *Telemachus*'s Soul, and makes him feel an unaccountable kind of delicious Pain. Upon her Helmet appears the ſolitary Bird of *Athens*, and upon her Breaſt there glitters the formidable Ægis. By theſe Badges *Telemachus* knows *Minerva*.

O Goddeſs, ſaid he, (*g*) 'tis You, 'tis You yourſelf, who have vouchſafed to conduct the Son of *Ulyſſes*, for his Father's Sake!——He would have gone on, but his Voice fail'd him; his Lips made fruitleſs Offers to utter the Thoughts that came crowding from the Depth of his Heart. The Preſence of a Deity overcame him, ſo that he was like a Man who in a Dream is ſo over-

(*g*) The Death of *Hector* in the *Iliad*, and that of *Turnus* in the *Æneid*, puts an End to the Action without putting an End to the Reader's Curioſity, which ſeems not to be entirely ſatisfied. But in this Poem of *Telemachus* we have nothing more of the Marvellous to expect after the Diſappearing of the Goddeſs.

charg'd

charg'd as to loſe his Reſpiration, and cannot form a Word for the violent Agitation of his Lips.

At length *Minerva* pronounced theſe Words: Son of *Ulyſſes*, hearken to me for this laſt Time. I never inſtructed any Mortal with ſo much Care as I have done you. I have led you by the Hand through Shipwrecks, unknown Countries, bloody Wars, and all the Evils that can try the Heart of Man. I have ſhewn you by plain Examples the true and falſe Maxims of Government. Your Miſdeeds have been no leſs uſeful to you than your Misfortunes; for what Man can govern wiſely if he has never ſuffered any Hardſhip, or has never made any Advantage of the Sufferings into which his Faults have precipitated him? You, as well as your Father, have fill'd Sea and Land with your diſaſtrous Adventures: Go, you are now worthy to tread in his Steps. All that remains for you, is a ſhort eaſy Paſſage to *Ithaca*, where your Father is this very Moment landing. Go fight under him, and pay him the ſame Obedience as the meaneſt of his Subjects, to whom be you yourſelf an Example. He will procure *Antiope* to be your Bride, and you ſhall be happy with her, becauſe you ſought her for her Prudence and her Virtue more than her Beauty. When you come to reign, place your whole Glory in renewing the Golden Age. Hear every Body. Truſt but a few. Have a Care of truſting your ownſelf too much. Fear to deceive yourſelf, but never fear to let others ſee that you have been miſtaken. Love your People, and omit nothing to gain their Loves. Fear is neceſſary where Love is wanting; but it ſhould always be made uſe of with Unwillingneſs, as violent and dangerous Remedies are. Ever conſider at a Diſtance all the Conſequences of what you are about to undertake; endeavour to foreſee the moſt terrible Inconveniencies, and know that true Courage conſiſts in looking all Dangers in the Face, and in deſpiſing them when once they become neceſſary. He that is unwilling to ſee them, has not Courage enought to

bear the Sight of them unconcern'd. He that ſees them all, and avoids ſuch of them as are avoidable, and makes Head againſt the reſt without any Perturbation of Mind, is the only wiſe and magnanimous Man. Avoid Eaſe, Sloth, Pride, and Profuſion: Place your Glory in Simplicity; let your Virtues and good Works be the Ornaments of your Perſon and Palace; let them be your Life-Guards, and let all the World learn from you wherein true Happineſs conſiſts: Never forget that Kings are not Kings for their own Glory, but for the Benefit of their People; the Good they do deſcends to the moſt diſtant Ages, and the Evil they do multiplies from Generation to Generation, even to the moſt remote Poſterity. One ill Reign is ſometimes the Occaſion of the Calamity of ſeveral Ages. Above all, be upon the Guard againſt your own Humour: She is an Enemy that you will always carry about you to your Tomb. She will enter into your Counſels, and betray you if you hearken to her. Humour makes Men loſe the moſt happy Opportunities. She gives them childiſh Inclinations and Averſions, to the Prejudice of their greateſt Intereſts. She makes them determine the moſt important Affairs upon the ſlighteſt Reaſons. She hides every Talent, leſſens the Courage, makes a Man unequal, weak, vile, and inſupportable. Have a Care of this Enemy. Fear the Gods, O *Telemachus*; this Fear is the moſt valuable Treaſure of the Heart of Man; you will find it accompany'd with Wiſdom, Juſtice, Peace, Joy, refin'd Pleaſure, true Liberty, delicious Plenty, and unblemiſh'd Glory.

I now leave you, O Son of *Ulyſſes*; but my Wiſdom ſhall never leave you, provided you always remain ſenſible that you can do nothing without it. 'Tis Time you now learn to go alone: I parted from you in *Ægypt* and at *Salentum*, only to habituate you to be without my Company, as they wean Children when it is Time to give them ſolid Food in Exchange for Milk.

No ſooner had the Goddeſs made an End of her Speech, but ſhe ſprung into the Air, and mantled herſelf

ſelf with a Cloud of Gold and Azure, in which ſhe diſappear'd. *Telemachus* ſigh'd, was aſtoniſh'd, and tranſported beyond himſelf. Proſtrate on the Ground he rais'd his Hands to Heaven: Afterwards he went and waked his Companions, haſten'd away, and arrived at *Ithaca*, where he finds again and knows his Father, in the Houſe of the faithful *Eumæus*.

The End of Telemachus.

N B. *That this Edition of* Telemachus *may be as complete as poſſible, I have ſubjoined an Ode, which the incomparable Author wrote in his Youth. Such as underſtand the Original, which is here likewiſe added, will ſee his natural Talent for Verſification: Such as do not, will ſee, in my Tranſlation, the Senſe of the Ode, giving a Deſcription of a rural Retreat, which pleaſed the Author above all Things in the World.*

O D E.

I.

YE * Mountains, who audaciouſly aſpire
Above the Atmoſphere, who puſh to Heav'n
Your Fronts of everlaſting Snow, upholding
The Manſion of the Gods: Beneath your hoary Heads,
But far above the Clouds, I cull each Flower,
The various Product of the painted Spring;
Whilſt at my Feet, I hear the Thunder grumbling
At Mortals, and a thouſand falling Torrents.

II.

Like to the Hills of *Thrace*, which daring Giants
Pil'd upon other Hills, to ſcale the Skies,
Your Summits are the Fields which bear more Hills,
And riſing by Degrees with their proud Heads,
Defy the Rage of all the Winds conſpiring.

III.

Soon as *Aurora*, roſy-finger'd, gilds
Theſe verdant Mountains with her ſparkling Fires,

* The Mountains of *Auvergne* (in *France*) where the Author was in his Youth.

The

The Lambkins baaing, wander o'er the Paſture;
The Day advances; now the gloomy Groves,
Planted along the Streams, and gently ſtirr'd
By *Zephyrs*, lull the Shepherds and the Flocks
To Sleep, amidſt the Purling of the Waters.

IV.

But in this rude uncultivated Landſcape,
Where all is odd, capricious, wildly pretty,
And of a ſavage Beauty, nothing feaſts
My Eyes with thoſe lov'd Banks my River waſhes,
A River, where the Wind does never dare
To ruffle its leaſt Wave, where Heav'n ſerene
Gives us the Spring next after Autumn, leaving
No room for Winter, melancholy Seaſon.

V.

Thou * Solitude where nought is heard, no Noiſe
But what the River makes with its clear Wave,
Which falls and foams, and vaniſhes away:
And where two Iſlands, happier far than thoſe
Call'd Fortunate, with verdant Branches crown'd,
Furniſh whate'er can ſatisfy the Eye,
Or captivate the Heart——Bleſt Solitude,
Why can't I ſing thee as I ought, O why
Not ſound thy Praiſes with the Chant of Gods!

VI.

The gentle Breath of *Zephyr*, which reveres
Our Shrubs and Buſhes, on the Plain's broad Back,
Makes the brown Harveſt wave, the golden Crop,
With which propitious *Ceres* fills our Barns.
Bacchus himſelf, preſiding o'er the Vintage,
Purples the Grape, and from the Hill's Declenſion,
Pours on the neighbouring Fields, Rivers of Wine.

* *Carena*, a ſmall Abbey which he then had, on the River *Dordogne*.

VII.

Beyond the Champian, rich with Nature's Gifts,
See Hills and Dales vaniſh in azur'd Deepnings,
Whoſe Shape fantaſtick is the Sport of Nature:
Whilſt in the River's Cryſtal, as a Mirror,
The Glories of th' Horizon are re-painted.

VIII.

The Spring's Perfumes are join'd with Autumn's Fruits:
A thouſand hanging Feſtoons crown each Vine.
The River loves the Meads, the Meads adorn
The River's Channels in the flowry Iſles:
Its various Channels here run noiſy, rapid;
There ſeem to ſleep: All bathe the verdant Carpet.

IX.

Dancing on Violets the Shepherd blends
His Voice with Sounds of Hautboys, Bagpipes, Flutes.
Care is expell'd from every Breaſt, ye Birds,
By your harmonious Notes amidſt the Boughs!
Turtles and Pigeons, tender, plaintive, faithful,
'Tis only you that grieve, lament, and groan!

X.

The tender ſpringing Graſs, at every Step,
Offers me Beds of flowry fragrant Turf,
While gentle Slumber's ſilken Folds involve
My Senſes and my Reaſon, To theſe Charms
I yield myſelf a Captive. Of this Nectar
I take ſuch Draughts, the Gods are envious grown.
Flatt'ring Court-Lies, how nearly you reſemble
My Dreams, like them deceitful, but leſs ſweet!

XI.

Safe from the low'ring Storm-portending Frowns
Of Great Ones, I beneath theſe Thickets find
Sure Cover from their Thunder. Here I learn
To live: Here Bookleſs and alone I draw

Deep

Deep Truth from out her Well. Then Hiſtory
And Fable take their Turns to dye my Mind
With Tinctures of the Antients, plain, ingenuous.

XII.

The * Wiſeſt of the *Greeks* I ſee, deſerving
A better Fate, toſt up and down by Fortune;
Calm in his Shipwreck, circumſpect in Port.
Victorious o'er the Storm, for his wild Country
He flies the Pleaſures of the Great: Far better
Are all my Wiſhes bounded by the Stillneſs,
The Coolneſs, and the Darkneſs of my Grove!

XIII.

Remote from all Alarms, here I enjoy
The happy Leiſure of the ſacred Nine:
Nothing expoſes to the Noiſe of Arms
My Silence and my Pleaſure; whilſt my Heart,
Contented with my Lyre, no Honour ſeeks
But that of chanting forth ſo bleſt a State.
Away, fallacious Fortune! far away,
Thou troubleſome Court-Favour! What's the World,
The univerſal World!—to me 'tis nothing.

XIV.

Where'er I wander, and whatever Clime
I viſit, this ſweet Corner of the Earth,
Beyond Compare, pleaſes my Mind the moſt,
And raviſhes my Eye. Here, here, to crown
My Life, the Hand of friendly Deſtiny
Shall ſpin my lateſt Day. Here, here my Aſhes
Shall reſt. And here will * *Thyrſis* come and ſhed
Tears due to our reciprocal Affection.

* *Ulyſſes.* † The Abbot *de Langeron.*

ODE

ODE.

I.

*Montagnes * de qui l'audace*
Va porter juſques aux Cieux
Un front d'éternelle glace,
Soutien du ſéjour des Dieux :
Deſſous vos têtes chenues
Je cueille au deſſus des nuës
Toutes les fleurs du Printems.
A mes pieds, contre la terre,
J'entens gronder le tonnerre,
Et tomber mille torrens.

II.

Semblables aux Monts de Thrace,
Qu'un Geant audacieux
Sur les autres Monts entaſſe
Pour eſcalader les Cieux,
Vos ſommets ſont des Campagnes
Qui portent d'autres montagnes,
Et s'élevans par degrez
De leurs orgueilleuſes têtes
Vont afronter les tempêtes
De tous les vents conjurez.

III.

Des que la vermeille Aurore
De ſes feux étincelans
Ces vertes montagnes dore,
Les tendres agneaux bélans

* Montagnes d'Auvergne ou il etoit dans ſa jeuneſſe.

Errent

Errent dans les pâturages ;
Bientôt les ſombres bocages,
Plantez le long des ruiſſeaux,
Et que les Zephirs agitent,
Bergers & troupeaux invitent
A dormir au bruit des eaux.

IV.

Mais dans ce rude paiſage,
Où tout eſt capricieux
Et d'une beauté ſauvage,
Rien ne rapelle à mes yeux
Les bords que mon Fleuve arroſe,
Fleuve où jamais le vent n'oſe
Les moindres flots ſoulever,
Où le ciel ſerain nous donne
Le Printems après l'Automne,
Sans laiſſer place à l'Hiver.

V.

*Solitude * où la Riviere*
Ne laiſſe entendre aucun bruit
Que celui d'une onde claire,
Qui tombe, écume & s'enfuit :
Où deux Iles fortunés,
De rameaux verds couronnées,
Font pour le charme des yeux
Tout ce que le cœur deſire :
Que ne puis-je avec ma Lyre
Te chanter du chant des Dieux.

VI.

De Zephir la douce haleine,
Qui reveroit nos buiſſons,
Fait ſur le dos de la plaine
Flotter les jaunes moiſſons,
Dont Cerès remplit non granges.

* *Carena*, petit Abaie ſur la Dordogne, qu'il avoit alors.

Bac.

Bacchus lui-même aux vendanges
Vient empourprer le raiſin,
Et du panchant des collines
Sur les compagnes voiſines
Verſe des fleuves de vin.

VII.

Je vois au bout des campagnes,
Pleines de ſillons dorez,
S'enfuir vallons & montagnes
Dans des lointains azurez,
Dont la bizarre figure
Eſt un jeu de la nature.
Sur les rives du canal,
Comme en un miroir fidele,
L'Horiſon ſe renouvelle
Et ſe peint dans ce criſtal.

VIII.

Avec les fruits de l'Automne
Sont les parfums du Printems,
Et la vigne ſe couronne
De mille feſtons pendens,
Le fleuve aimant les prairies,
Qui dans les Iles fleuries
Ornent ſes canaux divers,
Par des eaux, ici dormantes,
Là rapides & bruiantes,
En baigne les tapis verds.

IX.

Danſant ſur les violettes
Le Berger méle ſa voix
Avec le ſon des muſettes,
Des flutes & des haut-bois :
Oiſeaux, par votre ramage
Tous ſoucis dans ſe bocage
De tous cœurs ſont éfacez.
Columbes & tourterelles

Tendres, plaintives, fideles,
Vous seules y gemissez.

X.

Une herbe tendre & fleurie
M'offre des lits de gazon,
Une douce reverie
Tient mes sens & ma raison.
A ces charmes je me livre,
De ce Nectar je m'enyvre,
Et les Dieux en sont jaloux.
De la Cour flateurs mensonges
Vous ressemblez a mes songes,
Trompeurs comme eux, mais moins doux.

XI.

A l'abri des noirs orages,
Qui vont foudroïer les Grands,
Je trouve sous ces feutillages
Un azile en tous les tems.
Lá pour commencer á vivre
Je puise seul & sans livre
La profonde Vérité:
Puis la Fable avec l'Histoire
Viennent peindre à ma mémoire
L'ingenuë Antiquité.

XII.

Des Grecs je voi le plus sage,
Joüe d'un indigne sort,
Tranquille dans son naufrage,
Et circonspect dans le port.
Vainqueur des vents en furie
Pour sa sauvage patrie,
Des Grands il fuit les plaisirs:
O combien de mon bocage
La calme, le frais, l'ombrage
Bornent mieux tous mes desirs!

XIII.

Je goute loin des alarmes
Des Muſes l'heureux loiſir :
Rien n'expoſe au bruit des armes
Mon ſilence & mon plaiſir.
Mon cœur content de ma lyre
A nul autre honneur n'aſpire
Qu'à chanter un ſi doux bien.
Loin, loin trompeuſe fortune,
Et toi faveur importune,
Le monde entire ne m'eſt rien.

XIV.

En quelque climat que j'erre,
Plus que tous les autres lieux,
Cet heureux coin de la terre
Me plaît & rit à mes yeux.
Là pour couronner ma vie
La main d'une parque amie
Filera mon dernier jour :
Là repoſera ma cendre :
*Là Tyrſis * viendra répandre*
Les pleurs dûs à notre amour.

* Mr. l'Abbe de Langeron.

FIN.

Monſieur DE SACY, *the Cenſor of Books at* Paris, *his Approbation tranſlated from the* French, *in which Language it is prefix'd to the laſt Edition of* Telemachus.

'I Have read, by Command of my Lord Chancellor, '*The Adventures of* Telemachus, and am of Opinion, 'It not only deſerves to be printed, but alſo to be tran-'ſlated into every Language which is ſpoken or under-'ſtood by any Nation that aſpires to be happy. This 'Epic Poem, though written in Proſe, leaves our Nation 'no Room to envy either the *Greeks* or *Romans* upon 'the Poetical Score. The Fable of it is not confined 'to the amuſing our Curioſity, or gratifying our Pride. 'The Narrations, the Deſcriptions, the Connexions, 'and the Graces of Diſcourſe, charm the Fancy with-'out bewild'ring it: Even the longeſt Reflexions and 'Converſations in it ſeem always too ſhort to the Mind, 'which they enlighten as much as they enchant. A-'midſt that vaſt Variety of Mens Characters which it 'contains, there's not one but what imprints on the 'Reader's Heart, either an Abhorrence of Vice, or 'a Love of Virtue. The Myſteries of the ſoundeſt and 'ſafeſt Policy are therein laid open. The Paſſions of-'fer nothing to View but a Yoke equally diſhonour-'able and fatal; the humane Offices and Duties are 'repreſented no leſs amiable than practicable. With 'Telemachus, we learn to ſtick inviolably to Religion,

'both

'both in Adverſity and Proſperity; to love our Pa-
'rents and Country; to be a King, a Citizen, a Friend,
'nay, even a Slave, if Fortune will have it ſo. With
'*Mentor* we ſoon become juſt, humane, patient, ſincere,
'diſcreet, and modeſt. He ſpeaks not a Word but
'what pleaſes, affects, moves, and perſuades. It is
'impoſſible to hear him without Admiration, or to ad-
'mire him without loving him much more. Happy,
'thrice happy the Nation for whom this Work ſhall
'form a *Telemachus* and a *Mentor!*

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

ARISTONOUS.

ADVERTISEMENT

By the Bookſeller.

AFTER the Adventures of Telemachus, *the Reader will meet with nothing more tender, or work'd up in a more maſterly Manner, than thoſe of* Ariſtonous. *Theſe two charming Pieces ſeem to have been dictated by Nature's Self. The ſame Vein of good Senſe and Simplicity running throughout the whole, you will certainly not be diſpleaſed to ſee them both join'd together, tho' they are not the Product of the ſame Pen, as ſeveral Perſons of good Judgment have aſſur'd me. The Preference is generally given to* Telemachus, *which muſt be owned to be an incomparable Work. From it the Author of* Ariſtonous *has taken the Notion, Style, and Moral; ſo that if he has not the Honour of being the Inventor, he has at leaſt this to recommend him, namely, that he has hit upon the Secret of imitating a Man who was eſteemed inimitable.*

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *ARISTONOUS.*

Ophronymus, having loſt his Patrimony by Shipwrecks and other Caſualties, ſought Comfort from his Virtue, in the Iſland of *Delos*. There, to a golden Harp, he ſung the Wonders of the God of that Iſland: He courted the Muſes, and was favoured by them: He made curious Reſearches into all the Secrets of Nature, he ſtudied the Revolutions of the Stars and Heavens, the Order of the Elements, the Fabrication of the Univerſe, which he meaſured with his Compaſs; the Virtue of Plants, the Structure of Animals; but principally he turned his Eyes inward and ſtudied himſelf, meditating how to adorn his Soul with Virtue. Thus Fortune, by endeavouring to depreſs him, advanced him to true Glory, namely that of Wiſdom.

Whilſt he lived thus happily in this Solitude, without the Goods of Fortune, he one Day eſpied upon the Sea Shore a venerable old Man, a perfect Stranger to him, and juſt landed on that Iſland. This old Man ſurveyed with

with Wonder the Banks of the Sea, wherein he knew that this Iſland had formerly floated from Place to Place: He contemplated that Side where the little Hills (covered with an everlaſting Green) up-lifted their Heads above the Sands and Rocks; he thought he could never enough admire the limpid Fountains and the rapid Streams which watered this delicious Country; he advanced towards the ſacred Groves which ſurround the Temple of the God: He, with wondering Eyes, obſerved that the ſharp North Winds had never dared to blaſt their Verdure, and began to ſurvey the Temple made of *Parian* Marble, which for Whiteneſs outvied the Snow, and was ſurrounded with lofty Pillars all of Jaſper. *Sophronymus* was no leſs intent upon viewing this old Man: His Silver Beard deſcended on his Breaſt; his wrinkled Face had nothing of Deformity; he was ſtill exempt from the Injuries of decrepid old Age; his Eyes diſplay'd an engaging Vivacity; his Stature was tall and majeſtick, but ſomewhat ſtooping, and an Ivory Staff ſupported him as he walked. What ſeek you, Friend, in this Iſland? ſaid *Sophronymus* to him; you ſeem to be a Stranger here: If you look for the Temple of the God, you ſee it yonder, and I am ready to conduct you to it, for I revere the Gods, and have learnt what it is that *Jupiter* requires we ſhould do in Relief of Strangers.

Says the old Man, I accept the Offer you ſo kindly make me: May the Gods reward your Love to Strangers! Come, let us go to the Temple. In the Way thither, he recounted to *Sophronymus* the Occaſion of his Voyage: My Name, ſays he, is *Ariſtonous*; I was born in *Clazomene*, a Town of *Ionia*, ſituated on that delightful Coaſt which advances into the Sea, and looks as if it joined to the Iſland of *Chios*, *Homer*'s happy Country. I was deſcended of poor though noble Parentage; my Father, *Polyſtratus* by Name, ſurcharged with a numerous Family, had no Heart to breed me up, and ſo cauſed me to be expoſed by one of his Friends of *Tees*. An aged Woman of *Erythrea*, who lived near the Place where I was expoſed, took me up and fed me with Goat's Milk in

in her Cottage: But being in very narrow Circumſtances herſelf, as ſoon as I was of an Age fit for Service, ſhe ſold me to a Merchat who dealt in Slaves. He carried me to *Lycia*. This Merchant ſold me at *Patara*, to a rich and virtuous Man named *Alcinus*, and *Alcinus* took care of me in my Youth. He found me docile, moderate, ſincere, hearty, and attentive to whatever uſeful Thing was taught me. He devoted me to the Arts which *Apollo* favours; he cauſed me to learn Muſick, bodily Exerciſes, and eſpecially the Art of Surgery. I ſoon acquired a great Reputation in that neceſſary Art; and *Apollo*, my Inſpirer, diſcovered to me many wonderful Secrets therein. *Alcinus*, whoſe Love of me increaſed daily more and more, and who was overjoyed to ſee the good Effects of his Cares over me, infranchiſed me, and ſent me to *Polycrates*, the Tyrant of *Samos*, who amidſt his incredible Felicity was ſtill afraid, leſt Fortune, which had ſo long befriended him, ſhould at laſt cruelly betray him. He was fond of Life, which afforded him ſo many Delights; he feared to loſe it, and reſolved to obviate the leaſt Appearance of Misfortune, and was therefore continually attended by the moſt eminent Phyſicians that could be procured. *Polycrates* was exceedingly rejoiced that I would live with him; and to engage me the more to his Service, he conferred great Honours and Riches upon me. I reſided a long Time at *Samos*, where I could not enough wonder to ſee how Fortune ſeemed to take a Kind of Pleaſure in ſerving him to his utmoſt Wiſhes: He needed only to begin a War, and Victory would be ſure to follow after: All he had to do was but to will the moſt difficult Things, and they were preſently done, as if they acted of themſelves: His immenſe Riches multiplied every Day: All his Enemies lay crouching at his Feet: His Health, inſtead of abating, grew ſtronger and ſounder. For forty Years this peaceful happy Prince held Fortune as it were in Chains; nor had ſhe ever dared to play him falſe in any Thing, or cauſe the leaſt Diſgrace in any of his Deſigns. Such a Train of Proſperity, ſo unheard-of among Mortals, begat

in

in me a Concern for him: I loved him with Sincerity, and could not forbear diſcovering to him my Apprehenſions, which made ſome Impreſſion upon him; for tho' he was ſoftened by Pleaſures, and elated with his Grandeur, yet he ſhewed ſome Sentiments of Humanity whenever he was put in mind of the Gods and the Lubricity of human Affairs. He permitted me to tell him the Truth, and was ſo touched by the Fear I had for him, that at laſt he reſolved to break the Thread of his Proſperity by a voluntary Loſs he would impoſe on himſelf. I am ſenſible, ſaid he to me, that there is no Man but ought once in his Life to experience ſome Rebuff of Fortune: The more ſhe has favoured him, the more ought he to apprehend ſome terrible Revolution. As for me, who have been ſo highly favoured by her for ſo many Years, I muſt expect ſome deſperate Hardſhips from her, if I do not divert what ſeems to threaten me: I will therefore, without more Delay, prevent the Treacheries of this ſame careſſing Fortune. With this, he pulled a Ring from his Finger of a very great Value, and which he had a mighty Eſteem for; he threw it, in my Preſence, from a high Tower into the Sea, hoping by this Loſs to have ſatisfied the Neceſſity of ſuffering, at leaſt once in his Life, the Severity of Fortune. But this was a Piece of Folly cauſed by his Proſperity; for the Misfortunes which one makes a Choice of, and brings voluntarily on one's ſelf, ceaſe to be Misfortunes; true Afflictions are only ſuch as the Gods viſit us with by forced and unforeſeen Strokes. *Polycrates* was not ſenſible that the true Way of being before-hand with Fortune, was by Prudence and Moderation to detach one's ſelf from all the tranſitory Goods which ſhe beſtows. Fortune, to whom he ſacrificed his Ring, would not accept of it, and *Polycrates*, in his own deſpite, ſeemed to be more fortunate than ever. A Fiſh had ſwallowed the Ring: This Fiſh was taken, brought to the Palace of *Polycrates*, dreſſed up for his own Table, and the Ring, found in his Belly by the Cook, was reſtored to the Tyrant, who turned pale when he perceived that Fortune was ſo obſtinately bent

to

to favour him. But the Time was drawing near when all his Proſperity was at once to be changed into the moſt deplorable Adverſity. The great King of *Perſia*, *Darius*, the Son of *Hyſtaſpes*, entered into a War againſt the *Greeks*: He was not long in ſubduing the *Greek* Colonies on the Coaſt of *Aſia*, and the neighbouring Iſlands which lie in the *Ægean* Sea. *Samos* was taken, the Tyrant was conquered, and *Orantes*, who was Commander in Chief for the great King of *Perſia*, having cauſed a high Gibbet to be erected, ordered the Tyrant to be hanged thereon. Thus this Man, who had enjoyed ſuch prodigious Proſperity, and who could not even attain to taſte the Misfortune which he had courted, fell from his Glory on a ſudden, and periſhed by the moſt cruel and infamous of Deaths. No Men therefore are more in Danger from the Frowns of Fortune, than thoſe who have enjoyed her Smiles the moſt: That ſame Fortune, which makes her Sport of the moſt elevated Grandees, does alſo raiſe from the Duſt moſt miſerable Wretches; ſhe threw down *Polycrates* from the Top of her Wheel, and produced me out of the meaneſt of Conditions to the Poſſeſſion of great Riches. The *Perſians* did not in the leaſt deſpoil me of any Thing that I had; on the contrary, they ſet a high Value upon my Skill in curing the Wounded, and admired the Moderation with which I lived all the Time of my being in Favour with the Tyrant. Thoſe Perſons who had abuſed his Confidence and Authority, were puniſhed after ſundry Manners. As for myſelf, having never done Injury to any Man, but, on the contrary, all the Good that lay in my Power, I was the only Perſon whom the Conquerors ſpared, and whom they treated honourably. Every one rejoiced at my good Fortune; for I was beloved, and had enjoyed Proſperity unenvied, becauſe I never ſhewed the leaſt Tokens of Hard-heartedneſs, Pride, Avarice, or Injuſtice. I lived a pleaſant Life ſome Years longer at *Samos*; but at laſt I was moved with a longing Deſire to re-viſit *Lycia*, where I had paſſed my Youth with ſo much De-

light: I was in hopes of meeting there with *Alcinus*, who had brought me up, and was the firſt Founder of all my Fortune. Arriving in that Country, I underſtood *Alcinus* was dead, after he had loſt his Eſtate, and ſuffered the Miſeries of old Age with much Reſolution and Conſtancy. I went and beſtowed ſome Flowers and Tears upon his Aſhes; I placed an honourable Inſcription upon his Tomb, and enquired what was become of his Children. They told me, that the only one that was left, *Orcilochus* by Name, not being able to bear the Thoughts of living poor and mean in his own Country, where his Father had made ſo great a Figure, embarked himſelf in a ſtrange Veſſel, intending to lead an obſcure Life in ſome ſolitary Iſland of the Sea. They added, that this ſame *Orcilochus* ſhortly after ſuffered Shipwreck near the Iſland of *Carpathus*, ſo that there was none left of the Family of my Benefactor *Alcinus*. I preſently bethought myſelf of buying the Houſe where he had lived, with the adjacent fruitful Fields that he had been Owner of. I was well pleaſed to ſee again thoſe Places which recalled to my Mind ſo pleaſant a Time and ſo kind a Maſter. I fancied myſelf ſtill in the Bloom of my tender Years wherein I had ſerved *Alcinus*. I had ſcarce purchaſed this Eſtate of the Creditors, but I was obliged to go to *Clazomene*. My Father, *Polyſtratus*, and my Mother, *Phidilis*, were dead, and I had ſeveral Brothers who were at Variance among themſelves. As ſoon as I arrived at *Clazomene*, I went to them in a mean Dreſs, as a Man that had loſt all, and ſhewed them the Marks with which you know People generally take care to expoſe Children. They were ſtartled to ſee the Number of *Polyſtratus*'s Heirs increaſe, who were to be Sharers in his ſmall Inheritance. They were reſolved to conteſt the Legitimacy of my Birth, and diſclaimed me for their Brother before the Judges. To puniſh their Inhumanity, I declared that I conſented to be as a Stranger to them, and inſiſted upon their being for-ever excluded from inheriting any thing that belonged to me. The Judges decreed it ſhould be ſo, and then I produced the Treaſure which

which I had brought along with me in my Ship. I let them ſee that I was that *Ariſtonous* who had ſo much Wealth under *Polycrates* of *Samos*, and that I was never married.

My Brothers ſoon repented of their hard Uſage to me; and hoping to be one Day my Heirs, they uſed their utmoſt Endeavours, but to no Purpoſe, to creep into my Favour. Their mutual Quarrellings obliged them to ſell our Father's Eſtate; I bought it, and they had the Mortification to ſee the whole Patrimony fall into the Hands of him to whom they would not grant the leaſt Share; and thus they all became moſt miſerably poor. After they had ſufficiently ſmarted for their Fault, I was minded to ſhew them an Inſtance of my Good-nature; I forgave them, I admitted them into my Houſe, and put them in a Way of making conſiderable Advantages by trafficking; I reconciled them all; they and their Children lived together peaceably with me; I became the common Father to all theſe ſeveral Families: By their Union and Induſty, they ſoon became Poſſeſſors of conſiderable Wealth. Mean while old Age, you ſee, is knocking at my Door; it has bleached my Hair and furrow'd my Face; it warns me that I have not long to enjoy ſo perfect a Proſperity. I was willing, therefore, once more before I died, to ſee that Country which is ſo dear to me, and which I have more Affection for than even my native Soil; *Lycia*, I mean, where I had learn'd to be good and wiſe, under the Direction of the virtuous *Alcinus*. In my Voyage, I met with a Merchant of one of the *Cyclade* Iſlands, who aſſured me that there was ſtill living at *Delos* a Son of *Orcilochus*, who trod in the Steps of his wiſe and virtuous Grandfather *Alcinus*: Immediately upon this, I quitted my Deſign of going into *Lycia*, and made the beſt of my Way hither, to try if I could, by the Favour of *Apollo*, find out in his Iſland the precious Remains of a Family to whom I owe my All. I cannot continue long; the Deſtinies, Enemies to that ſweet Repoſe which the Gods ſo rarely grant to Mortals, will ſoon cut the Thread of my Life. But I ſhall be con-

tent to die, provided my Eyes, before they are deprived of the Light, can but behold my Maſter's Grandſon. Speak then, O you who live in this Iſland! Do you know him? Can you direct me where I ſhall find him? If you can ſhew him to me, may the Gods, in Return, grant you to dance on your Knee your Children's Children to the fifth Generation! May the Gods preſerve your whole Family in Peace and Plenty, as the Fruit of your Virtue! Whilſt *Ariſtonous* ſpoke thus, *Sophronymus*'s Eyes guſhed with Tears from a Mixture of Joy and Sorrow. Without being able to utter a Word, he threw his Arms about the old Man's Neck; he embraces him, he claſps him cloſe, and with much ado, forced out theſe Words, which were often interrupted by Sighs.

I am, O my Father, the Perſon you are in Search of: You ſee *Sophronymus*, the Grandſon of your Friend *Alcinus*; I am he, and I cannot queſtion, by what I have heard, that the Gods have ſent you hither to alleviate my Misfortunes. Gratitude, which ſeems to be loſt on Earth, takes up his Reſidence in your ſingle Breaſt. I had heard in my Childhood, that a certain famous and wealthy Perſon, who was ſettled at *Samos*, had been brought up by my Grandfather: But *Orcilochus*, my Father, dying young, while I was in my Cradle, I had but a confuſed Knowledge of theſe Things. I did not care to go to *Samos* upon an Uncertainty, and choſe rather to abide in this Iſland, comforting myſelf under my Misfortunes, by contemning vain Riches, and by agreeably employing myſelf in cultivating the Muſes in the ſacred Houſe of *Apollo*. That Prudence which accuſtoms Men to be ſatisfied with little, and to be eaſy in their Minds, has hitherto ſupplied with me the Place of all other Treaſures.

In finiſhing theſe Words, *Sophronymus* perceiving they were now come to the Temple, propos'd to *Ariſtonous* there to offer up his Oriſons and Oblations. They ſacrificed to the God two Sheep whiter than Snow, and a Bull that had a Creſcent on his Forehead between two Horns: Afterwards they ſung in Verſe the Praiſes of the God

God who lights the Univerſe, regulates the Seaſons, preſides over the Sciences, and animates the Choir of the nine Muſes. Having left the Temple, *Sophronymus* and *Ariſtonous* ſpent the reſt of the Day in recounting to each other their Adventures. *Sophronymus* received the old Man into his Habitation, with the ſame Affection and Reſpect as he would have ſhewn to *Alcinus* himſelf had he been alive. The next Day they ſet out both together, and ſail'd for *Lycia*. *Ariſtonous* led *Sophronymus* into a fruitful Country on the Banks of a River, in whoſe Waves *Apollo*, when returned from Hunting, cover'd with Duſt, had ſo often bath'd his Body and waſh'd his flaxen Locks. Along this River they found Poplars and Willows, whoſe tender-ſpringing Verdure conceal'd the Neſts of infinite Numbers of Birds which never ceaſed finging Night or Day: The River, falling from a Rock with much Noiſe and Foam, daſh'd its Waves into a Current that was full of ſmall Pebbles. All the Plain was cover'd with a gilded Harveſt; the little Hills, which ſhot up like an Amphitheatre, were loaded with Vines and Fruit-Trees. There whole Nature was gay and ſmiling, the Air ſerene and calm, and the Earth always ready to deliver out from her Boſom new Treaſures, in Reward for the Huſbandman's Pains. Advancing farther up the River, *Sophronymus* perceived a plain and ordinary Houſe, but whoſe Architecture is agreeable, and according to the Rules: It had neither Marble, Gold, Silver, nor Ivory, nor was the Furniture of Purple; all in it was neat, agreeable, and commodious, without Magnificence or Oſtentation: A Fountain ſprung up in the Middle of the Court, and form'd a ſmall Canal, edg'd with verdant Tapeſtry: The Gardens were not vaſtly large, but full of uſeful Fruits and Plants for the Nouriſhment of Man: On the two Sides of the Garden were two Groves, the Trees whereof were almoſt co-æval with their Parent Earth, and their thick Branches form'd a Shade impenetrable to the Sun's Beams: They enter'd into a great Hall, where they refreſh'd themſelves with ſuch Fare as Nature ſupplies from the Gardens, and

wherein there was nothing of thoſe Dainties which Men ſend for ſo far, and buy ſo dear in the Cities: There was Milk as ſweet as that which *Apollo* drew from the Kine when he was Herdſman to King *Admetus*; there was Honey more exquiſite than that of the Bees of *Hybla* in *Sicily*, or of Mount *Hymettus* in *Attica*; there was Pulſe of the Garden, and Fruits which they had juſt gathered; Wine, more delicious than Nectar, ſtreaming out of large Vaſes into well-carv'd Goblets. During this frugal, but pleaſant and quiet Repaſt, *Ariſtonous* would not ſit down at Table: At firſt he try'd all the Ways he could, under various Pretences, to conceal his Modeſty; but at laſt, being earneſtly preſs'd by *Sophronymus*, he declared that he could not prevail with himſelf ever to ſet down and eat with the Granſon of *Alcinus*, on whom he had waited ſo many Years at the ſame Table: Here it was, ſaid he, where that wiſe old Man was wont to eat; there he convers'd with his Friends; there he diverted himſelf at ſeveral ſorts of Games; there he walked about with *Homer* or *Heſiod* in his Hand, and there he laid himſelf down to reſt when Night came on. In calling over theſe Circumſtances his Heart was melted, and guſhing Tears ſtarted from his Eyes. After the Repaſt was over, he led *Sophronymus* to view the pleaſant Meads where the large Herds of lowing Cattle went ranging up and down on the Banks of the River; then they beheld the Flocks of Sheep returning from the Fat Paſtures; the bleating Ewes, with well-filled Udders, were followed by their little ſkipping Lambs: You might every where perceive all Hands at Work, as if the Labourers were in Love with Toil for the Sake of ſo kind and indulgent a Maſter, who made himſelf belov'd by them, and ſweetened to them the Pains of their Slavery.

Ariſtonous, after he had ſhewn to *Sophronymus* this Houſe, theſe Slaves, theſe Flocks, and theſe Lands, which were become ſo fertile by careful Culture, addreſs'd himſelf to him in theſe Words: I am overjoy'd to ſee you in the antient Patrimony of your Anceſtors: Now am I content,

tent, ſince I have put you into the Poſſeſſion of a Place where I ſo long ſerv'd *Alcinus:* Be yours the peaceful Enjoyment of what belong'd to him; live happily; but be vigilant, and by your Foreſight procure yourſelf a calmer End than his. At the ſame Time he made over that Eſtate to him by a Deed of Gift, according to the Solemnities preſcribed by the Laws, and declar'd that he would diſinherit his own Heirs, if ever they ſhould prove ſo ungrateful as to conteſt the Donation he had made to the Grandſon of his Benefactor *Alcinus.* But he did not ſtop here: Before *Ariſtonous* parted with the Houſe, he furniſhed it throughout with new Furniture, in a plain and modeſt Manner, but withal very neat and agreeable: He fills the Barns with rich Preſents of *Ceres*, and the Cellars with the choice Wines of *Chios*, fit to be ſerved up by the Hand of *Ganymede* at the Table of the great *Jupiter:* He likewiſe laid-in Store of *Parmenian* Wines, with abundant Quantities of Honey of *Hymettus* and *Hybla*, and Oil of *Attica* almoſt as ſweet as Honey itſelf: To all theſe he added innumerable Fleeces of fine Wool, white as falling Snow, being the rich Spoils of the tender Sheep that fed on the Mountains of *Arcadia*, and in the luxuriant Paſtures of *Sicily.* In this Condition he beſtows it on *Sophronymus:* Beſides all which, he gave him fifty *Eutoick* Talents, and reſerved to his own Relations the Eſtates he was poſſeſſed of in the Peninſula of *Clazomene*, in the Neighbourhood of *Smyrna*, *Lebedos*, and *Colophon*, which were of a very great Value. This Donation being ſettled, *Ariſtonous* re-imbarks on board his Ship to return to *Ionia.* The wondering *Sophronymus* being moved with ſuch high Favours, attends him to the Ship with Tears in his Eyes; calling him, all along as he went, his Father, and graſping him hard in his Arms. *Ariſtonous* ſoon arrived at his own Home by a proſperous Voyage. None of his Relations durſt open their Mouths againſt what he had done for *Sophronymus.* I have order'd, ſaid he to them, by my laſt Will and Teſtament, that if ever any of you oppoſe the Gift I have made to *Alcinus*'s Grandſon, all my Eſtate ſhall

be ſold and diſtributed to the Poor of *Ioniq*. The wiſe old Man lived in Peace, and enjoy'd the good Things the Gods had granted to his Virtue. Every Year, notwithſtanding his great Age, he took a Voyage into *Lycia* to viſit *Sophronymus*, and to offer up a Sacrifice on *Alcinus*'s Tomb, which he had enrich'd with ſeveral Ornaments of Architecture and Sculpture. He had ordered that his own Aſhes, after his Death, ſhould be carry'd to the ſame Tomb, that they might reſt with thoſe of his dear Maſter. Each Year, in the Spring, *Sophronymus*, ardently longing to ſee him, turn'd his Eyes inceſſantly towards the Sea-ſhore, to ſee whether he could diſcover the Ship of *Ariſtonous*, which was wont to arrive in that Seaſon: Each Year he had the Pleaſure to ſee coming afar off thro' the briny Waves, the Ship that was ſo acceptable to him, and whoſe Arrival was infinitely more pleaſing to him than all the Beauties which reviving Nature brings along with her after the Severities of a ſharp Winter.

One Year it happen'd, that this ſo long'd-for Ship did not arrive as uſual: *Sophronymus* ſigh'd bitterly; Sorrow and Apprehenſion were legible on his Face; gentle Sleep fled far away from his Eyes; the moſt exquiſite Dainties were inſipid to him; he was reſtleſs, alarmed at the leaſt Noiſe, was always looking towards the Port, and every Moment enquiring whether there was no Ship arriv'd from *Ionia*: At laſt he ſpy'd one; but alas! *Ariſtonous* was not there; it only brought his Aſhes in a Silver Urn: *Imphicles*, an antient Friend of the Deceaſed, and much of the ſame Age, the truſty Executor of his laſt Will and Teſtament, was the ſad Bearer of this Urn. When he drew near to *Sophronymus*, they could neither of them utter a Word, and vented themſelves in nothing but Sighs and Groans. *Sophronymus* kiſſing the Urn, and watering it with his Tears, at length ſaid: O thou good old Man, it is you that was the Happineſs of my Life, and now you are the Occaſion of the ſharpeſt Sorrow I ever did or can feel. I ſhall never ſee you more; Death would be welcome to me, could

could I but be with you, and ſerve you in the *Elyſian Fields*, where your Shade enjoys the bliſsful Peace which the juſt Gods lay up for the Virtuous: You have, in our Days, brought back upon Earth Juſtice, Piety, and Gratitude: You have, in this Iron Age, given an Inſtance of the Goodneſs and Innocence of the Golden Times: The Gods, before they crown'd you with the Happineſs of the Juſt, granted you here below, a happy, agreeable, and long Life; but alas! that which ought never to have an End, is not always of the longeſt Duration: I now feel no Pleaſure ſince I am robb'd of your Preſence. O dear Shade, when is it that I ſhall follow you? O precious Aſhes, had you but Senſation, you would certainly feel the Pleaſure of being mix'd with thoſe of *Alcinus*: Mine ſhall one Day lie with you both; till when, all my Conſolation will be to preſerve theſe Remains of what I moſt paſſionately loved: O *Ariſtonous*, you ſhall never die; no, you ſhall always live in the inmoſt Receſſes of my Heart: May I ſooner forget myſelf, than ever forget ſo amiable a Man, who lov'd me ſo much, and who lov'd Virtue ſo much, and to whom I owe my All!

After this broken Speech, *Sophronymus* plac'd the Urn in the Tomb of *Alcinus*: He ſacrific'd many Victims, whoſe Blood delug'd the green-ſwerd Altars that ſurrounded the Tomb: He pour'd forth plentiful Libations of Wine and Milk; he burn'd Perfumes that came from the remoteſt Eaſt, and an odoriferous Cloud whirl'd in the Air aloft. *Sophronymus* appointed Funeral-Games to be celebrated once a Year for ever at the ſame Seaſon, in Honour of *Alcinus* and *Ariſtonous*. Thither People flock'd from *Caria*, a happy fertile Clime; from the inchanting Banks of *Meander*, which ſports itſelf in ſo many Windings and Turnings, and ſeems to quit with Regret the Country it waters; from the ever-verdant Banks of *Cayſter*; from the Shores of *Pactolus* which rolls beneath its Waves a gilded Sand; from *Pamphilia*, which *Ceres*, *Pomona*, and *Flora* ſtrive who ſhall bedeck with moſt Profuſion: Laſtly, from the vaſt Plains of *Cilicia*, water'd

water'd as a Garden by the Torrents which fall from Mount *Taurus*, capp'd with continual Snow. During this ſolemn Feſtival, the young Men and Maidens, cloth'd in trailing Robes of Linen whiter than Lillies, chanted forth Hymns in Honour of *Alcinus* and *Ariſtonous*; for there was no praiſing the one without the other, nor could they ſeparate two Men, who were, even after Death, ſo cloſely united.

What was moſt miraculous was, that on the very firſt Day, while *Sophronymus* was making the Libations of Wine and Milk, a Myrtle-Tree of exquiſite Verdure and Fragrancy ſprung out of the midſt of the Tomb, and of a ſudden rear'd its flouriſhing Head to cover the two Urns with its over-ſpreading Boughs. Every one cry'd out, that *Ariſtonous*, for a Recompence of his Virtue, was transform'd by the Gods into that fine Tree. *Sophronymus* took care to water it himſelf, and paid it the ſame Honours as to a Deity. This Tree, inſtead of growing old, is every ten Years renewed, and the Gods were pleaſed by this Miracle to ſignify, that *Virtue, which caſts ſo ſweet a Perfume on the Memory of Men, does never die.*

The End of Ariſtonous.

REMARKS

AND

ALLUSIONS,

Scholaſtical and Satyrical;

Taken from the *Dutch* Editions of *Telemachus*, and elſewhere.

VOL. II.

N.B. *The Scholaſtical or Learned Notes are printed in* Italick; *the Satyrical or Party-Notes (which are a ſuppoſed Key to the whole Work) are in* Roman.

PAGE 2. l. 22. Peucetes.] *The* Peucetes *were a People bordering upon the* Daunians. *They inhabited that Part of* Italy *now call'd* la Terra de Bari, *in the Kingdom of* Naples. P. 2. l. 38. The God *Pan.*] Pan *was the God of Nature, (Pan* in *Greek* ſignifying *Univerſal). He was eſpecially worſhipp'd in* Arcadia. *He was the God*

God of Shepherds, Herdſmen, and Hunters. He fell in Love with the Nymph Syrinx, *which ſignifies a Bulruſh or Reed. She flying from* Pan, *he turned her into a Reed and then made a Pipe of it. He was indeed the Inventor of that muſical Inſtrument call'd the Pipe. In the Notion of his being the God of Nature, the* Greeks *were wont to picture him in the following Manner. His Image conſiſted of the principal Things that are viſible in the World. They repreſented him with Horns on his Head, to denote the Rays of the Sun, and the Horns of the Moon. His Face was all over inflamed, to ſignify the Element of Fire. His Breaſt was covered with Stars, to ſignify the Heavens. His Thighs and Legs were covered with Hair and Briſtles ſtanding up-an-end, to denote Trees, Herbs, and Beaſts. He had Goat's Feet, to ſhew the Solidity of the Earth. His Flute repreſented the Harmony and Melody of the Heavens, according to the Opinion of ſome antient Philoſophers. His crooked Staff was to denote the Revolution of the Years. The Antients believed that* Pan *was wont to ſcour through the Mountains in the Night-time; from whence came the Word PANIC, ſignifying a ſudden Fright or Terror which ſeizes People in the Darkneſs of the Night, or from ſome Fancy without any Foundation; which has often happen'd to very numerous Armies, which have on a ſudden been brought under Conſternation by a like Terror.* Pan *is ſaid to have accompanied* Bacchus *into the* Indies, *and greatly aſſiſted him in obtaining many Victories. It was alſo believed that it was through his Aſſiſtance that the* Athenians *won the Battle of* Marathon *againſt the* Perſians. *For it is ſaid that as* Miltiades *was going to engage the Enemy,* Pan *was ſeen at the Head of the Army under the Appearance of a Stature more than human, and that having cauſed the Trumpets and Horns to ſound an Air that inſpired Horror, the whole Army of the* Perſians *were frighted beyond Recovery, from, whence, 'tis probable, comes the Word PANIC* Fear.

P. 4. l. 8. Proteſilaus, *who is ſomewhat older than myſelf,* &c] *Proteſilaus* is the Marquis *de Louvois,* whom the King admitted into his Familiarity: He entered into

to all his Pleaſures, and lull'd and fomented all his Paſſions; but ſoon inſtilled into his Maſter a Diffidence and Jealouſy of the Vicomte *de Turenne*, who is afterwards repreſented by *Philocles*.

P. 4. l. 14. Philocles *revered the Gods, and had a great but well-governed Spirit.*] M. *de Turenne*'s whole Life was a Series of great, noble, and generous Actions. The King took a ſingular Pleaſure in his Converſation: He would ever hear him with Confidence, and received from him excellent Leſſons, relating to the Art of War. It was this Confidence that excited *Louvois*'s Jealouſy.

P. 5. l. 7. *Ambitiouſly aſpired to be thought ſuperior to all the Honours I was able to beſtow.*] M. *de Turenne* always prefer'd his Title of Vicomte before that of Marſhal of *France*, which he thought was a Leſſening to him, and much beneath that of his own Title.

P. 6. l. 1. *Carpathus.*] Carpathus, *now* Scarpanto, *is an Iſland of the* Mediterranean Sea, *at the Entrance of the* Archipelago, *between* Candia *and* Rhodes.

P. 6. l. 3. *I own he has Courage and a Genius for War.*] The Marquis *de Louvois* cou'd not refuſe that Juſtice to the Merit of the Vicomte *de Turenne*, but he made uſe of that Pretence to remove from about the King ſo formidable a Rival, whom he could not behold without Envy.

P. 7. l. 23. Philocles *ſurprized the Enemy*, &c.] This alludes to the Campaign of 1675, in *Germany*, where the Vicomte *Turenne* beat *Montecuculi*, and then was marching back again with all Expedition, becauſe his Army began to want Proviſions; but *Louvois* ſent the Marſhal *de Crequi* to him with a Detachment of Troops from *Flanders*, on purpoſe to retain him in *Germany*. The Vicomte, having received this Reinforement, was preparing to give Battle to the Imperialiſts, when he was killed with a Cannon-Shot, as he and M. *de St. Hilaire* were upon an Eminence at the Village of *Salzbach* taking a View of the Enemy.

P. 7. l. 30. *He managed it ſo that* Philocles *wanted many neceſſary Things for his Undertaking.*] In this Manner it was that *Louvois* always acted with Reſpect to ſuch Ge-

Generals who gave him any Umbrage or Suſpicion. He let them want every Thing, and made them reſponſible for that ill Succeſs of which he himſelf was the Cauſe.

P. 8. l. 21. *I peruſed the Letter, and it ſeemed to me to be* Philocles's *Hand.*] This has an Eye to the Diſgrace of the Duke *de Noailles*, ſpoken of in Vol. I. He was accuſed of writing the Letter which the Marquis *de Vardes* and the Comte *de Guiche* contrived to get into the Queen's Hands, diſcovering the Intrigue the King had with Madam *la Valiere*. We have already obſerved that M. *de Cambray* often jumbles his Characters in order to put the Court upon a wrong Scent. For which Reaſon we muſt not expect to find an entire and perfect Conformity in his Characters.

Ibid. l. 36. *Concerning a certain Thing which he only marks by Cypher.*] By this Letter we are to underſtand the Project which was found among M. *Fouquet*'s Papers to fortify *Belle Iſle*, and to retire thither in caſe of Oppreſſion. Then *Timocrates* will be the Abbot *Fouquet*, who betray'd his Brother to Cardinal *Mazarin*. Whichſoever of theſe two Examples this Paſſage is apply'd to, it is ſufficient to ſhew the Greatneſs of the King's Credulity, who lightly condemned theſe two Men, one of whom was not at all guilty, and the other not near ſo much as was imagined.

P. 10. l. 25. *To maintain ſo difficult a War by his own Courage*, &c.] Juſt ſo did *Turenne* ſeveral Times maintain the War in *Germany*, where he often wanted all Manner of Neceſſaries; and this he did more by his own Courage, Genius, and the Love the Troops bore him, than by any other Aſſiſtance.

P. 12. l. 24. *I abhorred* Proteſilaus, *and yet I left all my Authority in his Hands.*] The King began at laſt to have a very great Averſion to M. *de Louvois*, and yet he had not the Courage to put him away, becauſe he had given himſelf up to that Miniſter, and was govern'd by him.

P. 13.

P. 13. l. 8. *I was too great an Enemy to Buſineſs*, &c.] This was the very Reaſon of the King's not having Reſolution enough to rid himſelf of a Miniſter who was become neceſſary to him. He found it for his Convenience and Eaſe to employ a Man who had ſerved him well, though he often ſold him his Services very dear.

Ibid. l. 35. *He made the whole Nation tremble by Means of my Authority.*] What goes before and what comes after contains a moſt lively Picture of M. *de Louvois*. He made himſelf ſo neceſſary to the King, and ſo dreadful to the whole Kingdom, that that Monarch ſaw nothing but with that Miniſter's Eyes, nor durſt any Body approach him without his Leave.

P. 14. l. 28. *Such is the State of weak, indolent, and inadvertent Princes.*] This was exactly the Caſe of *Louis* the XIVth, during his whole Reign. He was cheated all his Life-long, becauſe, as on one Side the Glare of falſe Glory always hinder'd him from ſeeing his Errors, ſo on the other Side no Body durſt diſcover the Truth to him.

P. 15. l. 24. *Their Heads turn—— they are then as ſpiritleſs*, &c.] This likewiſe was the Character of the Marquis *de Louvois*. As ſoon as the King ſhewed any Coldneſs to him, he was at his Wit's-End, and would do a thouſand mean Things, to get into Favour again; and more than once was ſo hard ſet as to ſtand in need of Madam *Maintenon*'s Intereſt to reſtore him to the King's good Graces.

P. 16. l. 19. *Nothing was ever more artful than his Conduct*, &c.] *Louvois* was extremely artful and very dextrous at creating Suſpicions in the King's Mind againſt all that were about him. He at length carried his Point ſo far, that it was impoſſible to come at the King without being introduced by him.

P. 17. l. 7. *'Tis only Weakneſs and Miſery that makes them humble*, &c.] This has always been the Maxim of the *French* Miniſters ever ſince the Time of Cardinal *Richelieu*, to keep the People low, in order to keep them

them to their Duty. *Louis* the XIVth thought himſelf ſo much the more powerful as his Subjects were depreſſed, miſerable, and harraſſed with Taxes, Troops, *&c.*

Ibid. l. laſt. *This is what gives Birth to Revolts.*] The *French* Nation were never known to rebel but when it was to ſhake off the Yoke that was become too heavy for their Shoulders to bear, and when they were driven to Deſpair by the Hardſhips and Mal-treatment of the Miniſters. So long as their Burden is ſupportable, they ſuffer it out of the natural Affection they have for their Princes, who very early accuſtomed them to a moderate eaſy Yoke.

P. 19. l. 13. *Is it any Wonder then that they are not beloved, when they themſelves love nothing but their own Grandeur and Pleaſure?*] *Louis* the XIVth was not at all beloved, becauſe he conſider'd nothing but himſelf, and believed that all other Men were born purely to contribute to his Grandeur and Pleaſure.

P. 23. l. 4. *Samos.*] Samos *is an Iſland and City of the* Archipelago, *near the Coaſt of* Natolia, *about two Leagues from* Epheſus. *The* Samians *are ſaid to be the firſt Inventors of Earthen-ware, becauſe their Soil is very fit for ſuch a Manufacture.*

P. 24. l. 15. Proteſilaus *hearkened to the Praiſes with an Air of Moroſeneſs*, &c.] What follows is a lively Deſcription of the Marquis *de Louvois*'s Conduct towards the Great Ones, and the fawning Submiſſiveneſs of the Courtiers, whom he made to tremble with his proud capricious Behaviour.

P. 25. l. 15. Hegeſippus *would not allow him ſo much Time as either to take his laſt Farewel of his Family, or to fetch certain private Writings*, &c.] After having thus far deſcribed the true Character of the Marquis *de Louvois*, this Paſſage here is applicable to the Detention of M. *Fouquet*, who was impriſoned in the Year 1661, upon a Suſpicion of Male-Adminiſtration in the Finances. His Magnificence and Luxury were the Cauſe of it. The foregoing Deſcription of *Proteſilaus*'s Houſe perfectly agrees with that of *Vaux-le-Vicomte*, where M. *Fouquet* was

was arreſted. He had laid out immenſe Sums of Money upon it, which thoroughly confirmed the King in his Suſpicions. He was ſeized at a Time when he leaſt expected it, nor was he allowed to carry off his Papers, among which was found a Project which was one of the principal Cauſes of his Ruin.

P. 31. l. 3. Parcæ, *or* Deſtinies.] *The Poets feign that there were three Ladies of Fate*; Clotho, Lacheſis, *and* Atropos, *the Daughters of* Erebus *and the Night, who govern'd the Thread, that is to ſay, the Courſe of Man's Life. They were the three fatal Siſters, and, if we may ſo ſay, Spinſter-Goddeſſes. The youngeſt,* Clotho, *holds and ſupplies the Diſtaff; the ſecond, more advanced in Years, ſpins the Thread; and the third,* Atropos, *now ſtricken in Years, cuts it off, upon which Death enſues: All which had a myſtical Meaning in the Theology of the* Pagans. *That is, the firſt preſides at Man's Birth, the ſecond over the Courſe of his Life, and the third determines his Death.*

P. 34. l. laſt. *War drains a Nation*, &c.] What follows, is a Detail of the Miſchiefs and Miſery which the *French* Nation ſuffered by the almoſt continual Wars in which *Louis* XIV. was engaged. When this Poem was put into the Hands of the Duke of *Burgundy*, *France* was in the Condition above deſcribed.

P. 40. l. 13. Omphalé, *Queen of* Lydia.] Hercules, *after numberleſs glorious Exploits, was ſo bewitched with the Charms of* Omphalé, *that for Love of her, he changed his Club for a Diſtaff, and laying aſide his Lion's Skin, he put on a Woman's Habit and ſpun with her and her Maids. It is ſaid likewiſe that* Hercules *killed, near the River* Sangarius, *a Serpent which annoyed and waſted the Country, and that this Action gained him* Omphalé's *Love.*

P. 41. l. 1. Deïanira.] Deïanira, *Daughter of* Oeneus, *King of* Ætolia, *was the Conqueſt and Prize of* Hercules, *who fighting* Acheloüs *for her, got the better of that River-God, and then married her, and in his Return deſired the Centaur* Neſſus *to carry his Bride over the River* Euenus. *The treacherous Centaur did indeed carry her over, but afterwards would have raviſhed her, whereupon* Hercules,

who

who was on the other Side the River, ſhot him with an Arrow that was poiſoned with the Blood of Hydra. Neſſus *finding himſelf mortally wounded, gave to* Deïanira *his Shirt, which was thus dyed with his own Blood, and aſſured her that if her Huſband wore that, he could never love any other Woman but herſelf.* Deïanira *too eaſily believed him, ſo that afterwards hearing that her Huſband was fallen in Love with* Iolé *in* Eubœa, *ſhe ſent him that invenomed Shirt, which* Hercules *had no ſooner put on, but he fell mad, and having firſt killed* Lychas *that brought it, he threw himſelf into a burning Pile of Wood which he had raiſed on Mount* Oeta. Deïanira *hearing this, ſlew herſelf with his Club, and of her Blood ſprung the Herb* Heracleon. Ovid Metam. lib. 8. Fab. 1, 2, 3, 4.

P. ib. l. 13. *The* Lernæan Hydra.] Hydra *was a Serpent in the Fens of* Lerna, *in the* Peloponneſus, *and Territory of* Argos. *The Poets have deſcribed it with ſeven Heads, of which as faſt as one was cut off, two grew up in its Place. They add, that* Hercules *being ſent by* Euryſtheus *to deſtroy that Serpent, he effected it by ſearing with a red hot Iron the Necks as faſt as he cut the Heads off. The Aſtronomers have made a Conſtellation of this Serpent, and placed it in the Southern Pole.*

P. 42. l. 31. The Skin of the *Nemean* Lion.] Nemea, *a large Foreſt in the* Peloponneſus, *(now the* Morea) *in the Country of* Argos, *(now* Romania) *famous for having been the Theatre of one of* Hercules's *moſt illuſtrious Labours. This Wood or Foreſt ſheltered a Lion of an enormous Size, which would ſometimes come out and waſte the Country round.* Hercules *having been well entertained by an old Shepherd about* Cleonæ, *named* Molorchus, *in requital ſlew that Lion, which had made ſuch Deſtruction in that Country. To eternize the Memory of this Atchievement, Games were inſtituted at* Argos. Hercules *ever after uſed to wear the Lion's Skin for a Garment. The Lion was made a Star, and placed in the Zodiack, thence called* Cleonæum Sidus.

P. 43. l. 35. Hebé.] Hebé, *the Daughter of* Jupiter *and* Juno. *Authors differ in the Story of her Birth; ſome ſay*

ſay that ſhe was the Daughter of Juno *without a Father; for having been invited to a Banquet by* Apollo, *ſhe eat ſo freely of wild Lettuces, that tho' ſhe was barren before, ſhe that Moment conceived and brought forth* Hebé. *'Tis added, that the Beauty of this latter procured her the Name of the Goddeſs of Youth, and that* Jupiter *made her his Cupbearer. But one Day, when the Gods were at a Banquet with the* Ethiopians, Hebé, *waiting on* Jupiter, *by Chance ſlipt and fell, and having diſcovered that which Modeſty requires ſhould be hid,* Jupiter *removed her from that Office, and put* Ganymede *in her Room. Afterwards, when* Hercules *was made a God, he married* Hebé, *who, upon the Requeſt of her new Spouſe, reſtored Youth to* Iolaüs *when he came to old Age, in conſideration of the latter's having helped* Hercules *to kill the Serpent* Hydra *by ſearing up the Wounds with a hot Iron, leſt more Heads ſhould ſpring out.* Pauſanias *ſpeaks of a Temple built by the People of* Corinth *to* Hebé, *and* Tully *explains this Fable,* Tuſc. l. 1. *The Ancients, who ſhrouded Truths within the Veil of Fables, did in the Story of* Hercules *mean to expreſs the Strength of Reaſoning or Philoſophy. Others ſay, it alludes to Generoſity, which is a Virtue always in Action. Be that as it will, they were certainly in the right to marry that Hero to* Hebé, *the Goddeſs of Youth, becauſe the Memory of courageous and learned Men, inſtead of growing old, becomes young again, and grows every Day brighter and more illuſtrious.*

P. 44. l. 20. Frozen Bear.] *The* Bear *is a Conſtellation near the Arctic or Northern Pole; ſhe is termed Frozen becauſe of her Diſtance from the Sun. The Poets feign that this She-Bear was the Daughter of* Lycaon, *King of* Arcadia; *ſhe was one of* Diana's *Nymphs, and was vitiated by* Jupiter, *which ſo enraged* Juno, *that ſhe turned both her and the Son ſhe had by him into Bears.* Jupiter *afterwards tranſlated them into Heaven, and there made them Stars, the one the Great Bear, and the other the Leſſer Bear. The Northern Pole is likewiſe called* Arctic *on Account of this Conſtellation, which by the* Greeks *is called* Arctos, *in* Engliſh *the Bear, which is near that Pole. The Countries*

which

which are neareſt to it are likewiſe called the Arctic *Continent. Late Diſcoveries have made us acquainted with the Land of* Jeſſo *among others, and likewiſe* Nova Zembla, *the Lands of* Spitzberg, *and Iſle of* Iſlande *and* Greenland, *or, as the* Dutch *ſpell it,* Groén-land, *for* Groen *is* Dutch *for* Green. *The Northern Pole, or Coaſt, or Wind, is likewiſe called* Septentrio, *from* ſeptem triones, *that is ſeven Oxen, for* trio *ſignifies properly an Ox for the Plough; in ſhort, they are the ſeven Stars, which we call* Charles's *Wain, or Waggon, near the North-Pole. As for the Countries mentioned above to be under the frozen Bear, ſome of them are notwithſtanding found to produce Plenty of Graſs and green Herbs, from whence* Greenland *particularly has its Name, and* Iſlande *is ſuppoſed to take its Name from the great Quantities of Ice with which it is generally ſurrounded.*

P. ib. l. 26. Mount *Oeta.*] *Mount* Oeta *is in* Theſſaly, *between* Parnaſſus *and* Pindus, *famous for the Death and Sepulchre of* Hercules, *who burned himſelf here. It was from hence, the Poets ſay, that* Jupiter *took that Hero's Soul up to Heaven, which* Silius Italicus *expreſſes in theſe two beautiful Lines,* l. 3.

Inter quæ fulget ſacratis ignibus Oeta,
Ingentemque Animam rapiunt ad ſidera flammæ.

As Mount Oeta *extends as far as the* Ægean *Sea (now the* Archipelago) *which is the Extremity of* Europe *to the Eaſt, the Poets have feign'd that the Sun and Stars riſe from the Side of that Mountain, and that Day and Night proceed from thence.* Seneca, *in his* Hercules Oetæus, *ſpeaks thus of it,*

Hæc, hæc renatum prima qui videt diem
Ora eligatur.

Silius *in* lib. 6.

Vix dum clara dies ſumma luſtrabit in Oeta
Herculei monumenta rogi.

And

And Virgil *in* Culex.

Et piger aurato procedit Veſper ab Oeta.

Livy *gives us the Reaſon for it,* lib. 36. c. 15. *where he ſays,* Extremos ad Orientem montes Oetam vocant: *The fartheſt Mountains towards the Eaſt they call* Oeta; i. e. (to tranſlate thoſe Words more properly) *that long Chain of Mountains, at the farther End of* Greece *towards the Eaſt, is called* Oeta. *It is well known that the Poets always make the Sun come out of the Sea at his Riſing, and that the higheſt Mountains receive his Rays the firſt. Therefore Mount* Oeta *being on the Edge of the* Ægean *Sea, and of an extraordinary Height, it is ſpoken of as being that Hill which is enlightened by the riſing Sun. For which Reaſon* Seneca *abovementioned, in his* Hercules Furens, *gives this Deſcription of the Opening of the Day.*

Jam cæruleis evectus equis
Titan ſummum proſpicit Oetam.

Mount Oeta *is covered with Foreſts in ſeveral Parts of it, and produces Plenty of the beſt* Hellebore.

P. 47. l. 26. Scyros.] Scyros *is an Iſland in the* Ægean *Sea: 'Twas formerly much more conſiderable than it is at preſent; it has an Epiſcopal City under the Metropolis of* Athens. *The* Turks *are Maſters of it. It is commonly called* l'Iſola de Sciro, *or* San Georgio di Sciro. *It was here that* Achilles *lay hid among the Daughters of* Lycomedes, *in Woman's Apparel, by his Mother's Contrivance, that he might not go to the* Trojan *War. It is one of the Iſles of the* Archipelago *at the Entrance of the Gulph of* Zeiton, *thirteen Leagues to the Northward of* Negropont.

P. 47. l. 31. The dear Charge of *Lycomedes.*] Achilles's *Mother being warned by the Oracle, that if her Son went to the Siege of* Troy, *he ſhou'd be ſlain there, ſhe ſent him in Woman's Apparel to the Court of King* Lycomedes, *where he fell in love with* Deidamia, *one of that King's Daughters, of whom he got* Pyrrhus *or* Neoptolemus. *But as* Troy

Troy *was not to be conquer'd without the Help of* Achilles, *the crafty* Ulysses *found him out notwithstanding the Disguise of his Dress, by going himself to that King's Court, habited like a Pedlar with a Box full of Toys, and under them a Sword and other warlike Weapons;* Achilles *presently seized the latter, contrary to the Custom of those Persons whose Sex he personated the Appearance of, and thus being discovered, he was obliged to follow the* Greeks *to* Troy: *In this dreadful Necessity* Thetis *his Mother begg'd* Vulcan *to make him an Armour that could by no human Force be pierced, not which made him invulnerable, as* Moreri *says, for that was done by his Mother's dipping him all over, when he was a Child, in the River* Styx, *only that Part of his Foot which she held him by escaping. He was put under* Chiron's *Tuition, the Centaur, and that Man, if he may be so called, (for a Centaur may be said to be a Man riding upon himself) who was ignorant of nothing, and particularly excelled in the Arts of Physic and Music, instructed* Achilles *therein, for which Reason* Homer *represents* Achilles *playing upon the Harp. Besides this Education, and probably that of learning to ride,* Chiron *fed him with nothing but the Marrow of Lions, which made him courageous. As for the Armour abovementioned, made him by* Vulcan, Achilles *having lent them to* Patroclus, *this latter lost them when he was killed by* Hector. Thetis *prevailed with* Vulcan *to make another Suit of Armour for* Achilles, *with which he fought* Hector *and slew him, and after dragging his dead Body at his Chariot, thrice round the Walls of* Troy, *he sold his Body to* Priam, Hector's *Father, for a great Ransom. Afterwards falling in Love with* Polyxena, Priam's *beautiful Daughter, he asked her in Marriage, and having obtain'd* Priam's *Consent, went into* Apollo's *Temple to solemnize the Nuptials, and in the midst of the Ceremony, as* Achilles *was on his* Knees, Hector's *Brother* Paris *treacherously let fly an Arrow at him, which piercing his Heel, which had not been dipt in the* Styx, *and consequently was not invulnerable, it occasioned his Death. To conclude,* Achilles *was so brave, that when the Antients would speak of any courageous Soldier, they would call him a second* Achilles,

as

as Aulus Gellius *tells us.* Lucius Licinius Dentatus *obtained that Sirname, becauſe he had been preſent in one hundred and twenty Battles, and had received forty five Wounds all in the Forepart of his Body, which was a ſure Token of his Valour.* Valerius Maximus *relates that* Q. Cotius *had the ſame Sirname.*

P. 47. l. laſt. Atrides.] *A Pantronymic Word, ſignifying the Sons of* Atreus, *that is* Agamemnon *and* Menelaus. Atreus, *the Father of theſe two, was the Son of* Pelops *and* Hippodamia, *maternal Uncle of* Euryſtheus, *whom he ſucceeded in the Kingdom of* Mycenæ *and* Argos, *in the* 2845*th Year of the World. The Learned need not be informed that* Patronymicks *are derived from the Names of the Father. Thus* Achilles *was call'd* Pelides, *being the Son of* Peleus: *Thus* Priam's *Children were called* Priamides. *Sometimes they were likewiſe derived from the Mother, but that was abuſively, or againſt Cuſtom; as I take* Alcides, *another Name for* Hercules, *to be derived from his Mother* Alcmena. *Some learned Men are indeed of Opinion, that it comes from a* Greek *Word* ἄλκη, *which ſignifies* Strength; *though* Herodotus *is of Opinion that* Alcides *comes from* Alcæus, *who was* Hercules's *Paternal Grandfather.*

P. 48. l. 17. Sigæum,] Sigæum, *now* Capo Janizari, *is a Promontory in* Troas, *where there is likewiſe a City of the ſame Name, formerly an Epiſcopal See, now entirely ruined. It is over-againſt the Point of* Romania *at the Entrance of the Gulph of* Gallipoli: *There is a little Village ſtill remaining call'd* Trojaki, *which means* Little Troy. *Not far from this Promontory ſtood Old* Troy.

P. 49. l. 7. Therſites,] Therſites, *a certain* Greek, *the moſt deformed of all the* Greeks, *both in Body and Mind; had a Tongue as foul as his Perſon was ugly.* Ulyſſes, *for his ſaucy Language, chaſtiſed him ſeverely. And at laſt* Achilles, *for railing at him, killed him with a Blow of his Fiſt. He was the greateſt Coward in the whole Army, and yet would be continually contradicting the wiſeſt and braveſt of the Generals.* Homer *has ſo naturally deſcribed the Hideouſneſs of his Figure, that when we would*

ex-

expreſs an extreme Deformity, we compare it to that of Therſites.

P. ibid. l. 26. Eubœa.] *An Iſland in the* Ægæan *Sea; it is thought to have been torn off by the Violence of the Sea, from the Continent of* Bœotia, *there being between them a very ſmall Gut of Water, call'd* Euripus. *The* Italians *are in the Wrong to call it* Nigroponte, *as if there was a Bridge of Black Stone, which join'd* Bœotia *and the Iſland together. See the true Derivation of that Word in M.* Bayle's *Correction of* Moreri's *Dictionary in the Article of* Negropont; *as likewiſe in the Article of* Setines, *as Sailors corruptly call the City of* Athens, *becauſe when they wou'd ſay to* Athens, à Athenes, *they pronounce it* s'Athinan, for εἰς Αθήναν. *The ſame has happened to the Name of* Thebes, *which thoſe of the Country call* Thiva, Θήβα, *and when they would ſay to* Thebes (à Thebes) *they ſay* s' Thivan, *inſtead of* εἰς Θηβαν. *From whence Foreigners have made it* Stives, *not knowing that the* s, *which is cut off by a Synalœpha, is only an Abridgment of the Prepoſition* εἰς, *which ſignifies* ad *in* Latin, à *in* French, *and* to *in* Engliſh. *Thus the* Franks *call* Stinco, *when they would ſay the Iſland of* Co, *becauſe they hear the* Greeks *ſay* Stin Co, *for* εἰς τὴν κῶ *that is to ſay,* à Co, ad Coan. *It is the ſame Error that makes the* Turks *call* Conſtantinople, Stinbol or Stanbal; *becauſe the* Greeks *call it* πόλις, *polis, that is The City, by way of Excellence, as the* Romans *were want to call* Rome, *formerly* (The City) *without any Addition. So that when the* Greeks *talk of going to* Conſtantinople *they uſe this Expreſſion* s' tin polin, *that is,* ad Urbem, *in* Latin; à la Ville, *in* French; *and* to the City *in* Engliſh; *and in* Greek εἰς τὴν πόλιν, *and corruptly* Stampol *for* Conſtantinople. *The ſame Remark might be made on* s' ti Lemnos, *that is,* ad Lemnon, *from whence our Mariners have forged* Stalimene *for* Lemnos. *In ſuch like Manner you may ſee, in* Moreri's *Dictionary,* Negropont *deduced from the Corruption of* Ægrypus, *&c. All theſe Places being frequently named in* Telemachus, *'tis hoped the Reader will think ſuch Remarks no improper Concomitants to the Work.*

P.

P. 54. l. 6. Where the Sons of *Æſculapius* ſhall cure him.] *By the Sons of* Æſculapius *is not here meant Phyſicians and Surgeons in general, but* Æſculapius's *real Sons,* Machaon *and* Podalirius, *the one a famous Phyſician, the other as ſkilful a Surgeon, who went both together with the* Grecians *to the* Trojan *War.* Æſculapius, *the Son of* Apollo *and the Nymph* Coronis, *was ſo ſkilful in Phyſic, that he was deified by the* Pagans, *who worſhipped him under the Form of a Serpent, eſpecially at* Epidaurus *and* Pergamus. *Dr.* Garth *ſays in his Preface to* Ovid's Metamorphoſis; *The Legend of* Æſculapius's *Voyage to* Rome *in Form of a Snake, ſeems to expreſs the neceſſary Sagacity required in the Profeſſors of that Art, for the readier Inſight into Diſtempers: This Reptile being celebrated by the antient Naturaliſts for a quick Sight.*

Cur in amicorum vitium tam cernis acutum,
Quàm aut aquilæ, aut ſerpens *Epidaurius?*
Hor. Sat. 3. l. 1.

The venerable Epidaurian *aſſumed the Figure of an Animal without Hands to take Fees with; and therefore grateful Poſterity honoured him with a Temple. In this Manner ſhould wealthy Phyſicians, upon proper Occaſions,* practiſe, *and thus their ſurviving Patients* reward. *To which I ſhall only add, out of* Moreri *and others, that among the Things which the Antients conſecrated to* Æſculapius, *the Cock, the Goat, and the Raven were the moſt conſiderable. If we would ſeek for ſome Truth amidſt the Variety of the fabulous Stories of the Antients, it would be no hard Matter to meet with it.* Æſculapius *is ſuppoſed to be the Son of* Apollo *and* Coronis, *to expreſs, as* Pauſanias *obſerves, a wholeſome well-temper'd Air, which proceeds from the Impreſſion of the Sun or* Apollo. Eſculapius's *two Daughters are* Hygeia *and* Jaſo; *one of which ſignifies* Health, *and the other a* Cure. *The Battoon, or Staff wreathed round with a Serpent, which the Phyſicians aſcribe to him, as one of his* Inſignia, *ſhews that the Art of Medicine is the Support of Life, but that it ought to be exer-*

ciſed with Diſcretion and Prudence, which is ſignified to us by the Serpent; or elſe that this admirable Science makes a Man change his Skin, in like Manner as that Reptile ſheds his; beſides containing in it other admirable Virtues. The Goat was conſecrated to Æſculapius, *becauſe of the exceſſive Heat of that Creature, whereby it is always out of Order, and even in a Fever, as Phyſicians obſerve. The Raven was likewiſe ſacred to* Æſculapius, *becauſe that Bird was very much regarded by the Antients in foretelling Things to come, and thereby ſignifying alſo that the Science of human Bodies ought to foreſee future Accidents, according to the Remark of* Hippocrates *himſelf; and to conclude, a Cock was added to expreſs that exact Vigilance which is neceſſary in Diſtempers; or, to make uſe of* Plutarch's *Thought in his Treatiſe of the* Pythian *Oracles, c.* 17. *to denote the Morning, and to ſhew that that Part of the Day is the propereſt for applying of Remedies and taking Phyſick, the Humours of the Body being then cool and in good Temper.*

P. 57. l. 28. *He was naturally,* &c.] All this is a complete Picture of the King's natural Diſpoſition in his Juvenile Years. There is not one Stroke in it, but what perfectly well agrees with him. Even the Troubles of his Minority cou'd abate nothing of his Pride and Haughtineſs.

P. 60. l. 10. Pollux,] *Son of* Jupiter *and* Læda, *Wife of* Tyndarus. *He was Brother to* Caſtor, *with whom he ſhared Immortality, being alternately one Year in Heaven, and another in the* Elyſian *Fields. They make between them the Conſtellation of the* Twins.

P. 61. l. 34. Iris,] *Daughter of* Thaumas *and* Electra, *and Meſſenger of* Juno, *who was Goddeſs of the Air.* Iris *ſignifies the Rainbow, which foretels an approaching Shower of Rain.*

P. 68. l. 7. The *Dolopeans,*] *A People of* Epirus. *Their King* Phœnix, *the Son of* Amyntor, *was falſly accuſed by* Clytia, *his Father's Concubine, of an Attempt to raviſh her: And altho' he was innocent,* Amyntor *cauſed his Eyes to be put out. But it is ſaid, that* Chiron *the Centaur*

taur and ſkilful Phyſician cured him of that Blindneſs, and made him Tutor to the young Achilles, *whom he carried to the Siege of* Troy. *After the Taking of that City,* Peleus, Achilles's *Father, reſtored* Phœnix *to the Throne, and cauſed him to be proclaimed King of the* Dolopes.

P. 69. l. 1. *This Man had received great Sums from* Adraſtus, *&c.*] *Louïs* the XIVth in like Manner laid out great Sums on Spies, by whom he was very well ſerv'd. He had of them in all Courts and all Armies, and by that Means knew all the Confederates Deſigns.

P. 69. l. 27. Galeſus,] *A River in the Kingdom of* Naples, *which riſes in the* Terra di Otranto, *and runs into the Bay of* Tarentum.

P. 74. l. laſt. Arachne,] *Daughter of* Idmon, (Idmon *in* Greek *ſignifying Skilful). Her own Name comes from a* Hebrew *word* Arag, texuit *in* Latin. *She was a Maid of* Lydia, *very ſkilful in Spinning, and thought to have been the firſt that invented that Art. She was changed into a Spider by* Minerva, *for contending with that Goddeſs about her Excellency in Spinning and Embroidery.*

P. 75. l. 8. *Xanthus* or *Scamander,*] *Is a River of the antient Kingdom of* Troy, *which runs into the* Ægean Sea.

P. 75. l. 8. Simoïs,] *A River of the ſame Country, and together with* Xanthus *it falls into the* Ægean *Sea.*

P. 76. l. 2. *Ariadne,*] *The Daughter of* Minos *and* Paſiphae, *gave* Theſeus *a Clue of Thread to help him out of the Labyrinth, and afterwards followed him to the Iſle of* Naxos, *when he ungratefully left her to the Mercy of wild Beaſts. Here it was that* Bacchus *ſaw her, and fell in love with her.*

P. 80. 3. *An empty Notion of Glory, a vain Title of Conqueror,* &c.] This Paragraph contains a melancholy Deſcription of the Miſchiefs which *Louïs* the XIVth was the Cauſe of by the cruel Wars which his Ambition kindled throughout all *Europe*. The Author often repeats the Word *Glory*, becauſe indeed that Monarch ſcarce ever alledged any other Motive but his *Glory* in the Wars he declared againſt his Neighbours.

P. 81. l. 14. Merion,] *Was the Driver of* Idomeneus *his Chariot, and the Leader of a Body of Troops which he conducted to the Siege of* Troy. *He was a very brave and experienced Commander.*

Ibid. l. 18. Latona] *Was the Daughter of* Cœus. *She had by* Jupiter, Apollo *and* Diana, *in the Island of* Ortygia, *afterwards call'd* Delos, *where the Sun first appear'd after the Deluge.* Ortygia *was consecrated to* Apollo, *who therefore is said to be born there. There also was Fire first found out.*

P. 83. l. 1. *Went in the Night-Time to visit the Quarters,* &c.] The Duke of *Savoy* did the same Thing more than once. He would likewise go *incognito* into the Coffee-Houses and other publick Places in *Turin,* to hear what was said of him there; with this Difference, that he oftentimes heard, instead of Commendations, the quite contrary. But it is not said that he punished any Body upon that Score.

P. 86. l. 3. *Atys,*not *Acis*] *was a beautiful Boy of* Phrygia, *much beloved by* Cybelé, *who made him one of her Priests on Condition of keeping his Chastity unviolated. But he having broke his Vow, she, in Anger, made him go beside himself to that Degree, as to make himself a Eunuch.* Cybelé *afterwards turned him into a Pine-Tree.*

P. 88. l. 25. Charon,] *The Son of* Erebus *and* Nox, *the Ferryman of Hell, who conveys the Souls of the Dead in his Boat over the* Stygian *Lake and other infernal Rivers.*

P. 89. l. 11. *Indefatigable in the most rugged Hardships of War,*] This whole Description of the Care *Telemachus* took of his Soldiers during their Illness, as likewise to relieve them in their Necessities, and also his Vigilance in keeping them to an exact Discipline, his voluntarily sharing with them all the Inconveniences they underwent, is a Picture of the *Vicomte de Turenne,* who was called the *Father of his Soldiers,* and who, when Provisions grew scarce in the Camp, would distribute Bread from his own Table rather than see them want.

P. 91. l. 3. Aulon,] *Now* Caulo, *is a Mountain of* Calabria, *near the Cape* de Stilo, *on which Mountain is a Town*

Town of the ſame Name, formerly an Epiſcopal Seat, and Suffragan to that of Reggio.

P. 92. l. 18. Theſeus,] *The Son of* Ægeus, *King of* Athens, *deſcended to Hell with* Pirithous *to fetch away* Proſerpine; *but* Cerberus *kill'd* Pirithous, *and took* Theſeus *Priſoner, and kept him in Chains by* Pluto's *Order, till* Hercules *came and freed him.*

Ibid. l. 22. Orpheus,] *Went down to Hell to fetch away his Wife* Eurydicé *who had been kill'd by a Serpent. He ſo pleaſed* Pluto *and* Proſerpine *with the Muſick of his Harp and Voice, that they gave him his Wife again, but on Condition, that he ſhould not look back upon her till they ſaw the Light; which he failing to obſerve, loſt her for ever.*

P. 93. l. 15. Acherontia.] *A Town in* Apulia, *ſeated on a Mountain at the further End of* Italy. *At the Foot of this Mountain is a Cavern, where the River* Acheron *precipitates itſelf with ſo much Impetuoſity, that the Poets have called this Place the Mouth of Hell. Here it was that* Hercules *went down to the Infernal Regions, and dragged* Cerberus *along with him up to the Light.*

P. 99. l. 10. Erebus] *God of Hell, Father of the Night, begot by* Chaos *and* Obſcurity; *is oftentimes by the Poets taken for Hell itſelf. In which laſt Senſe it is to be underſtood here.*

P. ibid. 6. Tartarus,] *Is the Place where the Wicked are tormented below.*

P. 103. l. 34. Chimæra,] *A Mountain of* Lycia, *the Top whereof caſts out Flames of Fire, and is inhabited by Lions; in the Middle of it Goats are grazing, and at the Bottom Serpents crawling. From hence aroſe the Fable of the* Chimæra's *being a Monſter with a Lion's Head, a Goat's Body, and a Dragon's Tail, or that it has three Heads like thoſe three Creatures.*

P. ibid. l. ibid. Bellerophon,] *Son of* Glaucus, *King of* Corinth, *was accuſed by* Sthenobæa *of an Intent to raviſh her, tho' it was ſhe herſelf that ſolicited him to commit Adultery with her.* Prætus, *King of* Argos, *that Woman's Huſband, too lightly giving Credit to her Accuſation, ſent* Bellerophon *to* Iobates, *King of* Lycia, *with Letters to*

take away his Life, (whence the Proverb, Bellerophontes Litteras affert, *when one brings Letters againſt one's ſelf).* Iobates *would not ſlay him, but ſent him to the Wars, there to be ſlain; but he proving Victorious over the* Solymi, *and likewiſe having overcome all other Dangers he was put upon, at length he was ſent againſt the Monſter* Chimæra, *where by* Neptune's *Help, who gave him the wing'd Horſe* Pegaſus, *he came off with Honour, whereupon* Iobates *gave him one of his Daughters in Marriage, and Part of his Kingdom. When* Sthenobæa *heard of his Proſperities, ſhe kill'd herſelf.*

P. 106. l. 6. *What Horſes and other brute Beaſts are,* &c.] This very Expreſſion was what Cardinal *Mazarine* made uſe of to induce the King not to ſpare his Subjects, whom he compared to Mules, which the more they are loaded, the better they travel.

P. 110. l. 7. Canicula,] *A Sign in the Heavens, the Dog-Star. It riſes the ſixth of* July, *and its Revolution continues ſix Weeks, which are called the Dog-Days. This Sign is likewiſe called* Seirios, *in* Greek, *as alſo* Megas Kuon, *that is, the greater Dog, which it certainly is; for* Procyon, *which is the leſſer Dog, ſhould rather have been called* Canicula, *and the other* Canis. *This is the hotteſt Time of the Year, becauſe the Sun is then in* Leo: Αι αμφι τον Σειριον ἡμεραι.

P. 113. l. 27. Arceſius] *Was the Son of* Jupiter, *and therefore his Son is called the Divine* Laertes.

P. 117. l. 5. Hippolytus,] *The Son of* Theſeus *and* Hippolita *the* Amazon; *was accuſed by his Step-mother* Phædra, *of making an Attempt upon her Honour.* Theſeus, *her Huſband, being too eaſy of Belief, not only baniſh'd* Hippolytus, *but likewiſe deſired* Neptune *to revenge this ſuppoſed Crime; ſo that this young Prince taking his Chariot to make his Eſcape from his Father's Indignation, his Horſes being frighted by Sea-Calves that were on Shore, ran away with him to the Mountains, overſet the Chariot, and killed him by dragging him among the Rocks.*

P. ibid. l. 8 *Achilles* leaning on his Spear by reaſon of his Wound, *&c.*] Achilles *was dipt three Times by his Mother*

Mother in the Stygian Lake, *which made all Parts of his Body invulnerable, except his Heel, by which his Mother held him.*

Ibid. l. 13. The *Phthiotes* and *Delopes*] *Were a People of* Theſſaly, *of whom* Peleus *was King.*

Ibid. l. 25. Laomedon,] *Son and Succeſſor of* Ilus, *built the Walls of* Troy, *with the Aſſiſtance of* Apollo *and* Neptune, *to whom he promiſed, upon Oath, a certain Recompence, which he afterwards refuſed them. They, in revenge of his Falſhood, ſent Plagues and Inundations to ſpoil the City, ſo that in order to appeaſe them, he was obliged to give his own Daughter* Heſione *to be devoured by a Sea-Monſter.* Hercules *offer'd to deliver her, and kill the Monſter, provided* Laomedon *wou'd give him his Horſes that were of a divine Race. This was likewiſe refuſed to be comply'd with by the perfidious* Laomedon, *tho' his Daughter was reſcued, and the Monſter killed by* Hercules, *who thereupon ſacked his City, ſlew him, took his Son* Priam *Priſoner, and married* Heſione *to* Telamon.

P. 118. l. 18. Atreus *and* Thyeſtes,] *Two Brothers, the Sons of* Pelops *and* Hippodamia, *bore an implacable Hatred to each other.* Thyeſtes, *ſeeking all Occaſions to mortify* Atreus, *diſhonoured his Bed, and then fled to a Place of Security.* Atreus, *having in his Power the two Children* Thyeſtes *had got on his Wife, made as if he had forgot what was paſt, and invited him to a Banquet, and cauſed the Children to be killed and dreſſed, and ſet before him to eat; and after they roſe from Table,* Atreus *ſhewed him the Heads and Hands of his Children which he had cut off, telling him that he had eaten their Fleſh. At the Horror of this Fact, the Sun, leſt he ſhould be polluted, turned back his Courſe.* Thyeſtes *employ'd his natural Son* Ægiſthus *to avenge him of his Brother, whom* Ægiſthus *afterwards ſlew, and likewiſe his Couſin* Agamemnon. Seneca *has made this a Subject of one of his Tragedies, and becauſe* Atreus *appears therein with a vindictive Countenance, and the Eyes of a Man enraged, the Antients were wont to ſay of a Man in way of Proverb,* He has the Eyes

of *Atreus. He found out the Eclipſe of the Sun, which gave occaſion to ſome Part of the Story.*

P. 120. l. 17. Eric̃thon,] *The fourth King of* Athens, ex ſemine Vulcani in terram projecto editus; *he invented the Uſe of Chariots to conceal the Deformity of his Legs and Thighs, which were twiſted like Serpents. The Poets feign that* Minerva *ſhut him up in a Wicker-baſket which ſhe put into the Keeping of* Aglauros, Herſé, *and* Pandroſos, *Daughters of* Cecrops, *King of* Athens, *ſtrictly forbidding them to open it. But* Aglauros *and* Herſé *cou'd not forbear opening it, which ſo provoked* Minerva, *that, to puniſh their Curioſity, ſhe made them go beſide themſelves, and in that Diſtraction they threw themſelves from the Top of a high Tower. But* Pandroſos *avoided that Puniſhment by forbearing to look into the Baſket.*

P. 121. l. 31. Triptolemus.] *Was the Son of* Celeus, (*others ſay* Eleuſius) *King of* Eleuſis. *His Father having given an honourable Reception to* Ceres, *when ſhe was looking for her Daughter* Proſerpine, *who was carried away by* Pluto; *that Goddeſs, in Acknowledgment, taught* Triptolemus *the Art of plowing the Ground and ſowing Corn.*

P. 124. l. 8. *But——the greateſt of the Kings he had conquer'd, he put to draw his Chariot like Horſes,*] This is a Reproof of the ridiculous Vanity of *Louis* the XIVth, who ſuffered four of the chief Nations of *Europe* to be repreſented in Chains at the Feet of his Statue in the Square *des Victoires* at *Paris.* This Monument was erected in 1686.

P. 128. l. 10. Venuſium, *now* Venoſa,] *Is a ſmall Epiſcopal City in the Kingdom of* Naples, *in the* Baſilicata, *to the North of* Cirenza, *to which it is Suffragan, and diſtant from it five Leagues. It is a Place of great Antiquity and Renown for the Birth of the Poet* Horace, *from whence he is called* Poetica Venuſinus.

P. 130. l. 3. *Shall we not obſerve our Promiſes,*] This is a tacit Reproof of *Louis* the XIVth's Treachery, for the Violation of ſo many Treaties, which he broke as often as he could find out any plauſible Pretext for it, and whenever he cou'd get any Thing by doing it.

Ibid.

Ibid. l. 12. *Will not your Neighbours be forced,* &c.] It was for the ſame Reaſon that all *Louis* the XIVth's Neighbours were continually jealous of him, and formed powerful Leagues againſt him, to guard themſelves from his Treachery.

Ibid. l. 20. *Shall it be an Oath?*] *Louis* the XIVth paid no more Regard to the Religion of an Oath than he did to that of his Treaties. There never was a more ſolemn Oath than that by which he promiſed to maintain the Edict of *Nants*, and there never was one which he ſo notoriouſly violated.

P. 131. l. 7. *After you have once laid it down for a Maxim,* &c.] It was the Maxim of the *Jeſuits* who were Confeſſors to *Louis* the XIVth, and is ſtill the Maxim of the whole *Romiſh* Church, that the Rules of Probity may be broken for the Sake of a great Advantage, or, which is the ſame Thing, that Faith given to Hereticks may be broken for the Advantage of Religion. What Miſchiefs has not this terrible Maxim been the Cauſe of?

P. 133. l. 11. *He had particular Orders to leave nothing uneſſayed to effect the Death of* Telemachus, *&c.*] The Reign of *Louis* the XIVth affords too many Examples of ſuch Deſigns againſt the Life of King *William*, who was then the Terror of the *French*. Several of theſe Conſpirators were diſcovered, and all of them miſcarried, to the Shame of thoſe who contrived them.

P. 135. l. 17. The Iſlands *Echinades.*] *Now called* Coſſulari, *ſituated at the Mouth of the River* Achelous, *over-againſt* Acarnania *in* Epirus. *They are five in Number, and but of ſmall Extent, lying in the* Ionian Sea; *two of them were antiently called* Strophades, *now* Strivoli. Servius *ſays, that the Name of* Strophades *was given them on Account of the Metamorphoſes there made of the Daughters of* Typhon *into* Harpies; *but the Mythologiſts ſay, that* Calais *and* Zethes, *the Sons of* Boreas, *having purſued the* Harpies *thither, went no farther, but* returned back. *However,* Virgil *agrees in the Etymology from the* Greek *Word* στρεφω verto, *to transform. Tho' it alſo ſignifies* to return back.

Ibid. l. 24. *Becauſe* Adraſtus *had taken away his Wife.*] This alludes to the Caſe of the Marchioneſs of *Monteſpan*, which the Author diſguiſes here under different Circumſtances, that he might not too plainly mark this odious Paſſage of the King's Life.

P. 136. l. 37. *This noble Action of the Confederates, did to his Shame remind him of all his Treacheries and Cruelties.*] In all the Wars which *Louis* the XIVth had againſt the Confederates, there are Multitudes of Inſtances of his corrupting Governors of Places, ſending Deſerters into the Enemy's Camp, plotting Contrivances of Aſſaſſinations, and ſecret Poiſonings; whereas on the Part of the Confederates, there was no ſuch Thing ever known; the more *Louis* thought it lawful to execute his Deſigns any how, the more did the Confederates value themſelves on their Probity and Generoſity.

P. 139. l. 22. Hecatomb.] *Was a Sacrifice of an hundred Oxen, from* ἑκατον, centum, *and* βυς, bos. *The Cuſtom of ſacrificing an hundred Oxen came from the* Lacedæmonians, *who having an hundred Cities in their Country, were wont to ſacrifice every Year an hundred Oxen in honour of their Deities. But this being thought by ſome too great an Expence, they reduced theſe Sacrifices to twenty-five Oxen, fanſying, through a childiſh Subtilty, that as theſe Oxen have each of them four Feet, it was ſufficient, that the Number of the Hundred was found in thoſe Parts, in order to keep up the Name of* Hecatomb. *This Sacrifice was afterwards perform'd with other Beaſts, ſuch as Goats and Lambs, which were of leſs Expence.* Diogenes Laertius *reports, that* Pythagoras *offer'd to the Gods a Hecatomb of an hundred ſmall Bits of Dough made into the Shape of an Ox, by this Means refraining from ſacrificing an hundred live Oxen, as became one who expreſly forbad the killing of Beaſts, becauſe he believed the* Metempſychoſis, *or Tranſmigration of Souls into the Bodies of Beaſts.*

P. 140. l. 23. *The* Aufidus,] *Now* Offanto, *is a River of the Kingdom of* Naples, *which riſes in the Mountains of the* Appennine, *and ſeparating the* Capitanata *from the* Baſilicata, *falls into the Gulph of* Venice. *It was near this River that the famous Battle of* Cannæ *was fought.* Ibid.

Ibid. l. 27. Cacus] *The Son of* Vulcan, *was a great Stealer of Cattle, and kept them in the* Aventine *Wood. Having ſtolen* Hercules's *Oxen, he drew them backwards by the Tails into his Den, that they might not be found out by the Track of their Feet.* Hercules, *driving the reſt of his Cattle that Way, heard ſome of thoſe he miſſed bellow in the Cave, they ſmelling thoſe without; upon which he broke down the Door of the Cave, and knock'd the Thief on the Head with his Club. Poets ſay, that* Cacus *was the Son of* Vulcan; *that he caſt Flames out of his Mouth: Perhaps, becauſe he burnt Houſes after he had pillaged them. They add, that he was a Giant of a prodigious Size, and that he lived on human Fleſh; that he was of a vaſt Strength and a monſtrous Shape, partly like a Man, and partly like a Satyr. Others ſay, that* Cacus *was a Prince of* Spain, *who gave his Name to Mount* Cacus, *now* Moncaio, *in* Arragon, *on the Confines of* Old Caſtile; *that he was frigtful to look at, and of a Temper extremely ſavage, which made him be called the* Demi-homo; *that he invented certain Fire-arms, and a Powder like our Gun-powder, on which Account he was reckoned the Son of* Vulcan. *And laſtly, that he followed* Hercules *into* Italy, *where he ſtole from him four of his Oxen.*

Ibid. l. 37. Mount *Garganus,*] *Or the Mount* St. Angelo, *is in the Kingdom of* Naples. *It is ſometimes taken for that on which is built the City named* Monte di St. Angelo; *at other Times, for the whole* Peninſula *of the* Capitania, *which is between the Gulf of* Manfredonia *and that of* Rhodi.

Ibid. l. 38. The River *Liris,*] *Now call'd the* Garigliano, *riſes in the farther* Abruzzo. *It divides the* Terra di Lavoro *from the* Campania di Roma, *and falls into the Gulf of* Gaieta. Strabo, Pliny, Livy, *&c. make frequent Mention of this River as well as* Martial, *who ſays thus of it,* Epig. 83. Lib. 13.

Cœruleus nos Liris amat, quem ſylva Marica
Perlegit.

P. 143. l. 3. Eurotas,] *Is a large River in the* Morea, *which riſing in* Arcadia, *and paſſing through* Laconia, *waſhes the Walls of* Sparta, *and diſcharges itſelf in the* Laconic Gulf. *It is now called* Vaſilipotamo, *or rather* Baſilipotamo, *a* Greek *Word, ſignifying a* Royal River, *ſays* Baudrand. *On its Banks grew Laurels, Olive-trees, and Myrtles, according to* Virgil, Statius, *and* Catullus.

Ibid. l. 4. Alpheus] *A River of the* Peloponneſus, *which the Inhabitants of the* Morea *now call* Orfea *or* Roſea. *It runs into the Country of* Elis, *where it receives the* Erymanthus, *the* Celadon, *and near an hundred and forty ſmall Rivers beſides; it paſſes through the City of* Olympia, *and falls into the Sea after it has received the* Dalion *and* Acheron. *The Poets feign'd that one* Alpheus, *a great Hunter, fell in Love with* Arethuſa, *one of* Diana's *Nymphs, who being purſued by him as far as* Syracuſe *in* Sicily, *with a Deſign to commit Violence on her, that Nymph implored the Aſſiſtance of* Diana, *who changed her into a Fountain.* Alpheus *was likewiſe metamorphoſed into a River, and not being able to forget the Love he bore to* Arethuſa, *he teſtified his Love to her by mingling his Streams with hers, and for that Purpoſe paſſes from* Peloponneſus *through the Sea without mixing his Stream with the ſalt Waters, till he arrives at* Sicily, *where he blends his Current with the Fountain* Arethuſa, *near* Syracuſe, *even according to the Teſtimony of the Oracle of* Apollo. *The Poets ſpeak likewiſe of its miraculous Courſe, which has given occaſion to this Fable. The Antients paid divine Honours to this River, conſecrated Temples to it, and made it a Friend of* Jupiter, *for very pleaſant Reaſons reported by* Pauſanias, l. 5. Strabo *maintains that this River, which has its Courſe in* Arcadia, *does not run croſs the* Ionian Sea *by any Paſſage under Ground, in order to mix itſelf with the Waters of* Arethuſa *in* Sicily: *He ſays that this River has a Mouth by which it empties itſelf into the Sea, and that it meets with no Gulfs in its Way, where it loſes itſelf as ſeveral others do, in order to appear again ſuddenly elſewhere. As for the Fountain* Arethuſa, *he laughs at the Poets who have feigned that this Fountain ſprung up as the River*

Alpheus

Alpheus *did in* Arcadia, *that they took the ſame Courſe together, and that paſſing underneath the Sea, their Waters intermingled in* Sicily. *Not that the Thing is impoſſible, ſince it is certain that there are other Rivers that paſs thro' Lakes and Seas, and then come out as freſh as before; but as for the River* Alpheus *and the Fountain* Arethuſa, *all the Geographers are of* Strabo's *Opinion.*

Ibid. l. 5. Hylas,] *A very beautiful* Grecian *Boy. He was the Son of* Theodamas, *and waited on* Hercules *who loved him exceedingly. The Poets feign that he was raviſhed by the Nymphs, as he endeavoured to recover his Pitcher which he had let fall into the Water at the River* Aſcanius. *But the Truth is, that ſtooping for it, he fell into the Water himſelf, and that his Death gave Occaſion to the Report of his pretended Raviſhment.*

Ibid. l. 10. Achelous,] *A River of* Acarnania *in* Epirus, *which it ſeparates from* Ætolia. *It riſes in Mount* Pindus.

P. 144. l. 11. Calydon,] *An antient City of* Ætolia, *now called* Aitou, *in* Livadia. *It gave its Name to that Foreſt which the Poets feign was laid waſte by a dreadful wild Boar, which* Meleager *undertook to kill, but could not accompliſh it without the Aſſiſtance of* Theſeus.

Ibid. l. ib. Colchos.] *The Voyage to* Colchos *was undertaken to fetch away the Golden Fleece.*

P. 145. l. 6. The *Cayſter*,] *Now the* Chias; *is a River of* Natolia *in* Aſia, *hard by* Epheſus, *towards the North. It abounds with Swans, and flows between* Sarabat *and* Madre.

Ibid. l. 23. Nireus,] *Was a King of* Naxos, *now called* Nioſia. *He was the moſt beautiful of all the* Greeks, *as likewiſe the moſt effeminate and cowardly.*

P. 146. l. 6. Oebalians.] *The* Oebalians *were a People of* Italy *joining to* Tarentum.

P. 147. l. 33. Phlegeton,] *A burning River in Hell, as its Name imports.*

P. 153. l. 15. *Thus an unjuſt and fraudulent Power*, &c.] Thus it was that *Louis* the XIVth's proſperous Succeſſes, inſtead of procuring a real Happineſs to his Subjects, did by

by Degrees make that Precipice into which we ſee them now fallen.

P. 157. l. 31. Arpos,] *Was a Country in the* Daunian Apulia *in* Italy, *the Capital whereof was at firſt called* Argi, *then* Argos Hippium, *then* Argiryppa *and at laſt* Arpi. *The Ruins of it are ſtill to be ſeen at* Lucera *and* Manfredonia *in the* Capitanata.

P. 158. l. 3. Dulichium,] *Now* Thiaki, *is a little Iſland in the Sea of* Greece, *in the Gulf of* Patra, *to the Eaſt of the Iſland* Cefalonia.

P. ibid. l. 6. Nauplius,] *King of* Eubœa, *and Father of* Palamedes, *being enraged at hearing that his Son was, by* Ulyſſes's *Means, wrongfully put to Death in the* Grecian *Camp, put out falſe Lights on the Top of the Hill* Caphareus, *(now* Cape di Figera) *in order to miſguide and draw thither the* Grecian *Fleet on their Return from* Troy, *whereby many of their Ships were ſplit upon Rocks; but he miſcarried in his Deſign againſt his principal Enemies* Ulyſſes *and* Diomedes, *who eſcaped the Miſchief by ſteering another Courſe; upon which he threw himſelf into the Sea, to avoid the Vengeance of thoſe two great Captains.*

P. 160. l. 16. *If on the contrary you proceed to divide their Country,* &c.] Thus it was that the Prince of *Condé* and the *Vicomte de Turenne* ſpoke to the King, who had a Mind to keep all the Countries he had made in the Year 1672, and divide them with the King of *England*. But the contrary Opinion of *Louvois* prevailing, all that he had foretold came accordingly to paſs; the *Dutch* fought for their Liberty; Providence interpoſed in their Favour, by retarding the Fleet which was to have brought the *Engliſh* into the *Texel*, and all the glorious Succeſs which the *French* had met with vaniſhed into Smoke.

P. ib. l. 31. *Is it not much better to be juſt and moderate,* &c.] Had the King uſed more Moderation towards the *Hollanders*, when they ſent Ambaſſadors to him at his Camp at *Utrecht*, he would not have been obliged to abandon all his Conqueſts.

P. 166. l. 7. *Imprudence when it is ſucceſsful in its Errors, and Power when ſcrued up to the higheſt Pitch of Authority,*

are

are the Forerunners of the Downfal of Kings and Kingdoms.] Never was this Maxim better verified than in the Perſon of *Louis* XIV. The very Thing which ſeemed likely to ſtrengthen his Power for-ever, was what threw him ſuddenly into the greateſt Diſorder.

P. ib. l. 30. Polydamas *underſtands War, but he loves Peace,* &c.] This is meant of the Prince of *Conti*, who was elected King of *Poland* in 1697. *Louis* XIV. removed him from all Offices, and ſuffered him to languiſh in Solitude, as is ſaid above concerning *Polydamas*, purely becauſe he refuſed to marry a natural Daughter of the King's, and had made himſelf a little merry at the Expence of that Monarch during the Journey he took into *Hungary*, being then only Prince *de la Roche ſur Yon.*

P. 175. l. 7. *Luxury ſpreads its Contagion from the King down to the very Dregs of the People,* &c.] Here you have the Condition of *France* deſcribed from one End to the other. We have ſeen the Country a mere Deſart, whilſt *Paris* ſhone out with all the Magnificence that could be. The whole Nation ruined itſelf by attempting to imitate the Grandees, who were corrupted by the King's Example; and this general Luxury, joined to the enormous Expences of the War, plunged the whole Kingdom into the Miſeries we ſee it in now, i. e. *when theſe Notes were writ.*

P. 177. l. 19. *It is an egregious Piece of Vanity,* &c.] *Louis* XIV had this Vanity; he would have perſuaded the World that he did every thing himſelf after the Death of Cardinal *Mazarin.* It is true, he co-operated with *Louvois* and *Colbert*; but thoſe two Miniſters gave him the Plan of all Affairs ready drawn up, and he had all the Honour of executing Things without the Trouble of contriving them. He was excellent at working *en ſecond* as the *French* ſay; attentive, exact, indefatigable, capable of the practical Part, though very indifferent at the theoretical.

P. 178. l. 8. *They who govern by the Detail, are always governed by what is before them.*] This was exactly the Management of *Louis* XIV. He would enter into every cir-

circumſtantial Matter of a Buſineſs, but never extended his Views to a remote Futurity. Provided he could get ready Money for the Expences of a Campaign, he never concerned himſelf about the Conſequences of it, nor about the ruinous Methods made uſe of to raiſe that Money.

P. ib. l. 36. *When a Man is born with a Genius confined to Particularities, he is only fit to execute Affairs under another.*] This is the Reaſon why *Louis* XIV never did any thing by himſelf. All his Happineſs proceeded from having good Miniſters: Not but that he was born with a better Diſpoſition than they. But becauſe it was confined by Education, which is a ſecond Nature, he was never more than a Subaltern.

P. 181. l. 23. *If by your Virtues you anſwer the Purpoſes of your high Deſtiny.*] Thus did M. *de Fenelon* uſe to ſpeak to his Pupil, who, had he lived, was to have filled the Throne of the King his Grandfather. All theſe Inſtructions, all theſe Examples, only tended to form in him a good King.

P. 184. l. 14. *I have ſcarce ever heard her ſpeak.*] This whole Picture agrees with *Maria Thereſa* of *Auſtria*, Infanta of *Spain*, Spouſe of *Louis* XIV. And thus it was that the Marſhal *de Gramont* ſpoke of her at his Return from his Embaſſy, to ask her in Marriage for the King. He ſaid, among other Things, that he had ſcarce heard her once ſpeak. The Conſequence juſtified this Character, and the Queen proved a moſt excellent and virtuous Princeſs.

P. 187. l. 14. *Why ſhould you concern yourſelf with ſacred Affairs.*] This confirms what was ſaid before of *Idomeneus*'s being the Character of *Charles* I. and *James* II. Kings of *England*. The Affair of the Liturgy and Epiſcopacy, which the former was reſolved to be the abſolute Maſter and Arbiter of, as likewiſe the Alterations which the latter would have introduced both in Church and State, were what threw them both out of their Thrones.

Ibid. l. 24. *If Kings interfere in Matters of Religion, inſtead of protecting, they will enſlave it.*] This is what happened

happened in *France*. The reform'd Religion was brought into into Slavery by an Authority unjuſtly aſſumed, till it was at length quite baniſhed by a Proſcription yet more unjuſt.

Ibid. l. 27. *Every Thing will be in Danger of being altered at the King's Pleaſure.*] This was what brought *England* into Trouble, and began to embroil *France* even in M. *de Fenelon*'s Time, as well upon Account of his Book on the *Maxims of the Saints*, as upon that of the *Five Propoſitions*.

P. 188. l. 26. *If they might marry certain rich Ladies*, &c.] Here the King is reproached for having forced ſeveral Matches to be made by his Authority, either to reward his Officers, or to provide for certain Ladies who had not diſpleaſed him before their Marriage.

P. 189. l. 8. The *Sybarites*] *The* Sybarites *were a People of antient* Syberia, *a Town of* Great Greece *in* Italy, *which was ſo powerful as to have under its Dominion twenty-five other Cities with their Dependencies. This City was ruined by the* Crotoniates, *and the Ruins of it are ſtill to be ſeen, and are called by the Name of* Sibari Rouinata, *in the hither* Calabria.

Ibid. l. ib. *Theſe People complain of having uſurped ſome Lands which belonged to them*, &c.] This has an Eye to the Re-unions made by the Chambers of *Briſac* and *Metz*, but particularly the King's invading and taking ſeveral ſtrong Places in the *Low Countries* in 1681, in Time of profound Peace: The *Spaniards* complained of it; but the King was reſolved to retain *Aloſt*, or elſe to have *Luxemburgh:* He choſe the King of *England* for Arbiter, but however he fell upon *Luxemburgh* ſoon after.

P. 190. l. 13. *Do you think that Kings are allowed to run immediately to Arms*, &c.] The King at firſt made uſe of Violence to ſupport the Pretenſions he formed, in right of his Queen, to the *Low Countries*, in the Year 1667. He did indeed ſend a Declaration of them to *Madrid*, but his Armies were as ſoon in the Field, and moſt of the Places were conquered before any Preparations could be made to oppoſe them.

P. 191.

P. 191. l. 6. *He publiſhes the ſolid Reaſons upon which his Cauſe is grounded.*] The King publiſhed the Reaſons upon which his Claims were grounded, but inſtead of referring them to Arbitration, he ſupported them by *CANON-Law*; and if ſome Advocates, hired by *Louis*, ſtudied the Point for Form Sake, and accordingly wrote in Defence of them, it was only to get the Cauſe to go on his Side, without ſo much as hearing the Parties concerned.

P. 193. l. 1. Antiope *ſees herſelf upon the Ground*, &c.] This is a Touch upon the Hunting-Match, to which *Louis* XIV. carried Madame *de la Valiere* dreſſed like an *Amazon*, and where ſhe had a Fall from her Horſe, at which the King was extremely concerned.

P. 196. l. 21.] *They are ſo jealous of their Honour, as not to endure to be thought to be governed by others, but yet they are continually governed.*] This was *Louis* the XIVth's Caſe. He would not have it ſaid that his Miniſters governed him, and yet no body was ever governed more than he was.

P. 203. l. 10. Mountain of *Leucate.*] Leucate *is a Promontory of* Epirus.

Ibid. l. 12. The *Acroceraunian* Mountains.] *The* Acroceraunian *Mountains are thoſe of the* Chimera *already ſpoken of, and are in* Epirus *likewiſe.*

P. 206. l. 10. *Kings that are inacceſſible to Men, are alſo inacceſſible to Truth.*] *Louis* XIV. was very reſerved and uncommunicative. Every Time he gave Audience, every thing was ſettled before-hand The Time when he was moſt viſible, was at his Levée; but then nothing was ſaid to him, but what was pleaſing to him. He was very ſerious even when he was in private, which hindered the Courtiers from taking any Liberty in his Preſence.

Ibid. l. 27. *Unbecoming Curioſity of a weak and jealous Prince.*] The King was very jealous, which made him ſuffer but very few Perſons to come near him. He never had any Favourites, but for all this he would ſuffer himſelf to be eaſily biaſſed. He was ſuperſtitious, and that

that was the Cauſe that made his Credulity be often abuſed.

P. 207. l. 6. *Whoever is ſo much beloved by the Gods as to find in a whole Kingdom two or three true Friends*, &c.] The King had no Friends at all; he had too much Statelineſs and Reſerve: He had none about him but baſe Flatterers, who even from his Infancy poiſoned him with their Incenſe. As eaſy as he was to the Impreſſions of Love, in the ſame Proportion was he hard and difficult to be brought on by thoſe of Friendſhip; which ariſes from Communication and Confidence.

Ibid. 36. *But never commit to them the Key of your Heart.*] This is what *Louis* XIV. knew perfectly well how to put in Practice, but indeed rather through a Habit of Diſſimulation than true Prudence. He was perfectly impenetrable; and as he always ſpoke in the *Laconic Stile*, it was next to impoſſible to know what was in his Thoughts. He would not open himſelf even to his Miſtreſſes; he had the Glory of not being poſſeſſed by them.

P. 209. l. 10. A *Phæacian* Ship.] Phæacian, *that is to ſay of* Corcyra, *now* Corfou, *an Iſland of the* Ionian *Sea, on the Coaſt of* Epirus, *from which it is ſeparated by only a Canal of a League and a half broad.*

Ibid. l. 32. King *Alcinous.*] Alcinous *was King of the* Phæacians, *and entertained* Ulyſſes *after he was ſhipwreck'd.*

P. 210. l. 8. *I pity the Unfortunate ever-ſince I was ſo myſelf.*] *Louis* XIV. little pitied the Unfortunate, becauſe he was too much accuſtomed to Proſperity. The Duke of *Burgundy* his Grandſon, on the contrary, abounded with Humanity, and was full of Concern and Compaſſion for ſuch as were in Diſtreſs.

Ibid. l. 17. *Mountains muſt become Plains to gratify their Humour*, &c] This was what *Louis* XIV. did. He cauſed a Mountain to be cut away, to bring Water to *Verſailles*. He found nothing impoſſible to gratify his expenſive Humour; and made Sport with all Nature herſelf, to make *Verſailles* a delicious Reſidence.

P. 213. l. 29. Iſle of *Leſbos.*] Leſbos, *now* Metelin, *is an Iſland in the* Archipelago, *two Leagues from the Coaſt of* Natolia *between* Smyrna *and the Strait of* Gallipoli.

P. 216. l. 21. The *Menades.*] *The* Menades, *or* Bacchantes, *were the Prieſteſſes of* Bacchus.

Ibid. l. 18. The Banks of the *Hebrus.*] *The* Hebrus *is a River of* Thrace, *now called* Mariza.

Ibid. l. 19. The Mountains of *Rhodope* and *Iſmarus.*] Rhodope *and* Iſmarus *are likewiſe in* Thrace *near the aforeſaid River* Hebrus.

P. 218. l. 2. The ſame ſad Fate as *Agamemnon* had at *Mycenæ.*] Agamemnon, *King of* Mycenæ, *being returned from* Troy *laden with Laurels, was murdered in his own Houſe by* Ægiſthus, *aſſiſted by his own Wife* Clytemneſtra, *who had diſhonoured his Bed, during his Abſence: In revenge whereof,* Oreſtes, Agamemnon's *Son, ſlew both the Adulterer* Ægiſthus, *and his own Mother.*

P. 220. l. 22 Upon her Helmet appears the ſolitary Bird of *Athens.*] *The ſolitary or melancholy Bird of* Athens *is the Owl, whoſe Flight the* Athenians *looked upon as a Preſage of Victory, becauſe that Bird was ſacred to* Minerva *their Goddeſs.*

P. 223. laſt Line. The faithful *Eumæus.*] Homer *gives this faithful Servant the Name of* Eumæus. *He was Overſeer of* Ulyſſes's *Flocks and Herds, and had the Command of all his other Shepherds and Herdſmen.* Ulyſſes, *upon his Arrival at* Ithaca, *went firſt of all to this truſty Servant's Houſe, before he went to his own.*

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TO THE

Rotterdam *and other* NOTES.

VOL II.

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